MEMOIRS OF EUROPE,

Towards the Close of the Eighth Century.

VOL. II.

Written by EGINARDUS, Secretary and Favourite to *Charlemagne*; and done into *English* by the Translator of the NEW ATALANTIS.

Since none the Living-Villains dare implead,
Arraign them in the Persons of the Dead.
Vice is at stand, and at the highest flow:
Then Satyr spread thy Sails; take all the Winds can blow.
Dryd. Juv. Sat. 1.

LONDON:
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MEMOIRS
OF
EUROPE,
Towards the Close of the
Eighth Century.

THE

French Translator's Epistle Dedicatory

TO

LOUISA of *Savoy*,

Countess of ANGOULESME.

MADAM,

THE First Volume of *Eginardus* having been Sacred to *Francis*, our August Monarch; the Second wou'd have esteem'd it as an Indignity, to have implor'd Protection from any but your Highness.

THITHER, Madam, all Honest Hearts have a natural Propensity; with Pleasure we

behold you the Happy Favourite of a Virtuous Prince; our Souls repleniſh'd with Delight! our Eyes crouded with Tears of Joy! acknowledge none ſo worthy.

YOUR Highneſs, Madam, ſucceeds the Dutcheſs of *Beaujou* in the Council and Eſteem of the King. That Deſign which was aſcrib'd to *Auguſtus*, when he appointed *Tiberius* to be his Succeſſor, that the Foil might ſhew the Diamond to Advantage, ſeems to have been in the Mind of our Monarch: By her falſe Glare, to diſplay the true Brightneſs of your Highneſs's Virtue.

THE Dutchess of *Beaufort*, doubtless, made the Instrument of Heaven, to bring such Goodness into the Family of BOURBON, never can forgive her self the ONLY *Meritorious* Action of her Life! You no sooner appear'd, Madam, but we breath'd a new Air, from the sweet Odour of *solid Virtue! sound Religion! unfeign'd Piety! unaffected Generosity! affectionate Reverence* to the Throne! The Graces were seen to take their Residence amongst us, instead of *Looser Gallantry*, *Heterodox* Opinions, *Ridiculing of Devotion*, *Rapacious Avarice*, *Contempt* and *Neglect* of our *Lawful Monarch*, by a *Fashionable*

Pride, that made it a *Mode* to Deſpiſe, what, next to our Religion, is Deareſt to us.

No ſooner was your Highneſs the juſt Object of Eſteem, but You became one of Hatred to the Ducheſs of *Beaujou*, ſhe found her Error in bringing You to Court, and wou'd have retriev'd it; which being impoſſible, ſhe began to *Perſecute* and *Reproach*; ſhe thought it *Ingratitude* and *Preſumption* to dare to be Good near her Perſon; ſhe wou'd *Ruin* what ſhe had *Rais'd*. But not ſucceeding; becauſe Your Highneſs was always full of Virtue, full of Duty to the Throne; ſhe terms the Counteſs of *Angoulesme* an *Ingrate*. You have re-

pay'd *Reviling* with *Bleſſings*; ſhew'd a *Meekneſs* truly *Primitive*, yet nothing has been able to influence that *haughty* Heart, which ſcorns to compound for leſs than *Ruin!* and who for having ONCE! one ONLY time of her Life, done a good Action! makes it her perpetual *Boaſt* and *Regret*; with the *Vanity* of retorting upon your Highneſs what all Mankind does upon her, *The Sin of Ingratitude.*

THE whole Creation ſtands at a Gaze, to hear that Word ſo often us'd in the Family of the Ducheſs of *Beaujou*, where it never ought to be hamed! In *Policy* the *Sound* ſhou'd be kept as remote from her Ears,

as the *Reverſe* has been from her Practice.

BUT, Why, Madam, does ſhe ſtigmatize your Highneſs? You, EVER FAULTLESS! What have You done? No ONE Action towards her Diſgrace, the Work was all her own! She deſpis'd---and wou'd no longer obey---- Becauſe you cou'd not proſtitute your *Duty* and your *Manners* to ſo hateful an Imitation: Becauſe you were ſtill *Loyal*, ſtill *Vertuous*, you muſt be term'd *Ingrateful!* But if a long Train of *Injuries* and black *Aſperſions*, can cancel *one* Obligation (as certainly it does) How *Innocent* are you, Madam, in reſpect of the Ducheſs of *Beaujou?*

How *Criminal* the Dutchess of *Beaujou*, in regard to the Countess of *Angoulesm*?

HEAVEN is sometimes pleas'd with Bitterness to *Zest* the Bowl of Bliss! This Attempt of impotent Malice, flies like Clouds before the Morning-Sun of Vertue! Your *undeserv'd Sufferings! Innocence persecuted!* makes you dearer to our Hearts! In you, Madam, may be seen a *Prodigy*, the *Favourite* of the King, become the *Darling* of the People. We promise our selves, Madam, a gracious Representation from your Goodness! You will fill our Sovereign with a tender Regard! confirm his *Zeal* for *Religion!* promote the *Interest* of the *Ingenious!*

genious! and introduce at Court, an *other* Recommendation for the *Deſerving*, than the late *faſhionable* one of *Money*.

M E, the humbleſt and moſt unworthy of your Servants, plead no Merit from *Eginardus*, but a bare Tranſlation. If ſome part of it be thought too *light*, to entertain your Highneſs, be pleas'd to conſider it as *Shades* and *Colours* in Painting, the *Deformity* of *Vice* expos'd, to heighten the *Beauty* and *Shine* of Vertue!

I am, with moſt profound Reſpect,

Madam,

Your Highneſs's

Moſt Obedient

And moſt Humble Servant,

THE PREFACE.

THE Incouragement my Courteous Readers have given Eginardus, in less than six Months to take off so large an Impression, and suffering Him to come to a Second Edition, has tempted me to make a Translation of the Second Volume, which I here present, with hopes it may not prove less acceptable, for being more diverting.

THE Entertainment being to a Lady, there's not so much of the Politick

as

as in the first Part, more of the Gay. None who reflects on Painting (the Sister-Art) will dispute Eginardus's *Taste, in drawing the same Persons in different Manners, sometimes at* Length, *sometimes a* Head, *at* Large, *or in* Miniature: *A good Hand has its several Beauties in several Attempts, tho' the Face be still the same.*

EGINARDUS *had an Opportunity (as Ambassador at* Constantinople) *to give us, after the Life, the Persons he represents. He seems to have took particular regard to* Stauracius, *doubtless, because he was the first Person of the Empire. Whether* Eginardus *surviv'd* Stauracius *may be a Question; I incline to believe he did not, being silent upon his End, which was very Remarkable; for as the* Historians *tell us,* The Empress having discover'd his Designs against her Imperial Dignity, would not reward his Ambition as it deserv'd; in Consideration of his former Services, she punish'd him no other-

otherwiſe than by forbidding all Men to keep him Company, or ſpeak to him: Which moderate Carriage made him ſo aſham'd of his Offence (wandering and alone, ſhun'd by all the Empire as the Monument of Ingratitude) that he dy'd of Grief, unlamented.

THE *Town being ſo barren of Diverſion, nothing new of that kind having appear'd ſince* Eginardus: *Neither* Novel, Memoirs, Comedy *or* Tragedy, *tempted me to bring on this Second Volume ſooner by ſome Months than I deſign'd. I hope it may not pleaſe the leſs for its ſudden Appearance: When we had Writers that entertain'd from the* Theatre *twice a Year, it was not thought too often.*

THE *Task I had enjoyn'd my ſelf, is now perform'd: After having been long toſt by tempeſtuous* Schiſmaticks, *I have brought the* Orthodox *of* Eginardus *into Port. Leaving to thoſe more happy*

py in the Pen, to entertain the Town hereafter: I have done---and take leave, with grateful Acknowledgements to my Reader, for his Favour and Indulgence: Contented (tho' but a Translator) if my Mite has contributed any thing towards the Display of Vice and Faction, towards the recommending of Principles and Virtue!

ER-

ERRATA.

PAge 12. Line 28. dele *in*, p. 32. l. 3. for *IV.* r. *III*, p. 38. l. 14. r. *of the*, p. 50. l. 3. r. *unharm'd*, p. 54. l. 9. r. *Prusa*, p. 81. l. 1. r. *so effectually*, p. 96. l. 26. r. *caus'd*, p. 116. l. 23. r. *served*, p. 185. l. 28. r. *Prusa*, p. 213. l. 16. r. *soever*, p. 236. l. 31. r. *Notion*, p. 278. l. 17. r. *had*.

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MEMOIRS OF EUROPE,

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VOL. II.

BOOK I.

O FORTUNE! Golden Deity! once thought so propitious to the *Roman* Empire, hast thou a real, or an imaginary Existence? Art thou indeed what some did of Old pretend? Art thou more than a Name? A Name! which the unenlightned World had a pretence to worship, when they saw thee carress'd, adored, made the conscious witness of imperial Cares and Pleasures: Emblem of the World's Dominion! lodg'd in the Royal Bed-chamber,

and never transferr'd but with the Empire; as if, where thou wert plac'd, universal Sway, was fix'd: When the expiring Emperor cou'd no longer defer Immortality, when he felt himself *hastning to be a God*, by his dying Orders (tho' even then, not without reluctance) thy Statue was translated to the Apartment of the Successor; thy Presence included all other Ensigns of Sovereignty, Imperial Purple, Rods and Axes, the Diadem of the Earth! waving Crowds thronging the Progression, thy Altars were invaded, Clouds of Incense rouling from the kneeling World, to beg of Fortune long Life for their new *Augustus!*

THUS situated, thy Appearance was awful, all Men acknowledg'd and invok'd thee; whatever befel of Great, whether of Good, or Ill, of Wonderful, or Improsperous, was still ascrib'd to Thee; the rise and fall of every *Sejanus* was the work of Fortune: This built and adorn'd thy numerous Temples and Altars, consecrated thy wavering Image, and set it aloft for Adoration; taught the Value of thy indearing fleeting Minutes, how to pursue and catch at an Embrace when thou didst but offer a piece of thy inchanting Face, the least of thy alluring Glances; as also to dread, to tremble, to despair, when Fortune turn'd her Front: Mankind thus constituted (by the extremity of Hopes and Fears) for willing Slavery, no wonder thy Dominion be-

became abſolute, and thy Divinity the moſt formidable to the Univerſe.

BUT when the ancient Worſhip was exploded, their Gods no longer obtaining, Altars demoliſh'd, Idols proſtrated with Contempt, Temples tranſlated, and their *Arcana* expos'd to the Scorn, nay Abhorrence, of thoſe who had but yeſterday paid 'em Homage; How didſt thou ſurvive the Opinion had of thy contemporary Divinities? Is it not marvelous, a reſult, a proof of thy real Exiſtence, that thou alone of all thoſe numerous Objects, the inventive heart of Man had form'd to himſelf for Adoration, ſhou'dſt ſtill ſubſiſt, ſtill maintain deſpotick Sway, preſide over our ſecret Thoughts, our Hopes and Fears, and from the Crowd thy Votaries art perpetually invok'd with inward Homage, who undertake nothing of moment without firſt imploring the benignity of thy Smiles? Art thou a Ray, an Emanation from the Eternal Mind? Is it warrantable to regard thee, not only as a Cauſe, but a divine Cauſe? As *Juvenal* ſeems to be of Opinion, when he tells us with a Contempt I cannot approve,

Fortune was never worſhip'd by the Wiſe,
But ſet a-loft by Fools, uſurps the Skies.

WONDERFUL as thou art, continue ſtill to dart a Ray in Continuation of our *Euro-*

pean Memoirs; we bring to the Foot of thy awful Throne *That* which has been ſaid to be meritorious in thy Empire, the Brave and the Preſumptious are known the Favourites of Fortune: May he not aſſuredly be term'd Brave, who in this degenerate Age dares trace the Windings, the Deformity of Faction? who trembles not at the great Man's vicious Frown, nor the mighty Lady's Revenge? and can embrace the Demon of Poverty, rather than that of Diſſimulation; with never ending Averſion purſues Ingratitude, wreſting of Royal Favour, Avarice, and Lawleſs Love; reveals the beautiful Goddeſs Virtue, embelliſh'd by herſelf, and adorn'd with tranſcendent Charms. Smile as before, O *Fortune!* upon the gliding Ink, conduct the Meanders of our Pen, ſo ſhall my auſpicious Reader be charm'd at the Emanation which departs from thee; ſo ſhall he be warm'd at the Pleaſure thou wilt enable us to beſtow; ſo ſhall all be Sun-ſhine, flow'ry Lawns, and flowing Vintage; ſo ſhall I be ſecure of an immortal, graceful Laurel, and the World delighted to beſtow it.

MONSIEUR *L'Envoy* of *Charles* King of the *Franks*, *Horatio* that immortal *Roman*, and the Count de St. *Girrone* render'd themſelves at the Pavilion of the beautiful *Ethelinda*; ſhe had notice of their Arrival, and ſent a Gentleman of the Ceremonies to introduce 'em; they had already been prepoſſeſt

by the Prior of *Orleance* in favour of her Charms, and had rais'd their Ideas to something very lovely; but found themselves oblig'd to acknowledge she out-did the most luxurious Imagination: This Princess had introduc'd the Manners of the *Greek* and *Roman* Empire into her Court; neither was it defective, as to Behaviour, Ornaments, Modes of Living, Eating, or any other Superfluities, Vices that had degenerated the Rulers of the World; Vices which they were now become fonder of than Liberty; Vices! which had made 'em a Prey to the Inundation of those *Barbarians*, who had so often overwhelm'd 'em.

ETHELINDA was resting upon a Bed (according to the manner of the *Romans*, who lay down whilst they eat their Meals;) at the Head or Canopy the Painter show'd us *Venus*, ascending from the Sea, in a Carr of Mother of Pearl, her new-born naked trembling Beauties seem'd animated with so divine a Blush, so lovely a Confusion, that she never fail'd of giving part of it to her Gazers: large Shells of Tortoise, inlaid with huge oriental Pearls, and blendings of Ivory, grac'd the Royal Couch; the length was an entire piece of Painting by the best Hand, a *Leda* in the Embraces of *Jupiter*, under the Milk-white down of a beautiful Swan; these were Objects capable of warming the most insensible, and as if particularly

deſign'd in favour of her who appear'd more than Repreſentation, the ſhining *Ethelinda* her ſelf, who lay beneath this heavenly Scene of Love, all warm, amiable and young; her large black darting Eyes, full of that fluctuation of Mind and Deſire ſhe gave to others; her Hair of the ſame jetty Shine was tuck'd under Lockets of Rubies, as if to ſurpreſs the ſwelling Curls from falling to obſcure her Forehead; a Veil, the colour of Junquills, was tack'd to a waving Plume of Carnation-Feathers, and fell careleſly upon her Shoulders, and ſometimes plaid upon her Cheeks, but was too artificially diſpos'd (notwithſtanding the Careleſſneſs of its Air) to cover too much of any of her Beauties, either the glowing Cheek, or well-turn'd Neck, or ſwelling Breaſts; a looſe Mantle of Gold Stuff embroider'd with Scarlet and Pearls, and lin'd with Ermin, ſeem'd as a defence from the Coldneſs of the Seaſon, but did neither cumber nor conceal the ſlender taper Waſte, habited in a cloſe Robe of plain white Satin, genteely made, and admirably becoming. She was leaning with her Head upon her Hand which reſted upon an Embroidery of Gold and Green Pillows; her other Hand was employ'd in holding a Paper, that ſhe ſeem'd to think contain'd ſomething worth her regard; yet a ſwimming Languiſhment, an agreeable dying Air, gave us to ſee this fair Princeſs found

found not all things within herſelf, that that Mine of Beauty ſhe was poſſeſs'd of, was not ſufficient to her own Happineſs; in a word, ſhe appear'd not ſullen nor diſcontented, but uneaſie, as if deſiring that which moves the tendereſt Deſires; nor bold, nor angry, nor vexacious, but full of warming ſoft tumultuous Inclinations.

HER Age was that wherein Beauty is the ſtrongeſt, nor wanted it the blue of fifteen to the ripe Sweet Perfection of eighteen! Cou'd I trace her every Charm, my Pen wou'd out-do the Pencil, for as yet there had never been any Painter (tho' many had attempted) that cou'd come up to Nature in the Divine *Ethelinda*'s Form; for to a marvelous Regularity and Harmony of Features, there was added an Air ſo bewitching and inexpreſſible, that Art could never catch; many faint Repreſentations had been made, many painful Eſſays, but this inevitable Charmer had the Pleaſure and Grief to ſee nothing cou'd equal her whilſt ſhe was living, nor preſerve the true Repreſentations of her Beauty, when her Beauty nor herſelf ſhould be no longer living.

O HEAVENS! cry'd out the mourning gallant *Horatio*, as ſoon as he beheld the Princeſs, is it into a Corner of the *North* that you have brought me to behold Perfection? after compaſſing the World, I am forc'd to acknowledge that I have never ſeen nothing

but *Ethelinda*; that no other Objects compar'd are worthy of Sight, or to be term'd Beautiful; and that this Princeſs muſt command us to treat her as Mortal, before we are able to put off our apprehenſion that ſuch Charms muſt be more than Mortal. *Ethelinda* had a ſhort whiſper from the Prior to tell her who *Horatio* was, ſo that not ſeeming as if the Diſcovery was new to her, ſhe receiv'd him with an Air that expreſs'd not leſs Satisfaction. If in me, my Lord, ſhe immediately anſwer'd, your Lordſhip is pleaſed to ſay you find what Beauty is, without warring with your Sincerity, I will receive and be proud of Praiſes, that depart from ſo Great a Man, a Man whom I count my ſelf fortunate to behold, and whom the univerſal World admires. The love of Glory was never conſpicuous in any but *Horatio Alexander* and *Caſar*, whom all Pens and Tongues have been ready to bring in as glorious Parallels, when they wou'd compliment their greateſt Heroes, attempted it, but cou'd not ſucceed, becauſe the Fame they acquir'd had not Virtue for its Foundation; *Horatio* was born for the Benefit of Mankind, they for Plagues and Puniſhments; nor can your former Worthies, *Cincinatus*, *Fabricius*, *Curius*, (wanting a ſufficient temptation to Vice) be ſaid to come up to you; they worſhip'd only the Goddeſs of *Poverty*, and thought

thought they did all Things, if they but preſerv'd themſelves guiltleſs of Avarice, and Riches: The *Romans* were then young in Luxury, or rather, it was not ſo much as thought on among 'em. But alas! How have they degenerated from that renowned Simplicity? They have, for ſome Ages only been diſtinguiſhed by the elegancy of their Vices, and ſhewn the World how many monſtrous Appetites the Heart of Man can entertain. *Horatio* dares be Vertuous for the ſake of Virtue, and has done ſtupendious Things for the love of his Country, for the true valuable love of Fame, abſtracted from any other Regards. What your Highneſs has ſaid, reply'd *Horatio*, gives us new ſubject of Admiration, that a Lady ſo Young, ſo Beautiful, ſo Delicate, ſhou'd know our Hiſtory, and that of the World, ſo much better than many of our Senators: It ſhews, indeed, that Nature in you was reſolved upon a thorough Miracle, to accompliſh your Mind with the ſame prodigality of Perfection, as ſhe has done your Body: Methinks I am, indeed, a Hero whilſt prais'd by *Ethelinda*. The Princeſs wav'd her return to this Gallantry, becauſe ſhe wou'd receive the Count *St. Girrone*, whom the Envoy preſented to her under a very advantagious Character, whilſt *Horatio* begg'd her Highneſs's permiſſion to embrace the young *Roman Albinus*, who was then in the preſence.

My

My Lord, ſaid this Patrician to *Horatio*, drawing him a little a-part, I am ſurpris'd and tranſported at meeting you here: I am ſent by the Emperor, as Ambaſſador to King *Beraldus*, and therefore you need not wonder to find me making my Court in this Pavilion; but what I have to ſay concerning your Lordſhip is, That *Conſtantine* needs your Preſence: He has profited of your Letters and Advice! They have encourag'd and directed *Herminius*, all Things move as you cou'd deſire. It is generally believ'd he deſigns you ſhou'd take upon you the command of all his Forces; ſeveral are ſent in ſearch of you; his Imperial Majeſty gave me ſtrict Orders to enquire for you, which I have done through every Place where I have paſs'd. When you have finiſh'd here, I will acquaint your Lordſhip with the preſent Diſpoſition of the *Conſtantinopolitan* Court, and the Changes that have happened. They cou'd ſay no more becauſe Supper was ſerv'd, the Princeſs reaſſum'd her Couch, and tho' there was nothing of Splendor or Delicacy wanting to provoke her Gueſts to eat with a good Appetite, yet we may truly ſay, that ſhe feaſted their Eyes more than any other Senſe, and they wou'd rather have choſe to hear her ſpeak, than eat themſelves. *Ethelinda* ſeem'd by her Charms, her Wit, polite Converſation, elegancy of Living, to intend her ſelf a Pattern of Queen *Cleopatra*, of whom

whom the Hiſtorians have ſaid, *That never no Woman had that exquiſite Art of refining and heightning Pleaſures by the Charms of Novelty that ſhe had; ſo that the moſt inconſiderable Triſles, when manag'd by her Skill, receiv'd ſuch an Air, as made 'em the moſt agreeable Diverſions.* As *Ethelinda*'s Beauty was intoxicating, her Wit was inchanting: An irreſiſtible Softneſs in her manner, drew in the moſt deſponding Heart, and ſubdu'd the Boldeſt. She cou'd inſpire Courage into the one, and Reſpect into the other. Nature deſign'd her for an univerſal Charmer. *Horatio* forgot his Grief, the Envoy his lovely Idiot, the Count *St. Girrone* his Indifferency, or the ſlight Inclination he had for the *Sicilian* Beauty: *Albinus* no more remembred his *Camilla* or the Buſineſs of the Emperor: Before Supper was half over, *Ethelinda* was an abſolute Conquereſs, and they cou'd for ever have wiſh'd to live as now, or rather to die, than depart from her charming manner of Living.

MONSIEUR *L'Envoye* ask'd the Princeſs in what State ſhe had left his *Vandal* Majeſty, for he underſtood her Highneſs was returning from her Embaſſy to that victorious Monarch? Ah, your Excellency! Name him not, reply'd ſhe, a dirty rude inſenſible Wretch; one would rather chuſe to be *Horatio*'s Dwarf, than that unaccountable King. 'Tis true, his Courage is indiſputed, or rather

ther Brutiſh; he Fights as he Eats, by inſtinct, and has ſcarce Cleanlineſs, no Delicacy in either; yet the World has renowned him for Truth, for Juſtice, for Mercy, anſwer'd *Horatio*. Virtue's natural to him, and but with difficulty and long ſtudy of Philoſophy, attain'd in others! Ay, the Brute, cries *Ethelinda*, Speaks and Acts as he Thinks! He does not pretend to Management, Dexterity, or amuſing an Enemy, but by Fighting. He'll never make a Politician: And then for his Juſtice, he lives in common with the reſt of his Monſters of the Army, to hurt them, he thinks would be hurting himſelf: His Mercy will come under the ſame Head, he wears, he eats, he drinks, he ſleeps, he lives promiſcuouſly with his Soldiers: This might have been a Merit before the World underſtood Politeneſs, or even now were his Army reduced to utmoſt Difficulties, and in want of all Things, then I ſhou'd think it meritorious to lay by the Monarch for the common Soldier; but not to know how to aſſume him, never to be a King in the midſt of ſo many Conqueſts, can any thing be more deſpicable? When your Lordſhip arrives at his Court you will find your ſelf in the dirtieſt Place that ever you were in in your Life; it does not at all diſcompoſe his Majeſty, that the Avenues either to his Pavilion, or whatever Houſe he ſhall pleaſe to take up his Reſidence in, for he commonly

ly chuſes one of the worſt, I ſpeak of him out of his own Dominions, are up to his Horſe's Girts in Filth. This Monarch loves the ſtate of Nature ſo much better than that of Art, that his Steeds have as little of Improvement as himſelf; their long ſwitch Tails, and full grown Mains, guiltleſs of the Scizars, or any other Decency, are as worthy Admiration as their Maſter, only not in their kind ſo handſom; his ruſtick Majeſty is not at all ſolicitous of the Beauty of his Beaſts, he only values their Strength and Service; nay, I believe he ſo little loves Amiableneſs in any thing, that were it in his Power he wou'd make himſelf ugly: I aſſure your Lordſhip 'tis not his Fault, that he has not brought this to paſs: But tho' he can't diſtort his well-turn'd Limbs, nor corrupt his nice-made Shape and Height, yet the hedious Cloths he wears are ſufficient to diſguiſe 'em: His greaſy Buff Jacket, and Robe of courſe Serge, the ſame with his Soldiers, are no mighty Ornaments: Then for Linnen, he is at mortal Enmity with it, nor can his fine Face or Hands boaſt of common Cleanlineſs; he never uſes the Bath, odoriferous Oils and Gums are not ſo much as nam'd near *Theodorick*: As to his Hair, it is under no other diſcipline but that of his own Royal Fingers, you may gueſs at the fierce martial Air of his unkem'd Looks. Buskins, in which, after the manner of the *Romans*, the

World

World is become ſo neat and nice, his Majeſty never wears; he lies down in his Boots cover'd with Duſt and Dirt, and the Royal Bed, or rather Sty, is of a piece with the reſt. Had this Monarch always liv'd, and had ever had the Dominion of the World, there had poſſibly never been any of thoſe Arts that we have ſeen invented. A plain piece of ſlit Fir unpoliſh'd ſerves him for a Table, Scrutore, Burreau, or what you pleaſe; the whole Apartment is innocent of Ornament as Cleanlineſs. Then for Wine, his abſtemious Majeſty never drinks any; when he eats, Thumbs and Fingers are of excellent uſe to him, he ſtands in need of no Auxilliaries; Teeth and Claws were the firſt invented Machines. He ſays the reſt are all ſuperfluous, and however to be endur'd in a Palace, ought never to approach a Camp. When he beheld the Luxury and Profuſeneſs practis'd about the Perſon of one of the *Roman* Generals, his temperate Majeſty ſhrunk up his Shoulders, and ſaid no wonder they were ſo often overcome by the hardy *Barbarians*, already effeminated with Vice and Delicacy, and before the Fight half conquer'd by enervating Luxury.

YET your Highneſs finds, reply'd *Horatio*, that this young Conqueror is already ſo formidable, that not only the *North* trembles

bles at his Arms, but he influences the Affairs of all *Europe*; ſo unſuſceptible of Pleaſures, ſo regardleſs of Pain, ſo fond of War, and ſo indefatigable in it. The Potentates fear the Lengths he may go when there is nothing to influence nor reſtrain him in his love of Conqueſts and Glory. Ah, my Lord! cry'd *Ethelinda*, name not Glory and *Theodorick* together, he knows not ſo much as the meaning of the Word, ſcarce ever hears the Sound, or when he does, he underſtands it not; like ſome Beauties, they conquer they can't tell how, and paſs over a charming Youth without heeding or knowing the Merit of it. Whence then, with your Highneſs's Leave, anſwer'd *Horatio*, is it that his *Vandal* Majeſty performs ſuch glorious Things? From a brutiſh Obſtinacy reply'd the Princeſs, and I am much miſtaken if he do not one day fall by it: Succeſs cannot always attend a Man that moves upon no ſurer a Principle than his own headſtrong Will. The Gods defend your Highneſs from a prophetick Spirit, cry'd the Envoy, the King of the *Vandals* is a good and faithful Ally of the King of the *Franks*, and one who is known Maſter of ſo much Truth, Honour and Sincerity, that all he ſays and promiſes may be depended upon: Yet that does not forbid, interrupted *Ethelinda* in ſome warmth, with your Excellency's Leave, but that all that Truth, Honour and Sincerity

rity you boaſt of, may have only the Spirit of Obſtinacy for its Foundation. I cou'd give you ſeveral Inſtances of it, when they once put a thing in his Head, it is never to be got out; or when he once forms a Reſolution, no political Conſiderations can ſhake it; he knows nothing of Devoir or Decency, you may judge of it by his refuſing to ſee me, tho' I came with a publick Character from King *Beraldus*, and that I was formerly Attendant upon the Queen his Mother, and born his Subject; whatever his chief Miniſter and Favourite cou'd urge, what I by my Letters cou'd intreat, ſignified nothing, I was a Woman, and he wou'd not diſcourſe with me. Ah happy Monarch! cry'd out St. *Girone*, thou art ſomething more than a mortal, that can'ſt thus command thy Paſſions; he is not only Madam a great King, but the wiſeſt Man, for he knew there was no truſting himſelf near your Highneſs; the Fight was unequal, he cou'd conquer only by flying, ſuch Eyes as yours wou'd diſarm the Univerſe. He had no longer been a formidable Monarch, at the Head of a conquering Army: *Beraldus* had triumph'd in the Perſon of *Ethelinda*, and *Theodorick* had been the vanquiſh'd. This is only Gallantry, my Lord, reply'd the Princeſs with a bewitching Smile, or a genteeler way to commend the *Vandal* King for his Rudeneſs, in refuſing Audience to one who came with advantagious Propo-

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ſals of Peace, but it was my Sex, not my Buſineſs that he objected againſt, he hates a Woman: When he once found himſelf oblig'd, by the indiſpenſible Laws of Decency, to pay a Viſit to King *Beraldus*'s Queen, after he had entertain'd Her Majeſty for a moment, he ſpent the reſt of the Time in talking to her Dwarf. I am fond enough of Poetry to amuſe my ſelf ſometimes in endeavouring at an Imitation of Verſe; the Eſſays of our Sex may be pardoned, becauſe we have only Nature to aſſiſt us, we know nothing of the Schools. When I was going upon this Embaſſy, I was not quite ſo out of Humour with the King of the *Vandals* as at preſent, I had a mind to make my Court to him in Heroicks, this is the Paper, I had it in my Hand when your Lordſhips enter'd; ſee if any thing cou'd be puſh'd farther to the Advantage of this Monarch; but the unread thing ſent me word, he did not know what to make of it: When I writ next, he deſir'd me to uſe Terms that his Majeſty might underſtand. *Horatio* intreated the Paper, which the Princeſs having gracefully deliver'd, he read aloud; for it was in the *Roman* Language, which he found thus:

At a Cœleſtial Banquet, Mercury
Extolling loud our Hero, ſung
The great Exploits and early Victory,
Which the young Monarch of the North *had*
[*won.*
Mars *cry'd his Laurels were more fair*
Than what had e'er been gain'd in War.
Jove *prais'd his Temperance, Mercy, Piety;*
Vertues, which ſeldom with a Camp agree,
Minerva *tun'd his Wiſdom, Truth Divine:*
Momus *his Prudence, which in Counſels ſhine.*
In Fame's high Temple, each according God
Aſſign him an immortal bleſt Aboad;
But Venus *and* Bacchus *offer'd not a word.*

Wou'd one believe, purſu'd *Ethelinda*, that any Man cou'd have been ſo inſenſible of the Praiſes given by a Lady? one wou'd be ſure another time, before one troubl'd one's ſelf with things of this kind, that they ſhou'd be well receiv'd where they were offer'd; if I had ſent him ſome Texts of his Bible, he had perhaps underſtood 'em, for he reads nothing elſe; he has a large gilt one always by his Bed-ſide, and 'tis the only piece of finery that is in the Lodgings. 'Tis true, anſwer'd *Horatio*, that 'tis a queſtion, which is moſt wonderful, the greatneſs of his Piety, or the Sincerity: That admirable Diſcipline and true Spirit of Devotion that is ſeen throughout his whole Army,

my, are all owing to his Majesty's glorious Examples. There's no Debauchery in practice, no licentious Drinking, Gaming, Blasphemy, inseparables from the military Life; twice a day they meet at publick Worship, and the King never fails of being present; as also before and after a Victory, they implore Success, and return Praise and Thanksgiving. Ay, the ignorant Bigots, said *Ethelinda*, they blindly follow their Leader; and when the Spirit of Enthusiasm seizes upon him, they must fall down and pray, tho' in the midst of a puddle; the King, as if he were not dirty enough before, is their Example. In short, he is an Original, nor in the least worthy of any of those mighty Praises that the World bestows, because he is incited by a blind Revenge, and a precipitate Obstinacy; he has Courage, so has a Lyon; he loves War, because he loves nothing else; and the most stupid are fond of something: But it is not the Art that he is fond of (then which nothing can be more fine or praise-worthy to be like *Horatio* the undoubted Master of it,) only the fighting Part, and there indeed he is intrepid: As to his Temperance, he is yet young, owner of a very good Appetite, the Air and his Diversions sharpens it; he can eat any thing, and loves the Plain rather than the Compound; so that what the World calls Abstemiousness, is no Merit in him, because it is

his Taſte. And here I muſt not forget to acquaint your Lordſhip, the way he takes to get this good Stomach; ſome one or more of his Steeds always ſtands equip'd, ready for mounting; the Monarch uſes abundance of pretty witty Stratagems to get rid of his People; when he has diſpers'd 'em, or can give 'em the ſlip, he thinks himſelf very happy; ſuch Dexterity paſſes for a great Jeſt; then he ſteals to the Stables, beſtrides the firſt Courſer, and ſo away with Whip and Spur, thro' a dirty Country and watry Lanes all alone, 'till he's cover'd as well as his Horſe; he'll ride thirty Miles out-right, and then back again upon the full trot: This is the chief of the Royal Diverſions, eſpecially when he has been told how many of his Guards and Attendants have rode after and miſs'd him: And I can aſſure you, he often amuſes himſelf thus, and in an Enemy's Country. 'Tis true, there's nothing in his Garb, or the Furniture of his Horſe, that diſtinguiſhes him from a common Horſeman, or elſe he might be met with; his Royal Perſon would be good Booty to whoever ſhould be ſo fortunate to ſeize him.

WERE I leſs acquainted than I am, reply'd Monſieur *L'Envoy* with a Smile, with what has paſs'd near your Highneſs in relation to that Monarch, I ſhou'd wonder a little at the turn you endeavour to give to all the Actions of the youngeſt and moſt promiſing

miſing Prince of the Age. Ah Madam! will your Sex never learn to be ſincere? I deſpair of it for ever, ſince ſo much good Senſe as *Ethelinda* is Miſtreſs of, cannot induce her to it. Is it that you are bred up in a perpetual diſtruſt of Mankind, that you dare not make uſe of that irreſiſtible Vertue, Sincerity, near us? Ah Madam! we are not ignorant, that your Eyes have done more than all the terrors of War, and have caus'd that young Hero to tremble; nor was it believ'd that the diſcerning *Ethelinda* cou'd be indifferent, where a young amorous handſome Monarch addreſs'd. In the Name of God, ridicule no more thoſe Extraordinaries, that your ſelf have occaſion'd. Is *Theodorick* vindictive, revengeful, implacable? thank *Ethelinda*'s Eyes, and her Inconſtancy. Is he become cold, unnatural, unpolite towards the fair Sex? *Ethelinda* be reproach'd, for whom he once burnt and languiſh'd, was all Fire and Softneſs? Is he rude and negligent in his Garb and Manner? for whom ſhou'd he dreſs and preſerve his Delicacy, when *Ethelinda* has forſook him? But no Diſtreſs, no Diſaſter can rob him of his Truth, his Courage, his Piety, Mercy and Juſtice. Ah! how hard is it for a young Monarch, at the Head of a many times conquering Army, entire Maſter of his own Conduct and Dominions, to preſerve his Temperance as *Theodorick* has done; his Vi-

gour in full ſtrength of manly Force, all his Paſſions waiting to be indulg'd, none to controul 'em, his Flatterers ever at hand to recommend their Exceſs, and applaud his gratification of 'em; in the mean time he ſhews no ſoftneſs but towards the Enemies he conquers, there he is Mercy herſelf in her moſt beautiful Attire; when he has been freezing with *Northern* Snow and Froſts upon a victorious Field, and a little Fewel has been lighted to warm the ſhaking Monarch, has he been found to indulge himſelf only? No, he has reſign'd his Place, and the very Robe that cover'd him, to ſome poor benumb'd Soldier that has ſuffer'd from the extremity of War and Weather.

BECAUSE, interrupted *Ethelinda*, I will have no Diſputes, at leaſt in my own Pavilion; if your Excellency pleaſes, we will wave any farther Diſcourſe of King *Theodorick*, for I find we ſhall but little agree about him; neither do I believe we ſtand in need of his *Vandal* Majeſty to furniſh Converſation among ſuch Perſons as I have the Honour to entertain. Will then your Highneſs be pleaſed to give us a new Theam, reply'd the *Envoy*, ſmiling? Anſwer'd the Princeſs, I wou'd know your Lordſhip's Opinion as to the perpetual Succeſs one Man has found in all his Enterprizes: A Man, who at preſent, and for ſome time paſt, has ſeen himſelf the greateſt Subject upon Earth, who never

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undertook any Adventure that he did not perform to his Satisfaction; whether it were to ſubdue a Miſtreſs, to win a Battle, to take a Town, or to ſecure to himſelf ſuch and ſuch a heap of Money, Employment, Grant or Contribution. 'Tis *Staurocius* the *Thracian* your Highneſs muſt mean, concluded the *Envoy*; theſe *Romans* can give your Highneſs a ſatisfactory Account, and will doubtleſs be proud of your Commands. The ſame, anſwer'd *Ethelinda*: I wou'd fain know how that Man performs ſo many great Things, yet is ſo little eſteem'd; wins ſo many Battles, yet is ſo little conſider'd, unleſs it be by thoſe whoſe Intereſt it is to flatter him; he never gains a Field, but his Conqueſt ſerves for a new Theam to wonder how he came to make it, and gives occaſional remembrance of his young and cooler Days, when he lay more open, and had not learnt the Art of diſguiſing his native Temper; nor had he then Fortune, Intereſt and Empire at command, which creates Paraſites, who gild Defects, miſcalling Phlegm and Tardineſs, Conduct and Sedateneſs; the cold ſtagnating Impreſſions of Fear, an allay of Wiſdom and Experience; a careful Preſervation of his own Perſon, love and regard to the Soldier; tho' 'tis truly thought, that Avarice is the Ground-work of all his Exploits: But were he to conquer the World, and do as many Miracles as has

Horatio; he cou'd never enter into my Eſteem, or obtain Forgiveneſs for his early Ingratitude and Treachery. Good Heaven! what are thy Diſpenſations? 'Tis ſo lately ſince our Country is become Chriſtian, a Benefit Monſieur *L'Envoy* which we owe to your Monarch, that I may be permitted ſome ſmall remains of our *Pagan* Superſtition; thence to argue with Providence, how this Man ſhou'd riſe upon the Ruins of his Sovereign: Is it not becauſe he is ſent as a Plague and Scourge to the falling *Perſian*, that Heaven wou'd make the Puniſhment of their Pride, Perſecution, Oppreſſion, Arbitrary Rule and Luxury, more notorious, coming from ſo deſpicable a Hand? Or is there in reality any Truth in that Report, that he has Succeſs, not from Heaven, but is in Terms with a Dæmon, to procure him the good Fortune that has aſtoniſh'd the World? I can ſay more of that than can another, perhaps Madam, anſwer'd *Albinus*; and I am proud of my Knowledge, ſince it may ſerve to gratify your Highneſs's Curioſity. I muſt agree with you in an immortal Hatred of *Stauracius*'s Principles and Practices; and were I to live ten thouſand Years, would for ever purſue him for his Treachery and Ingratitude to his firſt Sovereign, and lately to the Emperor, who had liſted him up to ſo prepoſt'rous a height, as to bear his Sight and Memory above the Hand that rais'd him;

him; from thence he not only disputed all Commands, despis'd all Obedience, but impos'd Terms of Restriction, nay, Slavery, upon his Master who took him from the servile Condition of a Servant, as he would have been to others; making *Cæsar*'s Goodness of Temper his Engine wherewith to batter down, not only the Constitution, but even *Augustus* himself. Nor has he any one Virtue but Success, to attone for his Vices; not even that Bravery of Soul, that Fire and martial Ardor, often attain'd by Conquest, and conspicuous on a Conquering Field, if no where else. Whom has he rais'd, that was not his immediate Creature? Whom advanc'd, but his Engines of Mischief and Plunder, unless they had Money to recommend 'em? Could one repeat the individual Complaints and Distresses of so many brave Officers and Soldiers, upon whose Shoulders he has mounted to Victory, thorow whose Blood he has so often waded to Conquest, one would detest, despise, and loath that abominable, sordid, despicable Vice, which makes him more the Hatred of his own Army, than their Bravery has made him the Dread of his Enemies. Yet his *Damon* may perchaps deceive him, reply'd *Ethelinda*; he may not always be so fortunate; I have heard very good Politicians bid him beware the Fate of *Regulus*: Since he cannot be brought to Terms of an advantagious Peace, as long as there is a *De-*

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Asia to be got by the *Barbarian* War, let him take heed, Succeſs may not always reſide with him; Did he truly love the Empire, were he in reality that great Man he deſires to be thought, and which his Army's gaining ſo many Victories, has caus'd him among the Ignorant to be eſteem'd, would he not be proud and pleas'd to relieve his Country from the Hardſhips of an expenſive War? A War! that gives their Trade and Commerce to a rival Nation; a War! which yearly expends the Empire ſo many Millions of Treaſure, levy'd upon her ſuff'ring People; and in return, repays 'em in nothing but empty Glory? Who ſpeaks ſo well as *Ethelinda*, reply'd the Envoy, obſerving the Pauſe ſhe made; we can but inlarge upon the Notions and Hints which your Highneſs gives us; For did *Staurac ius* truly love his Country, better than the Pride of being thus for ever at the Head of an Army, would he refuſe the advantagious Offers that were made him? Would he drive his Enemy into diſpair? who finding no Refuge but in their Swords, and more than human Defence, may be brought to reſolve upon a deciſive Battle, urg'd by the Neceſſity of either dying or conquering, all the Hopes that is left 'em, to preſerve their Reſt of Country, their deplorable Monarch, their ſuff'ring Wives, and little Ones! Theſe Incentives may carry 'em above Mortals in Courage; while relenting

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Heaven, (that perhaps is pleas'd to humble, but not totally deſtroy) will in Pity think they have endur'd enough, give the Check to all *Stauracius*'s Glory, and ſend him home that deſpicable thing, which the Loſs of one Battle is certain to make him. If it be poſſible, that commanding ſo brave, ſo veteran an Army, where every Captain is an *Alexander*, and every Soldier a Captain, he can be ſuppos'd to loſe a Battle, tho' even his own good Fortune ſhould forſake him, and that of the *Perſians* return.

YOUR Highneſs has help'd me with one Example by way of Compariſon. *Attilius Regulus* had been a fortunate Commander in the *Roman* War againſt the *Carthaginians*, twice Conſul, and carry'd in Triumph: Yet, as *Diodorus Siculus* asks his Readers, "Who "will not diſapprove the Pride and Vain-"Glory of *Regulus*, who being not able to "ſupport himſelf under ſo great Proſperity, "which ſeem'd to him as an heavy Burthen, "depriv'd himſelf of the Advantages of a "general Applauſe, and brought his own "Country into imminent Danger? For when "he might have concluded an honourable "and advantagious Peace to the People of "*Rome*, and obtain'd the Glory of a remark-"able Clemency and Renown, he proudly "inſulted over the Afflicted, and required "ſuch harſh and unreaſonable Terms of "Peace, that he not only drew upon him

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" the God's Diſpleaſure, but mov'd the Con-
" quer'd to an implacable Hatred and Height
" of Deſpair, by which they renew'd their dy-
" ing Courage, and ventur'd to fight a-freſh.
" By his Fault the Affairs were chang'd in
" ſuch a manner, that he and his whole
" Army were routed, thirty thouſand of 'em
" ſlain in the Field, and fifteen thouſand
" taken Priſoners with him, *&c.* An un-
" doubted Sign, ſays *Polybius* the *Greek* Hi-
" ſtorian, of Fortune's Inconſtancy, and of
" the little Truſt we are to put in her flat-
" tering Smiles, ſeeing that he who but a
" little before could not be mov'd to Pity,
" and had no Compaſſion of the Afflicted,
" was ſoon after oblig'd to caſt himſelf at
" their Feet, and to beg his Life.

BUT whence is it that the *Greeks*, purſu'd *Ethelinda*, who have been renown'd for Wearineſs of all things that ſpun out into length, are not tir'd with the *Perſian* War? They, the moſt changeable People of the Univerſe; nor are their new and dangerous Allies the *Saracens*, whoſe growing Power ought to be more formidable to the Empire, than even the *Perſian*, any other but deep and conceal'd Enemies. How do they agree ſo long in one Deſign of humbling, or rather ruining the *Perſian*? The whole ſeems a Piece of Management, anſwer'd *Horatio*, that has lull'd the Court of *Conſtantinople*; but they may awake when it is too late, when the *Saracens*

racens are grown too big to be oppreſs'd. They are at preſent *Stauracius*'s beſt Friends, whether they are the Empire's or no. My Opinion is, that we ſhall have no ſooner concluded the *Perſian* War, but the *Saracen* will begin another with us. They have the Spirit of Monopoly; they want our Trade, our Havens, our Iſlands and Colonies; and are an incroaching People, who from poor and deſpicable Beginnings, will, I fear, in time overgrow all their Neighbours. They are good at any Deſign that may inlarge their Dominion; indefatigable in the purſuit, and know how to apply to *Stauracius*'s Foible: They flatter his Vain-Glory with Oſtentatious Harrangues, and Congratulations, for which he pays 'em back in good Towns; whatever is taken from the Enemy, he conſents ſhould be put into their Hands 'till the end of the War. They ſuffer him to get, as a General; and he them, as a Nation. Are they by their Treaty of Alliance to furniſh thirty thouſand Auxiliaries? Do they ſend fifteen? 'Tis very well; *Stauracius* ſees not the Defect, leſt they ſhould ſee too far into his Conduct. Are they to equip a Fleet of thirty Sail to join the *Grecians*, with a Deſign to fall down into the *Perſian* Gulph, to ſecure the Seas againſt Rovers or Pirates, that ruin and take the Merchants? Do they ſend twelve? No matter how furniſh'd, nor how long after the appointed time; *Stauracius* does

not

not complain, leſt they ſhould clap up a ſeparate Peace; nor does he want any thing but the Umbrage of their Aſſiſtance, as long as *Cajus Emilius* is Super-Queſtor, and the Empire be worth an Aſper. *Conſtantine* himſelf muſt indure any Inconvenience, rather than *Stauracius*, who ſees himſelf the moſt happily circumſtanc'd for Succeſs, of any that was ever at the Head of the *Roman* Forces, becauſe his fortunate Star is predominate; independant of all things but *Emilius*, who is dependant upon none but *Stauracius*'s Wife. Thus by a lucky Revolution, the Power comes round to him again.

YOUR Excellency will pardon me for my Interruption, ſaid *Albinus*, ſince 'tis to impart a Ray of Joy to you, which, as you are a good Man, you muſt neceſſarily feel, at the removal of an ill one. I find you are yet ignorant that *Caius Emilius* is no longer Queſtor; the brave, the wiſe, the honeſt *Herminus* fills his Poſt with Glory! The Genius of the Empire revives; native Warmth and glowing Vigour returns to him, under *Herminius*'s auſpicious Conduct: He ſtretches out his Wings, he expands his Force, and confeſſes his former Energy; no longer oppreſs'd by crafty *Æmilius*, haughty *Irene*, nor perſecuting *Cethegus*. *Stauracius*, 'tis true, is yet at the Head of the *Thracian* Legions, but with that Eſteem which his Contempt of *Cæſar* has juſtly drawn upon him. When he was com-

commanded into Exile, he went no further than *Eleutheriam*; whence, with *Emilius*'s crafty Management, and his ſcattering Gold in the Senate-Houſe, he was recall'd by a Petition to *Conſtantine* from the *Patritians*, that *Stauracius* might be immediately ſent againſt the *Perſian*, leſt the *Sarazens* and the reſt of the Auxiliaries, might deſert; ſo conſiderable was he repreſented to *Cæſar*, and of ſuch Importance to the War, that leſt any Accident ſhou'd happen by which the good of the Empire might be endanger'd, gracious *Conſtantine* gave way to their Requeſt, and oblig'd 'em by complying with the Effects of it: But thoſe who eſteem *Stauracius* ſo neceſſary, do not reflect, that it is not him, as the invincible Commander of an Army, that performs theſe Exploits, but an invincible Army that needs no Commander, tho' they were even to conquer the World. Was it *Stauracius* that made 'em what they are, taught 'em the glorious Art of War? Was it not all done to his Hand? Had he any other Fatigue than to march to inevitable Conqueſt, in a Path mark'd out and made eaſy to him by his immortal Predeceſſor? The Succeſs attributed to him, was the Conſequence of a better Reign, advancing upon a noble and artful Foundation, he muſt be an ill Architect that can ſo early deform the Building: Things paſs not quickly from Good to Bad; nor, on the contrary, grow

to

to ſudden Strength, from immediate Weakneſs: *Stauracius* had the Advantage of ſucceeding *Leo* IV. the greateſt Genius in War of his Age. Immenſe were his Views, and plauſible his Undertakings; but ſtill betray'd and travers'd as he was, by a Faction at home, what mighty Succeſs could he expect abroad? The Senate, jealous of his Glory, and that Spirit of Empire conſpicuous in him, retarded his Supplies; which were either perpetually anticipated, or ſo loaded with Delays, that the Seaſon of the Field was generally paſt, before they would ſend him the Indiſpenſibles for taking it: Yet with all theſe Inconveniences, what did he not do? Or rather, what has *Stauracius* done, but built upon his ſure Foundation? Who modell'd and gave Examples to *Stauracius*'s Legions? Who made 'em *Veteranes*, and taught 'em the Trade of War, but the wiſe and great *Leo*? Who reduc'd the *Perſian* and his Country, broke his Councils, expended his Treaſure, ſtript him bare, and was the firſt and only General that put a Stop to his rapacious Conqueſts, but *Leo* the Invincible? Then was that King great, opulent and fortunate, draining the Riches of his People as long as they had any for him to take, and which he perpetually employ'd in corrupting *Leo*'s Council, his very Senate and Army. 'Tis notoriouſly known, the *Perſian* has been more ſucceſsful by the Force of Gold dexterouſly apply'd,

ply'd, than either by War or any other ſtrain of Politicks. *Leo* ſaw and cou'd not prevent the Treachery; he had no other Meaſures to take, but to raiſe ſo many Enemies againſt his Enemy (ſhowing his Friends that their true Intereſt was to arm, whilſt yet they had Power to arm; for ſhou'd they ſtay 'till he were vanquiſh'd, 'twou'd be too late to hope a defence againſt a Tyrant, who one after another wou'd devour 'em all, and ſeparately certainly deſtroy, what firmly united might very well hope to deſtroy him) combining their Forces, in a ſhort time he was drained by that prodigious Expence they occaſion'd him to make; ſo that when *Stauracius* came into the Field, the *Perſian* was no longer the Monarch that was able to buy and bribe, or elſe doubtleſs he had not been his Enemy; for as *Jugurtha* once ſaid of the Senate of *Rome*, upon a Senſe of their Corruption, 'O 'Rome! thou wou'dſt be ſold thy ſelf were 'there but a Chapman for Thee! Had that King been ſtill able to have bought, *Stauracius* muſt have ſold; but as he cou'd not come up to his Price, that is to ſay, not give him ſo much for becoming his Friend, as *Stauracius* got by being his Enemy, *Stauracius* ſtill continu'd ſo, and very much longer than he had occaſion to do; for tho' there were prodigious Battles fought, and millions of Lives and Money ſacrificed, yet never in

the right Place; one tenth of that Treasure and Blood in the Hands of *Horatio*, at the Head of the *Iberian* Legions, had determin'd the War; though indeed *Stauracius*'s Army, molded by *Leo*, was invincible. The *Greeks* when encourag'd, are more than Men, we may very well say, that in Battle they put off both Fear and Humanity; they fight like Furies, rather than Mortals; when flush'd in Blood they dare any Opposition, and know no Satiety; nothing can stand before 'em, neither cou'd a General, tho' he were twice five times as cold again as *Stauracius*, with-hold their Thirst of Death and Desolation; they esteem no Conquest that is not bought at the extremest Danger, and when their Ranks are often broke thro' and thro', then do these Dæmons of the Field rally again, and again repel the Charge beyond the Power of mortal Resistance, so that it is become an usual excuse for the *Persian* Generals after every Defeat, we brought our Soldiers to fight with Men, they cry, and did not expect to encounter Devils.

THEN it is not, my Lord, interrupted *Ethelinda*, *Stauracius* that has taught his Legions to Conquer, but his Legions that have made a Conqueror of him? The Definition is certainly just and nice, reply'd *Albinus*; yet how hard is it, she answer'd, that *Stauracius* must have all the Glory? methinks I am concern'd at the unequal Distribution: Pray

Pray tell me, Is his Birth ſo mean as they report him? His Father, Madam, was of the *Equeſtrian* Order, purſu'd *Albinus*; your Highneſs knows too much to need the Explanation. Well, but he muſt be pretty poor, went ſhe on, for I have been well inform'd, that he was offer'd to *Ancus Tullus* (who they ſay, derives himſelf from the old *Roman* King of that Name) for an attendant Boy or Page, and that he was refus'd by him: And yet this prodigious Darling of Fortune, has ſince had the Preſumption, to try to match his Lees of Blood into the only truly Royal Family of *Rome*; he had the Arrogance to offer his Daughter for a Wife to *Ancus Tullius*'s Heir, with ſuch Advantages, that would have tempted any other, that had a leſs Senſe of native Glory and hereditary Worth, than our young Patrician; He heard with Scorn, and a juſt Sentiment of Indignation, a Propoſal of Allying himſelf by Marriage with him, whom his Grandfather had not thought worthy the Honour of being receiv'd into his Family, tho' but as a Domeſtick. 'Tis *Fortune* then that is only conſcious of *Stauracius*'s Riſe, nor do any of the Vertues pretend a Rival's ſhare in the Compoſition and Advancement of this Her adorable Minion.

FORTUNE indeed, reply'd *Albinus*, and if your Highneſs will believe *Damareta*, *Irene* the Empreſs's Mother, ſhe ſhed her propiti-

ous influence on him at his Birth. Was not that *Damareta* a Witch or Sorcereſs, cry'd the Princeſs? She had the Reputation of it, anſwer'd the *Roman*. I can ſpeak ſomething ſignificant to the Point, becauſe a Slave of hers, that was Coadjutor with her in all her Conjurations, was afterwards receiv'd into my Fathers Family, and truſted me with the Secret, which had it been publickly known, would have perhaps expell'd him thence. When his Miſtreſs dy'd ſhe Enfranchis'd him, and left him a Legacy to enable him to live free; but *Irene* was too Covetous and Unjuſt to fulfil the Decrees of the Dead; whether ſhe interpreted after *Damareta*'s Will, or her own, or both, but the Wretch was defrauded and without proſpect of Redreſs, unleſs it were ſuing the Empreſs, and your Highneſs may imagin what was to be got by that: He was forc'd once more to enter into a voluntary Slavery for his Subſiſtance; ours was the Family he choſe; he was order'd an immediate Attendant upon my Perſon; I indulg'd his Inclinations to ſtudy, and from thence receiv'd ſeveral Advantages to my own.

CURIOSTY drew me to enquire nicely into the occaſion of that Report, concerning *Damerata*'s Knowledge in Sorcery; Monſieur the *Envoy*, your Excellence is an Ornament to the Church, let me beg your Opinion of *Dæmons*, Angels, Spirits, and what Religion will

will have us believe of their Exiſtence; the *Pagan* Syſtem was full of their Effects. I muſt own my Incredulity; and whether it is that my Temper inclines me to the *Epicurean* Philoſophy, or my Underſtanding, I can hardly imagin that Immortal Beings can find their Account in concerning themſelves ſo far with the Mortal. And yet, anſwer'd the Prior of *Orleans*, We are taught to believe it, not only from *Plato* and the Schools, but from the Holy Scripture. Does not the old Bible aſſure us often of miniſtring Angels, Good and Bad, of Satan's tempting JOB? The Power which Witches have, is ſhown us by a memorable Example in the Woman of *Endor*; neither did JESUS ſay any thing to contradict the receiv'd Opinion of *Dæmons* or Spirits; on the contrary, he only endeavours to inform and convince his Diſciples of the Difference between Him and thoſe Beings, by ſhowing what he was, and defining what they were. Can any one that looks with due Faith into Church-Hiſtory, doubt of the Power of Magick? We are told in the *Acts* of one *Simon*, who us'd Sorcery, and bewitch'd the People of *Samaria*, giving out that himſelf was ſome great One, *And to him*, ſays the holy Text, *they had regard, becauſe of a long time he had bewitch'd them with Sorceries.* At *Paphos*, *Elymas* the Sorcerer withſtood *Barnabas* and *Paul*, they told him, "He "was full of all Subtilty and all Miſchief, a

" Child of the Devil, an Enemy of all Righ-
" teouſneſs: Seeking to turn the Deputy from
" the Faith, they inflicted Blindneſs upon
" him, that he ſhou'd not ſee the Sun for a
" Seaſon. St. *Luke* ſays, *A certain Damſel was poſſeſs'd with a Spirit of Divination, which brought her Maſter much Gain by Soothſaying.* Not to inſtance in ſeveral others of them,
" Who uſed curious Arts, brought their Books
" together and burn'd them before all Men,
" and they counted the Price of them, and
" found them fifty pieces of Silver. An Angel came evidently to *Cornelius*, a *Centurian* of the *Italian* Band at *Cæſaria*. Except you will renounce your Religion, you cannot deny the Miniſtry of Angels, or the Opinion of Witchcraft, ſince we have the ſame Foundation, the Holy Writ, for their Exiſtence, as for any Article of our Faith. The learned Fathers of the Church hold, That God has ordain'd particular Angels to watch for the Preſervation of divers kinds of Beings, of ſeveral ſorts of Animals and Plants, *&c.* and who judge there is no Abſurdity that there ſhou'd be ſometimes in the Air *Dæmons* or *Spirits*, who by the Permiſſion or Command of God, do wonderful Things, as to cauſe ſhowers of Blood, Thunder and Storms, or extraordinary Earthquakes; tho' by ſome Philoſophers, theſe are attributed to natural Cauſes only. *Philo* is of Opinion, That thoſe whom the Philoſophers call'd *Dæmons*, are the ſame with thoſe whom

whom *Moſes* names Angels; Souls that fly about the Air, that the Air might have its Creatures, as well as the Earth; the Water and the Fire have theirs: Beſides in Holy Writ, we read of certain Powers of the Air. Nay, ſome uſe Inchantments againſt *Dæmons*, who are thought to mix themſelves in the black and thick Clouds, from whence we uſually apprehend the coming of Thunder, Hail and Storms.

NOR does Religion only, but Reaſon aſſure us of their Exiſtence, as it did really perſuade the Philoſophers, principally *Thales*, *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, the *Stoicks*, *Empedocles*, and others, who affirm'd, that there were *Dæmons*, who are living Subſtances and Souls of Heroes, either Good or Evil, freed from their Bodies; tho' they have err'd as well in relation to their Subſtance, as to the Qualities that they attributed to them; however, they judg'd aright when they believ'd, that there were ſuch. Theſe *Genii* were reputed to be of a divine Nature, or of a Nature little lower than the Divine. *Ariſtotle* call'd 'em ſeparated Subſtances, becauſe not Corporeal, and becauſe they have Underſtanding he names 'em *Intelligences*. *Pythagoras*, according to his Syſtem of the Soul of the World, fancied theſe *Dæmons* were ſmall Particles, ſtruck from the Divine Nature, his Soul of the Univerſe being no other than God; this Notion was embrac'd by ſome

Hereticks in the infancy of Chriſtianity, who taught from thence, that the Angels were taken out of the Divine Subſtance.

THESE Souls chiefly were ſuppoſed to reſide in the upper Region among the Stars, and in the Sun; ſo they believ'd when the Cœleſtial Bodies ſpread Abroad their Influences to revive and entertain the earthly Beings, that they proceed from Heaven as ſo many Beams from this Soul that revives all Things, and that they incorporate or become Bodies in a differing Manner in their Paſſage, clothing themſelves with a kind of airy Habit, and remaining afterwards, ſome in the Air, and the others proceeding as far as the Earth: So that they have believ'd, that theſe kind of Subſtances which are thus compoſed of a thin Body, ſuch as is the Air, and of a Particle of the Soul of the World, are the *Dæmons* and the Souls. *Dæmons*, when they continue free from any mixture of the groſſer Bodies of this Earth; and if the thin Body with which the Particles of the Soul of the World is cloth'd, be found to be of a ſweet Kind and favourable Compoſure, then they happen to be good *Dæmons* and *Spirits*, but Evil when it is ſharp and malicious. When our Souls are departed out of our Bodies, they become again *Dæmons*, not immediately, nor equally, becauſe retaining ſome Relicks of the human Body, 'till they were

were entirely ſtript, they cou'd not be *Dæmons*, but only Heroes or Demi-gods.

APULEIUS explain'd this Opinion of *Dæmons*, being of a middle Nature between the Gods and Men, between Immortals and Mortals; for he has ſaid, that it is by their Means and Mediation, that there is a Correſpondence between the Gods and Men; and as the other Regions of the World have their Beings to inhabit and live there; ſo the ſuperior Region hath the Stars, the Sea-Fiſh, the Earth all our Terreſtial Animals, ſo the Air ought not to be without its Inhabitants, which are the *Dæmons*. In this manner he explains himſelf: The Bodies of the *Dæmons* have very little Weight, which hinder them from aſcending to the higheſt Regions; nor are they ſo light as to fall down to the loweſt; they are Creatures of a third Nature, ſuitable to the middle Region where they dwell; they are between the Gods and Men, being immortal as the Gods, but ſubject to Paſſions as Men; for as they are as we, ſubject to Anger and to Mercy, and like us ſuffer themſelves to be overcome by Prayers and Intreaties, by Gifts and Honours; ſo they are like us ſtir'd up to Wrath by Injuries and Contempt. In his own Words, *Dæmones ſunt genere animalia, ingenio rationabilia, animo paſſiva, corpore aeria, tempore æterna.*

THE

THE Reaſon that induc'd ancient Philoſophers to believe that there were *Dæmons*, ſeems to be from a Notion they had of Divine Providence; for tho' they believ'd that God takes care of all Things, yet they fancied that it did not become his glorious Majeſty to extend his Care to every particular Perſon by himſelf, and without ſome Miniſters that might execute his Orders. They therefore imagin'd that God keeps his Court in Heaven, is attended by Miniſters and Servants always ready to obey him, by whoſe means he provides for all the Univerſe, but eſpecially for this inferior World. They called theſe Miniſters (whom they acknowledged to be very nimble and active Beings) *Dæmons*; but they aſſign'd the Name of *Genii* to thoſe whoſe chief Office it is to take care of Man, according to the Poet, who brings in a Criminal with theſe Reflections,

Sure there are Hours of Ill that wait us all,
And Fate has made us ſubject to their Call.
Tho' ſome be Blacker ſtain'd than others are,
There's none can ſay their Lives were ever Fair.
Then on our Guardian Gods be all the fault,
Not having watch'd our Frailty as they ought;
Back to themſelves I do retort the Blame,
Who careleſly reſign our truſted Fame.

THAT which theſe Philoſophers ſpeak of the *Genii*, that there is one Chief that governs

verns a whole Nation, and a particular *Genius* for every Man, is alſo agreeable to what Religion calls the *Protecting Angel* of a whole Nation, and the Guardian Angel of every private and particular Perſon. *Epictetus* and *Plato* tells us, We can conceal nothing from this conſtant Witneſs, whether it be Good or Evil; to whom they adviſe us to have a particular Reſpect. Now that God ſuffers evil Angels to be the Enemies of Men, and to endeavour to deſtroy 'em, this relates to the general Providence of God, who has done nothing but for juſt and reaſonable Ends, tho' not known or diſcoverable to Men.

THE *Dæmons* being prov'd to have Paſſions like us, may be drawn to aſſiſt Mankind with their Intelligences or intuitive Knowledge. The way I conceive (if any) by which thoſe Immortals may be mov'd, is by Prayer, Fumigation, Incantation, and certain Cabaliſtical Ceremonies or Compacts, which as they are appertaining to a particular Study, cannot be treated of with any certainty in the general.

MONSIEUR *L'Envoy* having deliver'd his Opinion, had the Pleaſure to ſee it agreeably receiv'd by that illuſtrious Audience; in conſequence of which, the Princeſs preſs'd Lord *Albinus* to favour her with what he knew of *Damareta*'s Skill in Magick: Upon which he purſu'd his Diſcourſe, ſtill addreſſing to her Highneſs.

AT

AT *Athens* there was a Perſon named *Timias*, whoſe Father had left him a large Inheritance, and little Ambition; averſe to the Marriage State, and yet a Votary to *Venus*. He was naturally a Chymiſt; lov'd myſterious Study, judicial Aſtrology, and converſing with the *Philoſophos* of the *Greeks*; or, as they are generally term'd, *Magicians:* So intent was he upon improving himſelf in that dangerous Art, that he ſeem'd to be excluded from all Converſation but thoſe of that Sect: He gave his Days and Nights wholly to the purſuit; he ſubjected his Cares, his Fortune, and his Time, to improve himſelf in that Diabolical Knowledge: He had travel'd into *Egypt*, and there attain'd the Interpretation of their *Hieroglyphicks*; was inſtructed from the *Gymnoſophiſts* and *Indian Brachmans*, from the *Magos* of the *Perſians*, in the Secrets of Philoſophy and the Cabaliſtical Art; ſo that when he return'd into *Greece*, it was a general receiv'd Opinion, he knew much more than a Mortal; and, That he had ſubdu'd two *Dæmons* to be Obedient to his Charms; one of the bitter or evil Compoſition, the other more ſweet and benign; yet he made no other uſe of his Power but to ſatisfy his own thirſt of Knowledge, to divert his Friends, and to procure him the Embraces of thoſe Beauties, whoſe Eyes had greater faſcinations than his Art. *Damerata* was then newly married to a Gentle-

Gentleman his Neighbour: Her Youth and Gaiety put her among the number of thoſe who had the good Fortune to pleaſe *Timias*. The particular Inclination he felt for this new Bride, made him nice, as to the point of gaining hers; which from her own Temper, and the ſeveral Opportunities he had to Converſe, flatter'd him in his Hopes of ſubduing her, without having recourſe to the aſſiſtance of his *Dæmons*: The Reputation he had that way, gave his Addreſſes a favourable Reception. *Damerata* was angry with a young *Athenian* Lady, for having rob'd her of a Lover, for whom ſhe had a greater Inclination than for him ſhe married; ſhe wou'd have given every Thing but Life to have been reveng'd upon that ſucceſsful Beauty; had *Timias* ask'd her to ſtake her Soul, ſhe had readily comply'd; therefore 'tis not to be doubted but ſhe thought the compoſition he made for her Body very reaſonable, and that ſhe bought her Satisfaction upon eaſie Terms: In ſhort, by his Art he caus'd that Lady to be forſaken, and *Damerata* triumph'd in her Rival's Deſpair; which was attended with ſo diſgraceful a Circumſtance, that the Lady who had lately yielded her Honour, depending upon that of her Lover's, ſeduc'd by a Promiſe of becoming his Wife, carry'd about her occular Proof of her being no longer a Maid.

TIMI-

TIMIAS, in compliance with his new Miſtreſs, who had Fire and Youth enough to Enchant the Enchanter, caus'd this unhappy Lady's Diſgrace to be made Publick: She was forc'd to withdraw from *Athens*, and lament for the remainder of her Days, her Indiſcretion in a Cloiſter. *Damerata* having receiv'd this Proof of her Lover's Art, left no Addreſs, no Blandiſhment uneſſay'd, to come into his Heart and Confidence, as well as his Arms: The wiſeſt Men are oftentimes guilty of the greateſt Weakneſs's, eſpecially in relation to Love. *Damerata* had a happy run, and ſhe carry'd it ſo far, as to cure him of his deſire of Change; in ſhort, ſhe continu'd in his Favour 'till his death, and to ſuch a degree, that after a million of Importunities, he made her Succeſſor to his Art, with this limitation, (as well knowing her audacious, irreligious, and revengeful Temper) That ſhe ſhould only have the command of the milder *Dæmon*, who ſhou'd aſſiſt her with proper Intelligence in her Pleaſures; but he for ever enfranchis'd the Evil Spirit who had been ſubſervient to him, and deſtroy'd the cabaliſtical Characters and Charms, that had had an influence over him; then dy'd well ſatisfy'd, that he left his Miſtreſs the Power of doing Miſchief to none but her ſelf, and that too but by the conſent of her ſelf.

DAME-

DAMERATA quickly let the gentle *Daemon* know that he was not to expect much Reſt in his new Service: She refin'd upon *Timias*'s Scheme, turn'd Chymiſt in her Pleaſure, extracted the Spirit of Delight, and found the Art of improving the Lovers moment to a height unknown before. The Reputation of her Art brought her the Addreſſes of all the noble Youth at *Conſtantinople*, for thither ſhe had brought the fair *Irene*, *Timias*'s ſuppos'd Daughter, as to an auſpicious Market, where her Beauty might expect the higheſt Price. How diſſolute! how abandon'd ſhe prov'd! is a Theme, Madam, unfit for your ſacred Ears. In her old Age ſhe was communicative of her Talent to others, and aſſiſted the deſpairing Lover to gain his cruel Miſtreſs, but upon condition that ſhe was to be witneſs of their Happineſs, in a manner too indecent to repeat: In a word, Madam, ſhe was all that was Scandalous, Impious, and Deteſtable!

WHEN (the now great) *Stauratius* was born, *Damerata* was in the Chamber, and having a Friendſhip for his Mother, ſummon'd her *Daemon* to ſhed auſpicious Influence on his Birth; but was inform'd that *Fortune* had already adopted him, and that nothing ſhou'd prevent him from being the greateſt Subject of the Eaſt. As he grew up, ſhe recommended him to *Irene*'s Conſideration; ſhe told her that her own Grandeur could never

never be ſecure but in allying her ſelf with *Stauracius*, which was his firſt Step to the Favour of that imperious Empreſs; but ſhe farther imparted to himſelf, that if he receiv'd the laſt Honours of the Empire, they wou'd be fatal to him. She alſo taught him how to overcome; gave him Power to ſummon the *Damon* to his Aid, upon any exigence of Battle, by the help of ſoporiferous Drugs, Fumigations, and certain Necromantick Rites, he makes a Narcotick Suppoſitory, which being apply'd ſome Hours before the intended Fight, caſts him into a deep Sleep, where he is perſwaded he is not only render'd invulnerable, the firſt neceſſary Step towards becoming Couragious, but gains a foreſight of the Event, and is inſtructed in the manner of overcoming.

THUS is the Immortal *Stauracius* render'd invincible. He alſo receiv'd a Preſent from *Damerata* of a Ring, which the Emperor *Conſtantine* innocently accepted from him; the Diamond is enchanted; there's more than Faſcination in the Luſtre; it has Power to make the Wearer do all Things in favour of the Giver, to be blind upon his Errors, and perſiſting in their own. Ah! cry'd Princeſs *Ethelinda!* Why is not *Cæſar* uninchanted? I am in Pain for his Infatuation, and it wants but little of my becoming ſo Impertinent as to endeavour his Deliverance. 'Tis already perform'd, Madam, reply'd

reply'd *Albinus*, *Herminius* has the Secret; he has delivered the Emperor from the force of that fatal Magick; the Ring and all its pernicious Effects are buried, never, I hope, to riſe again. We ſee *Auguſtus*, ſince freed from the danger of *Stauracius*'s Art, new-born to Courage, Reſolution, and Converſation; whilſt under that dangerous Operation, Indolence, Diſcontent, an Apathy to all the Pleaſures of Life, invaded him; he even knew not his neareſt Relations, thoſe whom Blood and Merit recommended; nothing cou'd be ſeen but through their inchanted Glaſs; there was neither Vertue, Affection, nor Aſſiduity out of that Family. Infidel, as I am, in the Power of Magick, when I behold the wonderful change in *Cæſar*, I dare no longer be a misbeliever; He moves not, ſpeaks not, lives not with the ſame Air and Manner: We now behold our Auguſt and Gracious Sovereign, mild indeed by the goodneſs of his own Temper, but not that eaſie *Conſtantine* infatuated by *Stauracius*'s Necromancy: The Magician ſtands confeſs'd, the falling Empire, inverted Conſtitution, and ſinking *Cæſar*, are no longer the Objects of Terror, with which every Noble *Roman* has been ſo thoroughly mortify'd. *Herminius* has had Courage to end the Adventure, not affrighted by the Propheſy affix'd to it, *That whoever ſhou'd attempt to diſpoſſeſs* Cæſar *of that fatal Ring, to pluck*

the inchanted Diamond from his Finger, ſhou'd he loſt in the Undertaking. 'Tis done, Madam, and *Herminius* ſtill uncharm'd; 'tis finiſh'd! and *Herminius* flouriſhing and intrepid; the Guardian Angel of the Empire: Long preſerve him, to uphold the Glories of *That* and *Ceſar!*

STAURACIUS, Madam, has been ſo ſtrict an Obſerver of *Dameratz*'s Ceremonies, that he has never been known to Fight a Battle without this Magical Preparation. She even warn'd him from attempting it, or from accepting the higheſt Honour of the Empire: The *Hag*, as ſhe gave the Charge, grew more hidious, her Speech enormous, her Execrations more direful, and prophane; "She curſt the Hour, the Moment, he "ſhou'd venture to Fight at random; bid "him beware! and not upon the greateſt "Advantage to ingage an Enemy, without "the forementioned Preparatives —— ſhe "foreſaw —— eternal Deſtiny! —— the "Tears of his deſolate Family —— the Anguiſh of *Irene* —— Horror and Amazement —— her Daughter involved —— Deſolation uſurping upon their former Glory. Loſt *Stauracius* —— deſpis'd —— execrated *Stauracius* —— fatal Houſe! —— The *Witch* wou'd explain no more, but left him to the Horrors of Divination and Uncertainty.

His

His own Inclinations wou'd have made him take advantage of the Propheſy, and not attempt the War any further, they had always led him rather to the Court than Army; but encompaſs'd as he is by *Damerata*'s Magick, he concludes himſelf invulnerable; and that he need never put an end to a War, that is ſo fruitful of golden Laurels, and ſo barren of Dangers.

You give me Horror, reply'd the Princeſs, ſeeing *Albinus* had done, at the very Name of *Stauracius!* The courſe of his good Fortune is ſuch, that wou'd indeed incline us to believe the *Witch* had imparted her Sorcery to him. But ah! who wou'd overcome at that Price? Is it not deſpicable? Is it not abominable? Yet if I do not miſtake, he has not preciſely follow'd the advice of the Sorcereſs: Is he not call'd Father of the Empire? Yes, Madam, anſwer'd *Albinus*, but ſo much to the diſſatisfaction of the Illuſtrious *Damerata*'s Off-ſpring, that *Irene* and her Children were two Days and Nights upon their Knees inceſſantly imploring with Cries and Tears, the overgrown Patrician not to be greater than he was, leſt he ſhou'd meet prognoſticated Fate! The whole Court was a good deal diverted at this Scene of redundant Woe, when they look'd back upon the Son of an *Equity*, ballancing whether he ſhou'd receive the ſecond Dignity of the Empire; Ambition and Super-

Superſtition filling the doubtful Scales, but at laſt they inclin'd to the ſide of Glory rather than Security, and in ſpight of his Wives and Daughters Tears, he would be term'd Father of the Empire, that is to ſay, the Diſpoſer of its Honours and Revenues, which like a careful Parent he induſtriouſly treaſured up in his own Coffers, againſt any Extremity his Children, the People, might happen to be reduced to: Tho' there are others that tell us the beſt uſe that Maſs can be put to, without asking *Stauracius*'s Opinion whether it be yet a convenient Seaſon, upon the next Exigency of State is to ſqueeze the illuſtrious Spunge into the Royal Treaſury, 'till it have return'd part of thoſe immenſe Riches it has ſo long been ſoaking from the Empire.

LORD *Albinus*, anſwer'd the Princeſs, I return your Excellency thanks for your agreeable Relation; and if you are not tir'd, wou'd farther ingage you, in honour of the Company I entertain, to give us now that Diſcourſe, which before their Entrance, you promis'd me for to morrow; I mean an account of the Turns in the *Greek* Court, all the World is ſurpriz'd and charm'd at the Change found in the Emperor; that regard of Religion, that Courage, Perſeverance, and Reſolution to adhere ſtedfaſtly to the Orthodox, after having ſuffer'd the Idolaters to hope all things from his Lenity. I ſee not any Perſon in this Pavilion but who wears upon his Face a diſtinguiſhing Character; they

they can both commend and ſmile in the right Place, and therefore muſt be entertained by thoſe ſenſible things which your Excellency ſpeaks; who wou'd not dwell for ever upon what proceeds from a Man of Wiſdom, eſpecially one of the well educated World? Can any here prefer ſleep, or perhaps waking, in a cold lonely Bed, to Lord *Albinus*'s ſprightly Converſation? Thus we break the rigor of the Seaſon, deſpiſe the falling Snow, congealing Air, and hanging Iſacles; 'tis all verdant and agreeable amongſt Objects ſo ſenſible and delicate. *Ethelinda* is *Flora* in all her Pride of Beauty, anſwer'd *Horatio*; wherever ſhe appears there's an impoſſibility of feeling Inclemency from any Seaſon, or rather there is nothing but Delights and glowing Wiſhes near her lovely Perſon. The *Zephers* in her Train drive far away the ruder Northern Blaſts; nay, even downy ſleep, with all its healing Balm, loſes his Charm when *Ethelinda* ſpeaks; he well knows ſhe has an Army of Graces deſtructive to his Empire, and therefore does not preſume to invade her Votaries; we not only deſie his approach, but have forgot that there is any other Power but *Ethelinda*'s.

WITHOUT anſwering ſuch Hipperboly, ſweetly ſmil'd the Princeſs, My Lords, I take it that you are all diſpoſed to paſs part of this Evening in Converſation; may I not intrude a little with my Woman's Curioſity

to enquire first what is become of your Patrician *Cicero*'s Amours? This Summer I went for my Health to the hot Baths at *Prussia*, where *Thais* his Mistress was, sure never were such ancient Lovers; what does he see in her, unless it be for Contradiction, because she is another's? Habit is no small Matter, reply'd *Albinus*, the good Patrician one wou'd believe needed any thing rather than a Mistress, especially at this time of Day, but yet he is so bewitch'd to *Thais*, that in Consideration of what Joys her Palace produces, he has kept himself unmarry'd. He is, as Fame reports, a leading Card, says the Princess amongst the Idol-worshippers at *Constantinople*; very warm, very devout for the Cause of Religion, no less zealous and intent upon that of lawless Love, these Discords must make admirable Harmony. Tell me something of his Story: But before you begin, be pleased, this cold freezing Night, to take part of these warming enliv'ning Wines, that we may afterwards, without Interruption, attend to what your Excellency shall tell us.

CICERO, Madam, is by Birth a *Plebeian*, of the Classes of *Quirini*, one of the last two Tribes which compleated the Number thirty five, into which the *Roman* People were long since cast. Fortune had given his Father a Head as crafty as inventive; but because the Course of his Practices mov'd in a vulgar

vulgar Orb, I ſhall think too vilely of 'em to entertain your Highneſs. Tho' there is a deſign of introducing 'em into the World, to teach his Brother *Plebeians* what ſteps may be taken towards raiſing ſo vaſt a Structure as this, his Son, from ſo deſpicable a Foundation.

I GUESS your Highneſs's Inclinations and Converſe lead you not to low Comedy, or rather Farce, ſuch were *Cicero*'s firſt Performances; the Morning of his Life was waſted in ſcandalous obſcure Adventures; ſo indigent a ſtrain of Debauchery, that to repeat wou'd prejudice one too much againſt the Expectation of his meridian Glories, pall ones Taſte, ones Appetite for more, as believing ſuch a notorious Courſe of tricking, ſuch a paltry run of little Converſation, cou'd never produce any thing out of the Road of deſerv'd Averſion and Scorn: Yet thro' this heap of Rubiſh, this dunghil of Obſcurity, he cou'd work his way, and had the Art of abſtracting Matter for Obſervation, and learning what he call'd to live in the World. 'Tis certain, from the mean Education and unworthy Precepts his Father gave him, from the abandon'd Company he kept, and his own pregnate Inclinations to Evil, *Cicero* learnt to have Principles in no Eſtimation, and even to diſpiſe thoſe who had any; to ſtudy the Corruption of the *Roman* Law, not ſo much as to wear the Habit of Religion, to make

himſelf throughly acquainted with the very inſide of Knavery, Deceit, Politicks, Pretences, Diſſimulation, Craft, Hippoeriſy and Zeal, and what well prepar'd him for becoming a Maſter in unwarrantable Practices, add a ſtrong Inclination rather to riſe by Vice than Vertue, a ſecret lurking Propenſity to the Diſhoneſt rather than the Honeſt; he laught at Fate and Deſtiny, at Heaven and Futurity! His prodigious natural Parts were quickly better'd by acquir'd; his Soul had a thirſt of Knowledge, he enquir'd into both Good and Evil, tho' he only worſhip'd the latter: Vaſt was his Memory and Vivacity, bold and ardent his Ambition, if yet in his little Vortex, where ſcarce he had room to move, the term be juſt; yet his Temper had ſo happy an Allay, as never to let his Paſſions precipitate him beyond the Relief of his Judgment, which was ſo clear, ſo piercing, and ſo ſtrong, that it ſeldom ever deceiv'd him; and when he was yet a wretched unknown deſpicable *Plebeian*, he reſolv'd to leave nothing undone that cou'd advance him to the Degree of a Patrician. How many Genius's born great ſet in Obſcurity for want of what we may name a happy Call, a favourable Occaſion, a lucky Moment, to diſtinguiſh and exert themſelves? This *Cicero* knew, and ſought nothing with ſo much Diligence as an opportunity to diſplay the Compounds, the Particles of which his extenſive Mind

Mind was form'd, to break with a burſt of Applauſe full in the Eyes of thoſe who had Power to raiſe him, to dazzle the Emperor and Senate with his Knowledge and Wiſdom, to ſhow a Capacity fit to adminiſter in any Elevation.

To bleſs him to his wiſh, the Goddeſs of Diſcord declar'd on his ſide, as if by ſecret Inſtinct, or by *Cicero* himſelf directed to diſtinguiſh *Cicero*. The reigning Emperor was become obnoxious, he was growing into Tyranny, he oppreſs'd ſome of thoſe Patricians who wou'd not come into his unlawful Meaſures, impriſon'd others, and reſolving to have 'em found guilty, ſet a day for 'em to make their Defence: *Cicero* rang'd himſelf on the Party of the Malecontents, who then had the Majority. Thoſe eminent Orators appointed (amongſt whom *Cicero* was one, tho' till then unknown to the Learned) defended their Clients with ſo much force, that the World was incenſed againſt the Emperor for the Breach of thoſe Laws which with a fatal perſuaſive Eloquence, they convinc'd the Empire that *Auguſtus* had departed from; the Conſequence of which was depoſing that *Ceſar*, and electing another in his Place, who happen'd to be a Succeſſor of finiſh'd Knowledge and Ambition, what he had acquir'd by Addreſs he wou'd preſerve by Conduct: He knew admirably to put every Man with whom he converſed to his proper Uſe. *Cicero*

cero now got into the Senate-Houſe, and being very buſie there, was not unremark'd by the new Emperor. It had been the utmoſt of *Cicero*'s Hopes, that a Perſon of Wiſdom might be raiſed to the Imperial Purple, for a Man of Senſe has little to expect from a weak Prince, ſo he made his Court to *Cæſar* with extreme Diligence and Perſeverance; he had Fire and Sedateneſs, Spirit and Condeſcenſion, and an extent of Wit, whoſe diffuſive Tracts of Light leads you on to ſolid Judgment; but then he was as looſe as Winds, that promiſcuouſly ruffles all things in their ſtormy Courſe. *Cicero* like them diſperſed Principles, Honeſty, Religion, Loyalty, Conſcience with a puff, whenever they chanced to intervene or obſtruct his new Maſter the Emperor's Intereſt, or his own. He preſently made himſelf acquainted with Affairs of State abroad and at home, whatever he pleas'd was in his Power, a little Application gave him the Poſſeſſion of all things that was neceſſary to form a great Miniſter; *Cæſar* advanc'd him from a *Plebeian* to be one of the *Equite*, put the Helm of Government into his Hand; and whilſt himſelf was abroad at the Head of his Armies, gave *Cicero* the Conduct of the State at home.

HIS Birth, his Education, eaſily forgot, thoſe Paſſions, which, if he had not the entire command of before his Riſe, (their Conſequences were ſo obſcure that they were un-

unknown, unleſs to the little wretched Company he had formerly kept) began now to command him: In the face of Day he grew Luſtful, Proud, and Inexorable; bigotted to a Party, not becauſe they had more Religion than the Orthodox, but becauſe he had a great deal leſs; not enough to hinder him from playing with the moſt ſolemn Parts of it with a ſolemn Face and Air to advance his Purpoſes, which were to curb the Church, and defile her Purity with Schiſmaticks. Theſe were the Reformers who pretended to ſo vaſt a Perfection in Principles, that when Revenge, Perſecution, luſt of Power, or hatred of the Orthodox was in queſtion, united to a Point the deſtruction of all Principles. *Cæſar* was Warlike and Ambitious, and had little more of Religion than great Soldiers generally have, Honour; and therefore interpos'd but ſeldom between the warring Animoſities of the two oppoſing Parties. But influenc'd by his favourite *Cicero*, whoſe Judgment, upon ſolid Obſervations, he began to reverence; much was done to give the Idolaters their firſt Footing in the State, little to ſecure the Orthodox theirs in the Church. *Cicero* ſaw the Emperor was Childleſs, and doubting whether he cou'd acquire for himſelf an Intereſt in the next Succeſſor, debated with that fawning artful Patritian *Cataline*, whether it were poſſible for 'em to rouſe the old Spirit of Liberty in the *Ro-*

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man People, ſo long ſince buried in the Imperial State, and ſo conſpicuous in the Conſular. This once brought to paſs, they did not ſuppoſe the Commonwealth durſt boaſt of any bigger than themſelves, nor who had a greater Air of probability to govern the whole; whether they ſhou'd ſee it moſt for their Advantage to make the Monarchy elective, or once more to aboliſh it; but becauſe theſe Views were very remote amidſt a People fond of their Allegiance, and whoſe Principles and Religion taught 'em to obey that Form of Government eſtabliſh'd; *Cataline* was ſent to poyſon the Country by degrees, *Julius Sergius* the gay part of the Court, and *Cicero* the buſie, with Principles repugnant to Monarchy. Liberty was every where aſſerted, all Orders of Men, the Apoſtate Clergyman and Soldier, the needy Poet, the buſie News-writer, the wanting Scribbler, proſtrate Profligates were encourag'd, ſuſtain'd, nay, rewarded, with Money and Preferments to lodge the Power in the People, to ſhew a reigning Populace, and an obeying Emperor. *Cæſar*, they cry'd, was elected for common Benefit, of which *They*, the People, were the only Judges. Scandalous mercenary Pens ſtarted up to the utter deſtruction of all Principles, who quickly Poiſon'd the unwary Multitude; new Notions were propagated to the confuſion of good Senſe, Allegiance, and Religion. Liberty! Liberty! was the Clam-

Clamour: No *Ceſar*, or ſuch a *Ceſar* over whom the People might Reign. Arguments innumerable were produc'd! Libels diſpers'd! and whoever wanted an Office, let him dedicate for Liberty and Anarchy to *Cicero* or *Sergius*, and an Employment or other Reward, was ſure to be the conſequence: Not that this deſire of Liberty produc'd or rous'd the glorious Spirit of Emulation, or any thing of that ancient Ardour, and true Taſt of Liberty, which for ſo many Years had kept *Rome* the Eternal City, and Queen of Nations, an enthuſiaſtick, wild, lawleſs Spirit of Miſ-rule ſucceeded; ſomething ſo degenerate and abſurd, as cou'd only be produc'd by thoſe abſurd Poſitions, with which theſe Patriots debauch'd and miſled the People.

AND becauſe the Orthodox held Opinions ſo contrary to theſe; the Orthodox! who according to the Commands of their unerring Maſter, *Render'd unto* Cæſar *the Things that were* Cæſar's, muſt be diſincourag'd and trampled upon: Libels were ſhot, not only againſt them, but Religion in general! bold impious Spirits! who had the Imperial Libraries to aſſiſt prophane Study; who ſucceeded beſt againſt Eccleſiaſtical Community, deſerv'd beſt of *Cicero*. Swarms of Atheiſtical Arguments were immediately produc'd; bold plauſible Notions; calling the entity of the very Godhead into Diſpute, making the Tremendous

mendous awful Miſteries of our Religion but holy Juggles, the Arts of Prieſt-craft, and a Gin to catch unwary Fools: Thus by deſtroying the Dread and Neceſſity of Conſcience, fitting the People to act without any.

DILIGENT *Cicero*, held twice five hundred Hands in conſtant Support and Pay, to tranſcribe whatever Libels ſhould be produc'd and approv'd; nor did himſelf diſdain in ſo great, ſo glorious a Cauſe as Liberty, ſometimes to give an illuſtrious Daſh, a finiſhing Stroke from his own immortal Pen, to adorn and complet the whole. Thus conceiv'd, form'd and finiſh'd, theſe Productions full of complicated Falſhoods, were deliver'd *gratis* into the Hands of proper Perſons, to be diſpers'd throughout the whole Empire *gratis*: Not a Village was without vaſt numbers, with appointment that they ſhould be read to the unlearn'd, that thoſe that cou'd not read might hear: By capacitated Agents things were explain'd and refin'd upon, till the World become ſullied by their Pollutions; a diſlike ſucceeded, of not only the Prieſts that officiated, but even our very Religion; the Church was defil'd, new Articles, new Manners, new Forms crept among the People; that pure and primitive Worſhip deliver'd by our Lord and Saviour, and propagated by the Holy Apoſtles, witneſs'd by the Saints and Fathers, and ſeal'd by the Blood of ſuf-

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fering Martyrs, was made the ſport of Crowds; its very Being made a Queſtion, and her unſpotted Profeſſors the ridicule of a State-Party. Whilſt the common People, debauch'd in Taſte and Principles, generally fell from the practice of all Religion, their Wives and little Ones no longer, as of Matter of Conſcience, inſtructed by their Husbands and Parents, were ſuffer'd to live without thoughts of any. Never was ſeen ſo deplorable a Remiſſion and growing Ignorance ſince Chriſtianity began; and if a Miracle had not interven'd, in the next Age, there wou'd ſcarce have been the leaſt remembrace, no Knowledge remaining of our moſt Holy Faith, among the Vulgar.

I WOULD once more ask ſuch witty Pens, who are not Mercenary (and poſſibly free from the Intereſts of a Party, who roſe by Anarchy and Confuſion) what advantage it is to them to propagate their lawleſs Tenets and irreligious Notions? Why expend their prodigious ſtores of Learning to ſeduce Mankind, not only from their Duty but their Innocence? Why would they awake 'em from the pleaſing political Trance of Religion, granting it were a Trance? Can they not be contented to hug themſelves with their Scholaſtick Notions, envenom'd Ridicule of what they call Prieſtcraft, the natural Mortality of the Soul, and other deadly Productions, lamented Effects of their enquiring Hours! But they muſt

give the weak World, unprepared of Antidotes against such learn'd subtle Poysons, part of their Malignity? Oh Vanity of Study! Ill-placed boast of Knowledge! Do you not see what you diffuse abroad? Do you not behold a Deluge rushing upon you? For when Religion, the mighty Barrier is remov'd, we must necessarily be born down, floods of Intemperance! Murder! Desolation! lawless Love! Avarice! and a complication of the mightiest Evils, will certainly overwhelm us!

IMMORTAL *Cicero* be renown'd for that Spirit of Restlesness, Sedition and Apostacy, which his Emissaries, in obscene Libels, have sown among the People throughout the whole Empire; Let a Statue be rais'd to obscene Glory, for his assisting, incouraging, and by an effect of prodigious Humility, clubbing his Wit and Understanding with a Race of Men, who would have wanted all things had they not wanted his Favour: Diligent Mercenaries, Bold and Invidious! Your mischievous, capacious Souls, do indeed qualify some few of you for *Cicero*'s Regard: But what shall we say of others that have not even Grammar, common Sense and good Manners enough, to fit 'em for the Conversation of *Cicero*'s meanest Bondman? Is only a bare good Will towards Dissentions, Untruths, Mischief and Confusion, sufficient Merit to recommend to the Protection and Rewards of

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ſo diſtinguiſhing, ſo impartial a Judge, as *Cicero*?

REMEMBERING, Madam, That your Highneſs requires ſomething of the Amours of the mighty *Cicero*; I muſt look back to his Friendſhip with *Clodius*, e'er he was call'd to Court. *Clodius* was of the ſame Tribe and Profeſſion as *Cicero*, but different were their Abilities and Compoſition; you have heard what was *Cicero*, Inſincere in his Friendſhips, Falſe in his Profeſſions, unleſs to a Man whom he thought neceſſary to him; then he was as Laviſh as Artful, and would leave nothing undone to fix him in his Intereſts; *Clodius* was unthinking, free-minded, ſincere, generous, without Deſign, Faithful, true to Friendſhip, but remiſs to himſelf, he indulg'd his Pleaſures too far to mind his Advancement. He was marry'd very young to a Maid, whoſe Father was of the *Equeſtrian* Rank; he imagin'd her Charming, and from thence doated upon the Idol his Fancy had rais'd; but as your Highneſs has ſeen her ſo lately, I will not give a Deſcription of *Thais*, becauſe I am certain nothing can be added to your own Obſervation: Ah, my Lord! reply'd the Princeſs, what we ſee of her now, is nothing but an old, flatternly, ungain thing, one that has drawn on the Dæmon of old Age, ſooner than he could have come by her Exceſſes and Coſmeticks: Tell me what ſhe was when ſhe was young, if you

have heard, for upon your own Knowledge 'tis impoſſible you ſhould ſpeak of one long ſince capable of being your Excellencies Mother.

THAIS, as I have been inform'd, was always what ſhe is now, purſu'd *Albinus*, as to her Air *degageè*, though your Highneſs is pleaſed to give it another Term. Her Father, or rather Mother, had been Embaſſador in *Iberia*; the Lady's Spirit of Government and *Cæſar*'s Favour, had lodg'd the Power in her. Amongſt the crowd of Beauties that us'd to play about *Cæſar* and the Court, this Lady had had a taſte of imperial Joys. *Cæſar*, diffuſive like the Sun! took all Women into his Embraces, at leaſt for once. *Thais*'s Mother happ'ning to be more impertinent than charming, *Cæſar* became diſguſted; but becauſe he was infinitely grateful and good-natur'd, he wou'd not tell a Lady ſo who had oblig'd him, but ſuffer'd her to torment and follow him as ſhe did in Expectation of another inchanting Moment: Her affected Learning, eternal Tattle, inſipid Gaiety, and falſe taſte of Wit, cou'd not but be tireſome to *Cæſar*, who had the trueſt in the World. To rid himſelf of her and her offer'd Favours with a good Air, he propoſed ſending her to give Laws, as he obligingly call'd it, Laws of Gallantry and things Delicate, to the *Iberian* Court; ſhe took it as her Hemiſphere of Glory, where

ſhe

ſhe ſhone for ſome Years, but return'd with ten times more Impertinence than before; Impertinence acquir'd by Travel, Miſapplication, and as bad Conſtruction of Things: *Cæſar* uſed to ſhrowd himſelf whenever ſhe appear'd by the pretence of Buſineſs, or amongſt what Company was next him, which very often prov'd no Sanctuary, for reſting upon the Merits of what had once paſſed between 'em, ſhe wou'd invade his Ear and Cloſet whenever ſhe cou'd force Acceſs, ſo that when ſhe dy'd, as ſhe did not long after her return, *Cæſar* ſaid, *'Twas well for him ſhe was gone, or ſhe had certainly kill'd him in ſtaying.*

A LADY made up of ſuch nice Compounds, cou'd not be ſuppoſed to mind what ſhe call'd the Drudgery of the Sex, Duty to her Husband! Education of Children, the Oeconomy of the Family! the firſt obey'd her, the ſecond were left to themſelves, and the laſt ſo wholly neglected by her, that when ſhe dy'd, all Things were in diſorder or rather deſpair; ſo little remain'd to the Daughters through her Negligence and Exceſſes, that they cou'd never hope to marry to any of their own Rank: The Eldeſt had Senſe and Vertue enough to confine her Expences to her narrow Fortune, and remain'd a Virgin; the ſecond ingag'd with a Gentleman upon Terms of Honour, and taking one anothers Word, ſhe was never to ſay

ſhe was marry'd, nor he to ſay he was not; ſo living together in all the forms of the Happy, ſhe was eſteem'd his Wife, 'till the *Dæmon* of Satiety enter'd into his Breaſt: He departed, and left her a Daughter, the fruit of their mutual Joys, with liberty to report what ſhe pleas'd to ſave her the reputation of Honour to the Town.

THAIS's mind had quite another Turn; ſhe neither valu'd Vertue, nor the appearance of it; her deſire was to live at Eaſe in the World, at what rate ſoever purchas'd; let that World report what it wou'd of her, ſhe was too much a Philoſopher, vainly to put her ſelf in Pain for Things meerly outward. She play'd away That which is moſt valuable in her Sex to an old Quality-Courtier and Relation, for five hundred Pieces, which being a conſiderable addition to her Fortune, ſhe told him ſhe had a mind to ſcreen her Conduct under the umbrage of a Husband, for fear of thoſe ill accidents that are generally conſequences of Irregularity. The Courtier influenced good-natur'd *Clodius*, who with ſome Eſtate, and the Buſineſs he was brought up to, (it was obſerv'd that few beſides Lawyers and Orators rais'd themſelves in that Empire by Learning,) he had the Proſpect of making a Wife live very eaſie: He might have expected a larger Fortune among thoſe of his own degree, but *Thais*'s Quality being ſo much above

above his, the Charms he fancy'd in her, and her artful Management, made him think himself happy in her acceptance: She was in her Bloom, her Complexion then unsullied by Art, her Eyes tender and sparkling, her Statue tall, but her manner was never genteel. What pass'd upon the Wedding Night, will let you into her Character: I hope your Highness will not find fault with the liberty of the Expression; I should blush my self in making a Lady blush, but in only repeating the Words of one of your own Sex, I ought not to be much afraid of offending.

GOOD Nature, and love of Pleasure, usually the attendant of good Nature, made the Bridegroom comply with the old Courtier's kindness, who had procur'd him so great a Blessing as *Thais*; and therefore *Clodius* thought he cou'd not in Gratitude and Manners, decline the Honour that was shewn by a Person to whom he was so much obliged, and of a Rank so much above his own; he gave in to the Patricians Design, and drank as much as he wou'd have him; they say the Courtier had reason for what he did; perhaps he had cause, for his Mistresses sake, to wish that *Clodius* might carry as little Understanding as possible to bed with his Wife, but they over-dos'd him; he was no sooner laid by the Bride, but he fell fast asleep, and so continu'd 'till Morning. She was very angry at the neglect of her Charms: When

he wak'd, he remember'd ſomething of the matter; it came into his Head that he was marry'd; he turn'd, and found himſelf not miſtaken, There was his lovely *Thais*, but in what Humour you may gueſs from her Words! *How do you, my Dear?* (ſays the Bridegroom, pretty much out of Countenance to ſee it Day, and that he had ſo negligently ſlept by her ſide) *How do you feel your ſelf? Are you well, my Dear? I did not give a Thouſand Pieces*, ſhe briskly anſwer'd, *to feel my ſelf!* Pray your Highneſs, forgive me this liberty; 'twas but a little gay Reſentment from a diſappointed Lady; I will lead you to ſomething more ſerious.

CICERO ſoon after wanted Money to help his appearance at Court; his Funds were not extraordinary no more than his Credit; ſo that he found it difficult to take up what he wanted: He remembred his Friend *Clodius* was juſt marry'd, and had poſſibly his Wife's Dowry by him: He went to him, and with a thouſand Vows of ſharing with him whatever Fortune he ſhou'd arrive at, borrow'd a very conſiderable Sum. *Clodius* was pleas'd that he had it in his Power to oblige him; and like thoſe good-natur'd Husbands who are in love with their Wives, and fond of the Happineſs they find, he imparted his to *Cicero*; told him all the conceal'd Beauties of his Bride, and invited him

him to be himſelf a judge of her Charms, at leaſt of as many as were reveal'd.

IT was at a ſplendid Supper which *Clodius* made for his Friend, that *Cicero* firſt beheld *Thais*: She put on all the Graces and good Humour ſhe was Miſtreſs of. Whether ſhe had then any Deſign but that general one of Pleaſing in common to all Women, is uncertain; but her Coquet Airs forced a thouſand Gallantries from the Stateſman: He congratulated *Clodius*'s good Fortune, celebrated the Charms of his Wife, and went ſo far, that *Thais* did not diſpute but ſhe had made a Conqueſt of that illuſtrious Heart; and was perplex'd and diſpleas'd when ſhe ſaw he did not return to aſſure her of it: ſo exceſſively was ſhe diſappointed, that *Clodius* cou'd never hear her mention *Cicero* without Reſentment, and ſomething that was a leſſening of his Character; tho' the Husband pretended not to be ſo great a Maſter as to find out the Secret of her Diſſatisfaction.

MORE weighty Affairs at that time call'd upon *Cicero*; he had then his Fortune to make; *Clodius*'s Money ſupported him 'till *Cæſar*'s Bounty, (which ſoon after follow'd) and his own Management enrich'd him. *Clodius* devoted himſelf to *Thais*'s Charms, and was ſo little enclin'd to Ambition, that he did not purſue *Cicero* to Court, where, when he ſometimes went, he grew diſguſted

at the change of Behaviour in his Friend; That openneſs of manner, thoſe Profeſſions, thoſe Vows of ſharing all Things with him, were degenerated into a ſtiff Formality, an outſide Plauſibility, invitations to Court, Excuſes that the Affairs of State and weighty Avocations call'd him from his Arms and Converſation —— but he wou'd find a Time —— begg'd him to be no Stranger —— there was nothing he wou'd not do to ſerve him —— ſomething muſt be thought on —— deſir'd to be put in a way —— at more leiſure they wou'd diſcourſe further —— he was always ſo unhappy to be torn from him by Buſineſs —— but the Affairs of the Empire —— *Cæſar* this moment expected him —— pray come to Morrow —— and to Morrow —— they ſhou'd not for ever be interrupted —— he was his moſt aſſur'd faithful and obedient Servant —— and ſhou'd be proud to be commanded to the utmoſt.

THAIS cou'd not forget her Birth and extravagant Education; all things about her were gay and magnificent; her Expences anſwer'd better to a Patrician than a *Plebeian*'s Wife: But if ever *Clodius* interpos'd —— Little Fellow —— What did he mean? —— Creature born among the People —— Shou'd he pretend to reduce her? —— who knew the World by living in it, and not only in Proſpect, as ſuch Miſerables as he did! —— 'Twas in vain to tell her, That

their

their Circumſtances not being agreeable to her manner of Life, her Husband muſt neceſſarily ſink under her Conduct, if ſhe did not retrieve it. She bid him be gone to Court, and in *Cicero*'s Friendſhip ſeek for what might make 'em happy: *Cicero* to whom he had thought fit to lend part of her Dowry, which, as yet, remain'd unpaid; That thoſe Excuſes he continually gave him, wou'd not paſs upon her: Either he was too remiſs in his Attendance and Sollicitations, or *Cicero* did not think him capacitated for an Employment; tho' there were many in his Gift that did not require more Brains or greater ſtrength of Parts than appear'd in him, for he was not the firſt Fool by twenty in very good Offices. She therefore charg'd him to ſucceed, or ſee her Face no more.

BEHOLD here the miſerable Condition of this doating Husband! he wou'd not, durſt not diſoblige his Wife, and therefore prevented the Day in attendance upon *Cicero*, each ſucceſſive Morn ſaw him endeavouring to redeem his former Neglects —— But alaſs! Who? Who did he follow? Who play away his Time after? A tender Friend that had been oblig'd by him, and ought doubtleſs to be grateful! No! No! A Haughty Politick Stateſman that never advanc'd any, but for the good he might expect from 'em! *Clodius* had Principles and

good

good Nature, was ſincere and conſcientious, Talents unfit to work with, in ſuch a Court, and under ſuch a Government as *Cicero*'s; *Cicero* and his Party had dark deep Deſigns, long ſighted Projects of futurity; the plain, the honeſt way, wou'd leave 'em but as they were; whereas every Machination was now upon the ſtretch to raiſe him to a height, from which he might ſecurely laugh, and deſpiſe the little Malice and Envy of the Crowd beneath him.

CICERO, tho' he reſolv'd not to advance *Clodius*, yet he was too wiſe to tell him ſo, unleſs his Delays ſpoke for him: Their former Friendſhip forbid *Clodius* to make ſuch an invidious Interpretation, and his own grateful Temper could not eaſily conclude *Cicero* cou'd be ungrateful; therefore early awak'd, and teiz'd by his Wife, he ſought *Cicero*'s obdurate Gate, where in all Obſequiouſneſs and dutious Silence, he attended with the croud of Clients and early Petitioners that came to make their Court to him; but was ſeldom admitted further than the Antichamber, where he us'd to wait whole Mornings to take him at his going forth; but ſo encompaſs'd, that very rarely cou'd he urge his Suit to him, which was not only one Requeſt, but many; for no ſooner had *Clodius* found a vacancy, and implored *Cicero*'s Grant, but it was unhappily diſpos'd of to another; either his Word was unfortunately preingaged, or it was a Trifle

Trifle not worth his Acceptance; ſomething wou'd fall equal to his Deſerts, ſomething fit for ſuch Friends to beſtow and receive; or *Caſar* had given this away; but the next, upon the Faith and Honour of a Friend, ſhou'd indiſputably be his.

MEAN time *Thais*'s Extravagancies at home, and *Clodius*'s neglect of all Buſineſs abroad, but attending upon *Cicero*, made their little Affairs run to ruin in the World: The mighty hopes his Friend ſo artfully fed him with cauſed him to neglect the Duty of his Calling, he uſed no means to get Supplies; *Thais* exhauſted upon the publick Stock, and *Clodius* himſelf, by Court-Attendance, contracted a Habit of Idleneſs! above half the Day waſted at *Cicero*'s Apartment, the other was conſequently laviſh'd, among ſuch as he found Fellow-dependents, in comforting themſelves for Delays, and incouraging one anothers fantaſtick Hopes, with the generous God; ſo that theſe deceitful Promiſes was every way the ruin of unhappy *Clodius*; his Wife at home big with Expectation of Court-Preferment, diſdain'd to do any thing diſcordant to thoſe Hopes, eſpecially when they ſo intimately agreed with the Profuſeneſs of her own Temper; mean time the remains of her Dowry flew off, the Land was next mortgag'd, then forfeited and ſeized: *Clodius* by *Thais*'s Advice, durſt not ask *Cicero* for the Money he had oblig'd him with,

with, leſt it ſhou'd make him cold in his Services, or give him any diſguſt.

CLODIUS cou'd not in his Heart forbear reſenting thoſe unkind Delays of his Friend, but he was in, and there was no retreating, 'twas now too late to apply himſelf to other Buſineſs, that time he had ſuffer'd to glide away cou'd not be retriev'd, and nothing remain'd to ſave him from Ruin but the expeditious performance of *Cicero*'s Promiſe; which whilſt he was urging with more than ordinary Importunity, frightful Poverty ſtaring native Modeſty out of his Face, the poor, the wretched deceiv'd *Clodius* was ſeiz'd by his mercileſs Creditors, and carry'd to a common Priſon: He immediately ſent to deſire his Wife to come to him; Women are naturally tender over the Miſerable, and at firſt redouble their Cares and Careſſes in any Misfortunes. *Thais* was not yet ſo abandon'd, ſo out of her Sex, but that ſhe felt the Tenderneſs that another wou'd at ſo deplorable a Sight; ſhe wept, ſhe exclaim'd, ſhe embraced her ſuffering Husband, ſhe accuſed her own Extravagance, *Clodius*'s Credulity, but above all ingrateful *Cicero*'s breach of Friendſhip and deluding Promiſes; 'twas a long time before ſhe cou'd be brought to hear any Advice, till her Sorrows having pretty well tir'd themſelves, ſhe endur'd what her Husband cou'd ſay, and with a ſeeming return of Reaſon, heard his Advice, which

which was to go to *Cicero* in Perſon, who had never ſeen her ſince that Night when he had appear'd ſo charm'd by her Wit and Beauty, and there implore his Goodneſs to have Compaſſion upon the deplorable loſt State of an ancient faithful Friend. 'Tell him, ſays *Clodius*, That all his Grandeur cannot preſent him with one Heart ſo ſincerely his as mine; a Heart he was truly in poſſeſſion of before his Quality and Fortune attracted others: I wou'd have dy'd for him, and did ſhare with him the little I was Maſter of; beg him inſtantly to make the Payment of the Money I lent him, which will go a great way towards taking me out of this deteſted Place; elſe one Demand will come upon another, and I ſhall end my Days in loathſome Confinement. Tell him as he has ruin'd, 'tis now his time to retrieve; ſhou'd I remain here my Thoughts, my Reflections and Tenderneſs for thee, wou'd diſtract me; muſt I live, muſt I ſleep, without my deareſt *Thais?* I who have never had her a moment out of my Mind ſince I firſt beheld her; muſt I be condemn'd to this cruel Separation, or what is more cruel, ſee her a Partner in my Wants and Miſeries, to ſhare the Fatigues and Neceſſities of a nauſeous Priſon? her Limbs extended for Reſt upon a Bed ſo deteſtable, 'twou'd fright away the very Proſpect of any; ſleep as heavy as he is, never laid his leaden Scepter upon any,

under

under this deteſted Roof, how wretched and overwatch'd ſoever! Here's no Forgetfulneſs, Grief can't ſo much as nod in an abode like this. My deareſt Wife plead with ſucceſs, that I may be reſtor'd to Thee, my little Son, and Family —— go —— and let me know that *Cicero* is juſt, and thy unhappy Husband not entirely abandon'd to his evil Deſtiny.

THAIS adorn'd in moving Sorrow went to *Cicero*'s Palace, and was ſo fortunate as to hear that he was alone; I don't call the ſervile Crowd that waited for a word, a glance or nod Company; he was alone, becauſe none were of conſequence enough to be admitted to him; and happily employ'd in reading a Dedication to himſelf, from a young and ſucceſsful Poet, whom for the ſweetneſs of his Strain we call *Maro*; nothing cou'd put him into a better Humour, the Stateſman was all unbent, Vanity and Pleaſure uſurp'd upon the buſie Part, and *Cicero*'s Soul dilated with Delight finding himſelf ſo advantagiouſly repreſented; tho' Patrons may not believe they deſerve all that is ſaid of 'em, yet well-placed Flattery is ſeldom diſagreeable, becauſe it helps to perſuade the World that there muſt be Merit, for a judicious Author 'tis preſum'd would never build without ſome Foundation. *Maro*'s Verſe has Force and Fire, it affects even upon Subjects that do not at all relate to us;

how

how then ſhould it miſs of Pleaſure and Applauſe, when it is induſtriouſly directed, and goes immediately in purſuit of it?

THIS well-caſt frame of Mind was a happy Preparative for *Thais*'s agreeable Reception: She had no ſooner ſent in her Name, but the Stateſman remembred her to Advantage; his Blood was already in an agreeable Dance; *Thais*'s lovely Eyes, and the attractive native Beauty of her Sex in her, gave him to think, that was an hour of Joy abſtracted from Buſineſs, and he would indeavour to improve and indulge it. The Lady had ſo much Senſe as to conſider Sorrow never but unwillingly enters the Cloſets and Chambers of the Great. Pity and Compaſſion are the weakeſt of all the Paſſions: She would therefore attempt him by that of Gratitude, re-inforc'd with powerful Auxillaries, that of lovely Eyes, glowing Youth and Complexion, riſing Breaſts, agitated by Fear and Reverence of his Grandeur, rather than remorſe for her Husband; few, very few become the dreſs of Sorrow. *Thais* was one of thoſe Beauties, whoſe *Cupid* delighted in Revels, rather than Tears. She had conſulted her Glaſs, and would ſtrike at once, both for the Liberty and Preferment of *Clodius*. Time had interpos'd between the firſt irruptions of her Sorrow, and cancel'd the marks of unbecoming, forbiding Grief; her Eyes ſwam only in a charming Humidity

and

and Languor; her glowing Bluſhes beſpoke a well-tim'd Modeſty at her Intruſion: She trembled but not with Woe; the anxiety of Doubt, the uncertainty and deſire of Pleaſing, rob'd her Steps of their uſual firmneſs; an agreeable Languiſhment invaded her whole Perſon. She appear'd to *Cicero* tender and amiable, faultring in her Looks and Manner, ſurpriz'd by his Preſence; nor leſs deſirous to charm and ſurprize him by hers.

CICERO, who knew all Nature, and was in a Humour to adhere to her in the moſt intimate Manner, pleas'd as I before told your Highneſs, at the firſt Sight and Converſation of *Thais*, was thrill'd at the ſecond; his Blood already in an agreeable agitation, mantl'd or rather fluſh'd; he was paſt the power of giving her a formal Reception. Forgeting the Friend of *Clodius* in the Lover of *Thais*, he ran to her lovely Boſom, which having preſs'd to his, he bid her waſte none of thoſe happy minutes *Fortune* beſtow'd upon him, in telling her ſuit, ſince it was already granted before ever ſhe ſpoke; and purſuing his Ardors, which ſhe repel'd with a well affected, but not diſdainful Modeſty; he conjur'd her not to diſappoint his expectation of Happineſs; Buſineſs allow'd him ſo very little time for his Pleaſures, and there were ſo few Women to his Taſte, that if he was refus'd, he ſhould never attempt again. Coldneſs from the Fair, was always

ſo

ſtually applied to him, that it dead'ned the fierceneſs of his Fires, and gave him power of reaſoning within himſelf; for he ſuffer'd none to pleaſe him, whom he could not pleaſe. This Rhetorick was effectual, *Thais* had no intent to diſguſt, ſhe argu'd only for a more commodious Interview ——— his People were in hearing--ſhe ſhou'd be undone--- her own Houſe —— he was ſo poſitive —— ſo agreeable ——ſo irreſiſtable ——and (as he told her) ſhe ſo charming, that he wou'd be with her at Eight that Evening to compleat his Happineſs, which from the Taſte he had had, fully convinc'd him was of moment to the Pleaſures of his Life; ſo kiſſing her Hand, he call'd one of his Gentlemen to conduct her, upon the Report that was brought him, of *Cæſar*'s Favourites being come to confer with him about Buſineſs of Importance.

WRETCHED *Clodius* was not ſo much as mention'd, this Interview took quite another turn, one very different from the forlorn Condition he was reduc'd to. *Thais* was pleaſed, or rather charm'd with the Magnificence of *Cicero*, and tho' he was much older and not ſo handſome as *Clodius*, yet a Lover ſeldom fails of getting the Advantage over a Husband in the Opinion of the Miſtreſs: Thoſe unabated Ardors! that extremity of Fire! height of Rapture! keenneſs of Embrace! all deadned by long and ſure Poſſeſſion, ſhews one ſo much to the Advantage of

the other, that it is no wonder they get the preference. How carefully ought the Sex to guard themſelves from Opportunities of making Compariſon, how avoid thoſe dangerous Interviews wherein the Lover may prevail, ſince it not only deſtroys their Innocence, but a ſwift and ſure Contempt ſucceeds upon whatever the unartful Husband ſhall happen to do after.

THAIS had her Thoughts fill'd with more agreeable Ideas than *Clodius*'s Priſon. She wou'd not go near him that Day for fear of ruffling her Features, and giving her Air a diſadvantagious Turn; ſhe ſent to tell him, That before Midnight ſhe hop'd to give him a good account of Things, for ſhe had till then to wait in expectation of *Cicero*'s Commands. Her Heart at reſt on that ſide, ſhe caus'd her Apartment to be ſet out with all poſſible Decency; and becauſe her Sorrows gave her a pretence to the *Diſhabillie*, ſhe put on one ſo gentile and becoming, join'd with a triumphant Joy, that ſparkled in her Eyes, the ſecret reflection of Pleaſure paſt glowing on her Lips, and bluſhing on her Cheeks, that when ſhe laid herſelf down upon her Bed, where ſhe wou'd have it thought her Sorrow threw her, ſhe ſhow'd more amiable than in a Court-Dreſs; for ſhe was one of thoſe Beauties that appear'd beſt when moſt unadorn'd.

CICERO,

CICERO, who had then no particular Commerce with any of the Sex, and who liv'd at large, ſnatching a happy moment where he found it without ingaging his Heart, ſcarce his Mind, beyond the preſent, found ſomething more ſolid for *Thais*, the former low walk of his Amours was no longer in his Thoughts, the Sectary's Wife was forgotten, and her *Plebeian* Husband by this time had wore out the fine Livery that had diſtinguiſh'd him for *Cicero*'s Cuckold; he might again return to his Oar, his Lord had no Inclination to do him farther Honour in the Perſon of his Spouſe. The *She*-ſurintendant of his Family no longer pleaſed, her run was alſo over, there was a perfect vacancy in the Orator's Heart, therefore *Thais*, as if in the lucky Moment, came to fill it: That ſhe was the Wife of an injur'd Friend! a Friend who paſſionately lov'd her, and had tenderly oblig'd him, rather heightned his Deſires; poſſibly had his Paſſion not had that oppoſition it had ſunk as it roſe with the uſual tranſitorineſs of his other Amours; but the unlawfulneſs, the Thoughts of forbidden Joy, ſet an edge upon his Appetite, and cauſed him to render himſelf with a keenneſs of Paſſion at the appointed Hour near her Bedſide.

THE firſt Woman who gave me leave to call her Miſtreſs, was an intimate of *Thais*'s, ſhe has ſo often diverted me with *Cicero*'s

Amours, that I am very well instructed in many Particulars. The Lady who affected to weep only before her Woman, took her Handkerchief from her Eyes upon her departure, and shew'd herself in perfect Beauty to a Lover who felt something more advantagious for her than he had ever felt for any of the Sex. Her Gown was a pale Pink, suitable to the darkness of her Hair, lin'd with a rich Gold Stuff, all careless and easily to be dispos'd of at the Lover's Wish; which way soever she mov'd it was obedient to the Touch, and discover'd her swelling Breasts, part of her Limbs and Arms, or her slender Waist, that had nothing under the Gown but a linnen Covering; no Statue cou'd be handsomer or whiter than her Legs and Feet, half cover'd with Sandals of Silver and Pearl Embroidery; she knew her Beauty, and where it was most conspicuous, with a seeming undesigning Art, the lovely Wanton mov'd her Limbs as if unknowing of the Motion, and gave to the Lover's Sight a Landskip of inevitable Charms! her Eyes, her Dress, her Hair set off by those *Aurora* Ribbons that ty'd her Night-cloaths; her every Grace became so conspicuous, that all *Cicero*'s Senses united in that One of Sight; he gaz'd intemperately! he sigh'd! he cou'd not speak! where then was all his boasted Wisdom? Where that Reason, Learning, Policy! that unerring Judgment and refin'd

Di-

Diſtinction! which had rais'd him to be the firſt in Eloquence and Reputation of the Empire? He thought it then his higheſt Glory to be an ardent Lover; his greateſt Happineſs was plac'd in the poſſeſſion of Beauty! bright glorious Beauty! which gave our Stateſman to know, that all the Charms of Grandeur were ſtale unaffecting empty Delights, compar'd with thoſe ever-new ſubſtantial darting Joys of Love.

AFTER a convenient diſtance of time, *Cicero* deſir'd his Miſtreſs to tell him what happy occaſion had brought her to his Palace, and what were her Commands, for ſhe ſhou'd certainly be obey'd, and a thouſand times ſooner for having ſo ſoon oblig'd him? 'Twas a Condeſcenſion ſo grateful, ſo agreeable to his Temper, that it had entirely charm'd him. So ſweet an addition to her Beauty, that there was nothing in his Mind or Heart that ſhe had not ſubdu'd by her immediate yielding; Nature had certainly deſign'd her to triumph over him, and had wiſper'd to her Soul this only way. Here *Thais* did not fail to aſſure him, that ſhe cou'd only in favour of him have been guilty of ſo much Frailty, that he had certainly enchanted her, by an irreſiſtable force of Joy, then at a time when ſhe was not only an utter ſtranger to the Thoughts of Joy, but reſign'd to Sorrow; in conſequence ſhe told him the Misfortune of her Husband, and

conjur'd him by all that Honour, that Friendſhip which had formerly paſs'd between them, to aſſiſt and ſupport them under the Calamity which was fallen upon him; ſhe exaggerated the Circumſtances by which they were brought to ruin, his Promiſes and *Clodius*'s unhappy dependence upon them, by which her ſelf and Son was reduc'd to the laſt Extremity; her Husband in the Hands of his mercileſs Creditors, but his Wife without Honour, in thoſe of a Lover who had by new and ſurprizing Graces, not only rob'd her of her Innocence, but wou'd rob her of Life, if he did not ſet the true Eſtimate upon her hitherto unconquer'd Heart, and for ever allow her a Place in his.

CICERO roſe from her Arms, and took ſome turns about the Chamber in a deep *reſuery*; *Thais* remain'd upon the Bed in ſo much Diſpondence, that ſhe began now to do in earneſt, what ſhe had before counterfeited, that is to ſay, ſhed Tears for fear her Lover was not ſo entirely her Slave as he had expreſs'd. This brought him out of his Contemplation, he began to comfort her, and gave her his Hand to riſe from the Place where ſhe was lying: They walk'd together, he was ſilent for a quarter of an Hour; at length, as if he had took his Reſolution, he ſtop'd ſhort and looking her fixedly in the Face, ask'd her if ſhe lov'd him? —— without Heſitation ſhe appeal'd to what had lately

ly paſt, and ask'd him if a Lady cou'd give a greater Proof than ſhe had done, or cou'd make a more conſiderable Sacrifice, and in his own way, which was as valuable as the Sacrifice it ſelf, becauſe ſhe believ'd it coſt a Woman ten times the Reluctance to oblige a Lover at once, than when by long and inſenſible degrees ſhe was brought to yield her Innocence and Honour?——I believe you love me, Madam, anſwer'd *Cicero*, taking her Hand, and to convince you how dear you are to me, I will venture to make you a Propoſal which you ſhou'd never hear, if I did not think you entirely in my Intereſt; as ſhocking as it may ſound, conſider it well, for 'tis the only means to ſet us both at eaſe, and make us happy.

CLODIUS, 'tis true, has formerly oblig'd me by ſeveral things, he was qualified for private Friendſhip; but alas! Men in my Station muſt not ſeek for Amuſement, but Service; he has depended too much upon paſt Aquaintaince, and been very troubleſome, his Head has not ſtrength to bear any thing——a meer Rattle, and of a Party quite oppoſite to mine——what can I give him? His Principles will not ſuffer him to be my Creature; beſides if ever he be at Liberty, will he not dare to divide your Favours with me?——Can I ſuffer ſo worthleſs a Rival?——Or is the Name of Husband a Toleration for ſullied Joys and participated Pleaſures?——I loath

the Thoughts of taking you out of ſuch brutal Arms —— I have hoarded up my Happineſs in you! the Empire and *Cæſar* ſhall have all my buſie Hours! but when I would live to my ſelf, it muſt be in thoſe tranſporting Pleaſures you can beſtow —— then when I have a leiſure minute, I muſt find your Husband with you, wretched Animal! of Power to pall, but never pleaſe! Beſides, your Fortune with him will always be Neceſſitous: Suppoſe I ſhou'd give him ſome inconſiderable Office, he's qualify'd for no great One, the ill Company and ſquandring Vein he is got into, muſt make you infinitely uneaſie: Nor ought my Bounty to relieve you: I ſhou'd beg to be excus'd, tho' I cou'd laviſh my whole Fortune to you; giving what he muſt partake of, wou'd be but indifferent Satisfaction, to pay him with my Gold, for dividing with me all that I can call Happineſs; therefore, Madam, if you'll believe me, let him reſt where he is; his debauch'd Companions will, I fear, take care to ſupport and keep him alive longer than we ſhall have occaſion for him. The Money which is in my Hands, ſhall be put out for your Son's Uſe; and for you, Madam, I have nothing but in reſpect of you, my ſelf, and every thing elſe, is at your devotion: A Houſe ſhall be taken for you in another part of the Town; you ſhall change your Name, and I will do all Things in my Power

Power to render your Solitude agreeable. I ask you only to conceal the Honour you do me from the World; I am ingag'd in the *Zealous Party*, the Head of what they, in deriſion, call Idolaters; and tho' all Wiſe Men of all Opinions, think much the ſame way of natural Pleaſures, yet it wou'd be Matter of ſuch violent Offence to the Weak and truly Godly, thoſe that know not why they are ſo, that I muſt avoid giving Scandal upon ſuch a decry'd and notorious Point as Adultery! To Cant, Cheat, Lie and Forſwear, is nothing with 'em; but to kiſs another Man's Wife, the whole Clan wou'd riſe up in Arms againſt me! I mention the Money I have of yours to be put out for your Son's uſe, not that he ſhall need it, or can, whilſt you command my Fortune. I wou'd, with all my Heart, reſtore it to your Husband, if I cou'd with ſafety; but that will enable him to get out of Priſon, where 'tis our Intereſt he ſhou'd lie. Fond as he is, Madam, of you, Do you believe he wou'd reſt 'till he had made an univerſal Search after you? the conſequence of that wou'd be very perplexing; I am therefore oblig'd to be mercileſs to him, rather than be cruel to my ſelf. Thoſe who are wiſe, in the firſt Place, conſider themſelves; our Friendſhips are not to oblige others; it is indeed a misfortune when we cannot ſecure all at home, without being rigid abroad.

THIS

THIS Harrangue as wicked, as impious, as it was, gain'd applauſe from the adulterous ambitious *Thais*; ſhe foreſaw in a minute what an Obſtacle that Fool, as ſhe call'd him, wou'd be to her Pleaſures and Grandeur. A Woman muſt have good Nature, muſt have Virtue, to love her Husband with the ſame ardor in Adverſity, as Proſperity; to doat upon his Misfortunes with the ſame ſincerity as upon his good Fortune, this Lady was none of thoſe dutious conſcientious Wives; tho' 'tis true, ſhe had violently afflicted her ſelf at the firſt proſpect of her Husband's Ruin, it was becauſe ſhe fear'd her own was involved with it: But now that ſhe had found an Aſſyle in *Cicero*'s Paſſion, ſhe eaſily reſign'd up *Clodius* to his Miſeries. Crafty as ſhe was, ſhe did not fail to make a Merit of the Sacrifice, telling her Lover, that ſeeing nothing but thro' him, ſhe only was what he pleas'd to direct, and wou'd for ever be guided by him.

THIS Point ſettled, ſhe employ'd the remainder of the Night, after *Cicero*'s departure, not in viſiting the wretched, ſhe was reſolv'd that Part ſhould trouble her no more! but in pulling down the Furniture and packing up, ſhe was ſo extreme diligent, that by Morning all Things were ready; ſhe caus'd 'em to be convey'd to her Libertine Siſters, there to remain 'till a Houſe cou'd be taken; next diſcharging her Servants, ſhe

ſent

ſent her Son to Penſion to one of the Philoſophers; dexterouſly ſecuring her ſelf from any purſuit, ſhe took ſuch effectual care againſt being follow'd or diſcover'd, that ſhe got off happily to the rendezvous *Cicero* had appointed, who with impatient Love and longing Arms, waited to receive her. After he had congratulated her arrival, and thank'd her by profuſe profeſſions of Joy, he told her ſhe was worthy to be a Miſtreſs, that is to ſay, one entirely belov'd; not even Heroes ought to be aſham'd of a Love-Paſſion, in favour of a Woman of her Spirit, Reſolution, and Courage! That he ador'd thoſe Qualifications in her beyond her Beauty, becauſe they were Charms poſſeſs'd by ſo very few of her Sex! He had now nothing to deſire of her but to ſhare in all his Grandeur, and what he confeſs'd was a more difficult Task for a Lady to grant, to keep that Grandeur and her ſelf, conceal'd from all the World.

UNHAPPY *Clodius!* moſt miſerable of all Men! oppreſt by Fortune! betray'd by Friendſhip! diſhonour'd by Marriage! a victim to adultrous Love! Wounded! Sacrific'd! an Oblation to the Security of two the moſt Deteſtable! the moſt Inhumane! the moſt ignominious of their Time! Ah *Cicero!* How canſt thou wear any Peace of Mind? Serenity upon thy Brow? Pretence of Religion? that ſanctimonious Appearance? How Har-

Harrangue it to the *good People* of thy Party? How Preach up, as thou doſt, *Vertue* and *Moderation*, when thy ſelf art Scarlet deep tinged with the Higheſt Crimes? to whom Hippocriſie! Faction! Injuſtice! are become familiar? Thou, to whoſe Wiſdom all Things are reveal'd! ſhou'd'ſt not thou remember, That Infamy is of ſo deep a Colour, the Stains are not to be waſh'd away? No, not hardly by Oblivion. Has not *Plato* told us, *The Infamy of Man is Immortal?* Thou ſhou'd'ſt have conſider'd, That the Injuries done by a Friend, are much more piercing than the Wrongs wrought by an Enemy; but he that is diſpos'd to Miſchief, can never want Occaſion.

YET, Who is it that we find thus guilty? One in prime of Youth, and Paſſion! full of immortal Vigour and bounding Force! whoſe Heat of Blood and Fancy cannot yet be ſubdu'd by the cold Precepts of Reaſon! whoſe Sun has ſcarce run its twentieth Courſe! the fiery Steeds in their full Prance, not tir'd by Time! deaf to the Maſter's Voice! diſobedient to the Reins! fraught with inevitable Inſtinct, the irreſiſtible impulſe of Nature! ſtung with the poignant craving of Delight! and eager to renew the new-found genial Joy!

OR is it hoary venerable *Cicero?* whoſe ebbing Blood runs backward to the Fount of Life? Who has ſcarce warmth dully to circulate

circulate the lazy Tide, which ſlowly creeping in his frozen Veins, leaves Irregularity behind? Sagacious, by Time made cold and temperate! guiltleſs of thoſe Follies that might diſturb the harmonious Voice of Reaſon! weigh'd down by Diſeaſes and Politicks! What, wonder to find Wiſdom in ſuch a dwelling? But oh! antipathy to Kind! monſtrous to Nature! 'Tis reverend *Cicero* himſelf, who Apes the glowing Lover! temperate *Cicero* who perſonates the fierce Adulterer, and accounts it Vertue by help of ſupernatural Temptations, and high-bought Reſtoratives, to be able to be Vicious: What Remedy for ſo accompliſh'd a Sinner, one who employs his Reaſon not to ſuppreſs but promote the Paſſions, who labouring under all the Imperfections of the Old, artfully attempts the elegant Exceſſes of the Young?

BUT, Madam, to return from whence we have digreſs'd, the ſuffering *Clodius*, who awaited for Day with the Impatience of the Miſerable; he had been promis'd Intelligence before Midnight, the Morning came, yet he was ſtill in the dark as to what Succeſs *Thais*'s Negotiations had had with *Cicero*. He fortified his Patience, forbid his Expectation to extend ſo widely on the Rack. In ſhort, he endur'd what was poſſible for one in his Circumſtances and uncertainty of Mind; at laſt a Friend, who had been ſolli-

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citing his Creditors, came to the Priſon with Terms of Accomodation. *Clodius* conjur'd him to go to his Houſe, not only to inform his Wife of the Conditions, but to enquire of her Health, and to know how ſhe had ſucceeded with his Patron: But what a melancholy Scene! how wounding was his Return? The Friend cou'd ſcarce believe himſelf or his own Eyes, ſcarcely credit his Sight, when he beheld an empty Houſe, and heard from the Neighbours that the Lady had diſcharg'd all, and had left no account where ſhe was gone: *Clodius* was yet more Incredulous, he ſent from one part of *Conſtantinople* to the other; every where that he knew or imagin'd that ſhe had Relations and Acquaintances; he even wrote to *Cicero* to know if he had ſeen her, but not being able to get any Intelligence, he curſt that Thing a fair falſe Wife, who only ſeeks the Sun-ſhine, and deſerts her Husband in a Storm; he curſt himſelf, his hour of Birth, and fatal Wedlock. *Thais* had not only abandon'd, but took from him all the means was left him to ſupport his Life! *Cicero* fail'd not to ſhew the Friend her Diſcharge in Form, for the Money, which, as he ſent him word, had been paid at her requeſt, the Night before. This uſage was ſo ignominious, ſo monſtrous, and unaccountable, that *Clodius* cou'd not believe it; the height of the Barbarity kept him from crediting of it:

He

He flatter'd himſelf that ſhe was abſconded to make an advantagious Compoſition with thoſe who had caſt him into Priſon, and therefore waited with ſome tolerable degree of Patience 'till that Day and the next expir'd, but then he ſunk under his Anxiety of Mind, and was ſeiz'd with a Fever, which it had been happy for him, if it had carry'd him from the World, to free him from the Inconveniencies of Life, Miſeries of a loathſome Priſon! Treachery of a falſe Friend! and Wife, who caus'd him to conclude to the Diſadvantage of the whole Sex, that *Women were like to* Fortune *ſtanding upon a Globe, wing'd with the Feathers of Fickleneſs and Ingratitude.*

BUT all his Sufferings were rather forgotten, than pitied by *Thais*: Her *Equite* was now made a *Patrician*; ſhe look'd upon her ſelf to riſe in proportion to his Honours; her Palace was glorious; ſhe had an improving Fancy of her own, but a little Experience gave her to know ſhe ſhould quickly be an uſeleſs Article of Expence to her old Stateſman: It was not that he was neceſſitated to be a Lover, but in ſpight of no Neceſſity he would be a Lover, he had rather an imaginary, than a real occaſion for a Miſtreſs. *Thais* very well knew that Art had never yet produc'd a Cure for old Age: *There* lurk'd the Dæmon that would put an end to her Reign; ſo that ſhe did not ſo much ſtudy to em-

embelish her own Charms, as how to preserve the relish of Charms in him! She apply'd her self to the search of all those Secrets that could prolong Youth and keep off Decays! Restoratives! heightning Cordials! rich Elixirs! costly Baths! strengthning Oils! Whatever the Physician, Vertuoso or Philosopher could advise, with ready Expence and Wit she appropriated for the use of *Cicero*. It was not her Fault that she became not Mistress of the great Secret, the ultimate of Chymistry, the *Magisterium* that is said to have the wonderful Power to restore decaying Nature, renew or stop departing Youth: She built Elaboratories, erected Furnaces, incourag'd the Learned and the Needy to try their Experience at her Cost; so that in her House was to be found all that could contribute to the Health and long Life of a Lover. She was for some Years become necessary, more in quality of a Nurse than a Mistress. And to show to what a height she carry'd her Condescentions, resolving, that so she could but Reign, no matter by what Methods! She us'd to lead her old Patrician into the costly Bath, where she carried him to be attended by bright, half naked, dazling Beauties; new and 'till then unseen, their shining Hair with a graceful flow, showing their prime of Years, and unassisted Charms. Art needed not to interpose towards the support of Graces that cou'd

have

have no addition. These Virgins were instructed by their *Corrupter*, who with mighty Coſt and Pains, had ſecretly train'd 'em for theſe Uſes, to Dance, to Sing, to talk laſciviouſly of Love, to ſhow their poliſh'd Limbs, all ſupple and advantagiouſly diſpoſed, to raiſe a warmth in the half dying Lover. After the Bath he was carried to a Citron Bed, ſhining as Gold cou'd make it, ſtrow'd with Sweets, where they with ready Love, panted to receive him. Some one wanton Nymph, with her delicious Hand, chaff'd his old Limbs with ſtrengthning *Sabean* Oils, to make 'em pliant to the Embrace, whilſt *Thais* caus'd him to remark the Beauties Nature had enrich'd 'em with; ſhe talk'd not of the Fire of the Eyes, the Carnation of the Lip; ſhe directed him to the firm, ſwelling ſnowy Breaſt, the turn of Limbs, the taper Waiſt, and thoſe unſeen Beauties which ſhe as induſtriouſly diſclos'd as others conceal: They apply'd Kiſſes capable of fireing the coldeſt Frame; whilſt ſhe wou'd read Pieces more looſe than *Ovid* in all his flow of Love. The Patrician expiring with Pleaſure, diſſolv'd in Delights, confeſs'd *Thais* the Miſtreſs of the World, for new and unthought Enjoyments, and rewarded her with ten times a larger Hand, for that Bliſs ſhe procur'd him by others, than for what ever ſhe had beſtow'd upon him of her own.

THAIS's Palace sacred to *Cicero*, admitted none of his Sex but himself; Scandal will have it that she was so nice in that Particular, she us'd to meet some of the *Roman* Youth, whom she did not disdain to amuse her self with, at her Sisters, but would not permit 'em access at Home: She was serv'd only by She-Slaves, and those amorous Devotees, whom she caus'd to be fetch'd from *Greece*, when they were too Young to have a true Sense of Decency or Vertue! These she instructed in the Arts of loose lascivious Love; and still as they grew stale to *Cicero*, and that he was sated with 'em, she sent 'em off Slaves to the Islands that were subjected to the Empire, and supply'd his depraved Age and Fancy with new Beauty. Novelty has so great a Charm, a different manner distinguishing every Woman, that 'tis the only way of diffusing the Sex, or varying a Joy, that in reality is but the same thing repeated. This *Cicero* us'd to observe, and took a Pleasure in recounting to *Thais*, the different Agitations and Delights they gave him; whilst she, warm'd by such Scenes of Love, when her Patrician was dismiss'd, to tread the maze of Politicks and Business, us'd to fly to the Rendevouze, there to experience in a younger Lovers Arms, what certainty there was in the speculation of her old.

O UNHAPPY *Clodius*, we leave you too long before we take you out of your miſerable Priſon, to behold the exalted Glory of your Wife's Palace! Fame, who has not her number of Eyes and Ears for nothing, came into the Secrets of this Amour, and put it not only into the Mouths of the *Great Vulgar* but the *Small*. Her Husband's Creditors ſo induſtriouſly improv'd Report into Certainty, that they us'd to wait Lord *Cicero*'s Palace at every Avenue, whence they dogg'd him with ſome difficulty to that of *Thais*; nor cou'd the mean diſguiſe of a Slave or a *Plebeian* ſecure him from their Knowledge, that preciſe ſanctimonious Step of his was too particular to be miſtaken; they lov'd Diſcoveries better than I do, who cou'd patiently wait the Morning for his return. After his paſſing the Night as *Juvenal* tells us,

All Filth without, and all on Fire within,
Tir'd with the Toil, unſated with the Sin.
——— *So foul, and ſo bedight,*
Brings Cæſar *back, the Product of the Night.*

FALLING to Buſineſs and the Advancement of Religion, he found his Underſtanding return with double Force after ſuch Unbendings; in theſe Receſſes he uſed to contemplate the wonderful Effects of Nature, and capacitate himſelf for a Profeſſor of experimental Philoſophy. But lying a little too

open in his Amours, and not being able to restrain *Thais* from publishing the Riches and Glory she liv'd in; her Husband's Creditors agreed among themselves, since a *Prison pays no Debts*, to release him. The only hopes they had of being satisfied, lay in taking him out upon such Conditions as he wou'd doubtless agree to, and sending him to seize his Wife's Furniture, which was costly enough to pay his Debts to Advantage; this was no sooner resolv'd but put in practice. *Clodius* receiv'd the News of his Infamy and Liberty together, he had subsisted for so many Years meerly upon Charity; his Misfortunes and Length of Confinement had not only dull'd, but turn'd his Brain. He was insensible of what was bestow'd upon him; he knew not how to live Abroad, the Prison was become his only Maintainance, and when they talk'd to him of his Wife's Grandeur, he seem'd to rejoyce without having that strict Notion of Dishonour, as had inspir'd his quicker Sense; but wholly manag'd by those that gave him Liberty, he agreed to put the Law in Execution if she wou'd not comply to those Terms he beg'd leave to propose to her; a fatal Tenderness being all the remains he had of his former State and Mind. A Letter was dictated, which he transcrib'd and address'd to her by that Name which she had assum'd; the Demand was such a Sum of Money to be paid by the seventh Hour the next Morning,

or ſhe muſt expect the Indignation of a provok'd and abuſed Husband. *Thais* read it as her Doom, and fearing he wou'd not ſtop there, ſhe knew not what Meaſures to take: The Warning was ſhort, 'twas already dark, and tho' the Demand was inconſiderable, compar'd to what ſhe cou'd furniſh, yet ſhe reſolv'd with herſelf, that it were much better to ſave it, if her Wit cou'd find the Means; ſhe was now become covetous, as ſhe grew rich, a ſeeming Paradox which many are acquainted with; ſhe ſent him an Anſwer, that it ſhou'd be done, and ſhe wou'd promiſe to be punctual: The Creditors over-joy'd at the Succeſs of their Stratagem, hug and embrace their Priſoner, embrace one another, and fell to congratulate and cheer themſelves with Cups of generous Wine; whilſt *Thais*, who was not at all unmindful of her Buſineſs, faſtens the Gates and Windows of her Palace, and falls to pulling down the Beds and Furniture, all was perform'd with admirable Silence and Expedition; they were pack'd up and ſent away to People in whom ſhe could confide, and herſelf and train of Slaves decamp'd to another Ground; ſo that when the Husband was brought in the Morning by his Creditors to take Poſſeſſion, they wonder'd to find themſelves in ſuch a Deſert; Rage and Reſentment immediately ſeiz'd 'em, poor *Clodius* was accus'd for ſuſpending the Execution of

their Project: Anger, to see himself so abus'd, rous'd him from some of that Lethargy of Sense, that a long Imprisonment and his Misfortunes had occasion'd. He wou'd have poniarded *Cicero!* he rav'd against him with some feeble Efforts, for the Dishonour and Poverty his apostate Friendship had brought upon him; but being in the Hands of others, who had something better Sense, they persuaded him to a calm, and shew'd him the impossibility of attempting the Life of *Cicero*, incompass'd as he always was, by a train of Clients, Dependents and Slaves, unless when he went upon his Amours, which was a Secret they were too wise to trust a Madman with; will considering, that if *Clodius* murder'd *Cicero*, his Life must pay for it, which would not pay what he was indebted to them; they only desir'd to manage him 'till they cou'd once put him in possession of some of his Wife's Treasure, and then design'd to let him pursue his Revenge at Pleasure.

THE like diligence as had once before made 'em acquainted with the Place of *Thais*'s Aboad, gave 'em after some time the same Opportunity to make the same Discovery; they attended *Cicero* from the Postern of his Garden Back-gate, lodg'd him at a finer Palace, more superbious than the former, and when Morning was come watch'd him back to his own; they made all the necessary Inquiries to find if this was the same Lady;

once ſatisfied, they introduc'd *Clodius*, even into her very Houſe, before ſhe had notice; the Precaution ſhe took to ſave her Gold, Jewels and Plate, was to fly by a pair of back Stairs down into a Vault with her Lap full of what ſhe cou'd collect, having had upon the ſound of his Voice that admirable preſence of Mind, as to cauſe the Doors of the lower Apartment, where he was, to be faſtned upon him, which took up ſo much time to force, that herſelf and Slaves were got by means of a ſecret Door into the next Houſe, to a Friend of the Patricians, with what was moſt precious and portable, her Cabinet and ſtrong Box of Letters fell to them to riffle; there were ſuch *Douceurs* from *Cicero*, whoever had had the Opportunity of Compariſon, muſt have confeſt that great Genius's are not eaſily traced by their manner of writing; it is not the ſame in Eloquence as in Painting, where to an Artiſt the Hand is immediately diſcover'd at ſight. Here was quite another caſt of Thought and Expreſſion, *Advice to the good People* and his *Billet Douxs* were indeed as different as their Subject, tho' he ſhow'd not leſs Application and Induſtry in deſcending to the Capacity of the former, than Wit in riſing to the refin'd Taſte of the latter; a more inferior Pen than *Cicero*'s cou'd not have treated ſo accurately as he has done of knaviſh Politicks, depray'd Religion, and maim'd Debauchery.

His Letters were fill'd like his Libels with Particulars, what had lately given him delight, in what manner he had found himself most affected, wherein had lain in the last Interview the poignancy of his Pleasures, the artful embrace of *Clelia*, the naked Beauties of *Phryne*, the wanton Dialect of *Sappho*, and sometimes their united Endeavours, directed by *Thais*'s masterly Hand, had succeeded in giving him concurrent Joys, Bliss unknown to the rest of the World, and which he had never prov'd, if his niggard Stars had deny'd him the accomplish'd *Thais*. 'Twou'd weary your Highness to tell what these elaborate Letters contain'd, had they not been all writ with his own Hand, and sign'd *Cicero*, one shou'd never have believ'd that a diseas'd old decay'd Politician, had had such wholsome, young, and sprightly Thoughts.

ONE of the Creditors had a Wife who pretended to be a sort of Wit, he reserv'd these Letters to divert her; hap'ning to be a violent Enemy to the Idol-Party, of which *Cicero* was the wise Head, she was resolv'd when I left *Constantinople* to collect some of the important Particulars of his Life, his Father's Birth and Honesty, the sordid Education bestow'd upon himself, his despicable Adventures, and low walk of his first Diversions; his new-fangled Religion and Notions of Government, wherewith he had de-

debauch'd the People; his prodigious Riſe, Behaviour and Conduct whilſt in Power, together with an impartial account of his latter Amours and long run of Debauchery in *Thais*'s Palace; with ſeveral other worthy Particulars, which may chance to make it, by the help of his own original Letters, one of the moſt diverting Miſcellanies extant.

But to return to *Clodius*; his Companions had too great a Senſe of his Condition to ſuffer him to ſee theſe amorous Epiſtles; they perſuaded him to put all the Furniture of the Houſe immediately under the Spear, which yielded more than enough to ſatisfie his Creditors; the Over-plus was reſerv'd for his Uſe and the Pleaſure of ſome of his Priſon-Debauchees, who had got the entire Management of him and his ſmall remains of Senſe. *Thais* was as good to them as an Inheritance; for ſtill when there was an ebb of Treaſure amongſt them, they would induſtriouſly trace the Politician to her Aboad, and bring the Husband to aſſert his Right: This once produced an Interview, where all that's tender touching Reproachful and Mournful paſt on his ſide, all that was audacious, haughty and ſhocking on hers.

But becauſe theſe Viſits were both expenſive and troubleſome to *Thais*, and by no means diverting or commodious to *Cicero*; he was charg'd at his Suit, to the Value of more than he had ever plunder'd, the Patri-

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cian pretending that the Goods were his, and *Thais* only in truſt as the Female ſuperintendant of his Houſe. Thus was *Clodius* return'd back to the Encloſure of a more inſupportable Priſon for a much larger Sum than before, and curſt with a more inexorable Creditor, where he languiſh'd a conſiderable time, 'till his old Companions united to try the Validity of *Cicero*'s quirks of Law, and would have certainly redeem'd him from that deplorable Oppreſſion, very well knowing the next Plunder of the next Palace was more than enough to repay their Expence; but were prevented by his being diſcharged in Form by *Cicero*, and thence convey'd (as it was given out by his own conſent, tho' conjectur'd quite contrary) to ſome Land unknown, for he has never ſince been heard of; but whether Life or Death! Liberty or Slavery! Poverty or Plenty! be his Deſtiny, is yet in the Knowledge only of the Fates, and thoſe Perſons who were the truſted Agents of *Thais*'s Fears and Diſpleaſure?

WHAT Lady can hear this Relation, and not deſire to have it concluded with a Panegyrick upon Lord *Cicero*, for being ſo true, ſo inimitable a Lover? Who does not adore the height and conſtancy of his Paſſion? Who does not ſee the Obligations that *Thais* has to him? Since it muſt coſt him more Labour and Thought how to ſurmount the Foible of

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Old Age, and the infirmity of Diſeaſes; more trouble ſtill to act the Lover, than others take to cure themſelves of their Love: Has he not ſacrific'd Friendſhip, Honour, Humanity, the World's Eſteem, Gratitude and Reaſon, to perſevere in Paſſion, at an Age when even marry'd People withdraw from the Rites of *Hymen*, to apply themſelves to Heaven with the greater Freedom and ſerenity of Thought? *Cicero*, when judg'd at the Tribunal of Beauty, muſt certainly find an Indulgence for all his Errors, if not a Plaudite, eſpecially for ſuch as have ariſen from his never-ceaſing deſire of Beauty: 'Tis eaſier to ſubdue our Enemies, than ſuppreſs agreeable Paſſions; unleſs you will ſay, that Age had already extinguiſh'd his, and conclude with ſome of his Cenſurers, That in the Young, Love is a pardonable profitable Weakneſs; in the Old, a monſtrous and unprofitable Fault!

THUS, Madam, I have repreſented *Cicero*, rather in his Amorous than Political Capacity, becauſe I judg'd that was turning his bright ſide to the Ladies: I have forbore to tell your Highneſs, how Eloquent! how Excellent is his Wiſdom! I wou'd extol his Charity to *Thais* in the Ebb or Ruin of her Fortune, but perhaps you will ſay, *That tho' all Charity be counted Love, yet all Love is not Charity.* Shou'd I ſpeak of his returning her Wrongs upon her Husband, I

now may

may be reproach'd with the vindictiveneſs of his Temper, and that he is by Nature inexorable; 'tis indeed a defect in ſo great a Man, becauſe Hatred and Malice are peculiar to little Wretches, who have not liberality of Soul enough to Pardon, or Courage to take ſuch a Revenge as Honour permits: The Mind being form'd to Love, it muſt be *depraved when it abhors any Thing but Vice*: Great Souls, eaſily *blot Injuries from their Memory*; Mean ones *never forgive where once they hate.*

YOUR Excellency, reply'd *Ethelinda*, has rais'd ſuch an Idea of *Thais*'s old Patrician Lover, I do not tell you of which ſort, that I beſpeak one of the Miſcellanies that you tell me the Lady is collecting of his Life; ſure the Letters of a Lover of his ſtanding muſt be Originals; Can he talk of any Thing that is truly felt in that Paſſion, without prodigious affectation? What departs from him at this time of Day, muſt be the effects of an extraordinary remembrance, the repetition of his Youth by Art of Memory; one wou'd think *Plato*'s Year was come round to him again. What a Court is yours? how Amorous! how Politick! one may ſay that the God of Love, and the Goddeſs of Diſcord, has made a ridiculous agreement to move in Conſort, an Union which may be term'd a whimſical Paradox; we that rarely hear of ſuch eruptions in the North, ſtand won-

wondring at the eaſie Conflagration: Why, your profoundeſt Stateſmen, and your greateſt Vertues, have their Adventures and Amuſements. Have you yet heard what has paſs'd in King *Beraldus*'s Court, relating to your Predeceſſor's Lady, and her indulgent Lord? No, Madam, anſwer'd the Ambaſſador. The ſame Queſtion being put to every one in the Company, they all anſwer'd in the *Negative*: 'Tis then in my Power, I hope, purſu'd the Princeſs, to entertain you with ſomething new, wherein there is a powerful mixture of dear betwitching Scandal —— It may be a relief from the Trouble I muſt give your Excellence in purſuit of your obliging Promiſe, and leave Lord *Horatio* liberty to write to the Emperor, as his Lordſhip lately told us, he was oblig'd to do; in the next Chamber you will find all things neceſſary; That Gentleman, my Lord, will attend you — After ſome unwillingneſs of troubling the Princeſs's Lodging, *Horatio* withdrew, and her Highneſs call'd, whoſe there? —— ſomebody ſend in *Madamoiſelle Charlot*, ſhe ſhall inform you of twenty Particulars I can't pretend to charge my Mind with. After ſhe was diſmiſs'd the Ambaſſador's Train, I receiv'd her into mine. *Charlot* has an Air of Sprightlineſs, is maſter of her Subject, has much Sincerity, and does not want Wit; ſo that if I miſtake not, your Lordſhips will not be diſpleas'd at hearing her relate an Adventure

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that has something in it rare, I mean the extreme Affection and Compliance of a Husband. —— *Charlot* having receiv'd the Princess's Commands, prepar'd her self with an agreeable Address to obey her in the following Relation.

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MEMOIRS OF EUROPE,

Towards the Close of the Eighth Century.

BOOK II.

The History of Cornutus, Endymion, *and* Arethusa.

CORNUTUS's Degree, my Lords, is Patrician; he marry'd *Arethusa* with all the Pleasure and Joy of a fond Bridegroom; they liv'd in mutual Delights; nothing cou'd be more blameless than her Conduct, 'till *Cornutus*'s Mother, stooping to rise, enrich'd *Julius Sergius* with her antiquated Charms and modern Possessions, which it is not doubted, was the Magnet that drew him:

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He immediately ſeiz'd upon the Golden Chain held by Ambition, which from the loweſt extremity of the Earth, is ſaid to touch the Sky, every Link is a Step to new Dignity. *Sergius* was ſo happy to juſtle the Preſs about him, 'till he crouded next the Goddeſs, and began to mount in ſpight of all Oppoſition: So prodigious ſwift was his Riſe, that it ſcarce left any tract or remembrance behind it; nor could they ſee what Merit he had to recommend him to that Wealth and Power he ſuddenly became Maſter of. Upon his Intereſt, and at his Requeſt, his Son-in-law *Cornutus*, was ſent Ambaſſador by *Cæſar*, to *Charles* King of the *Franks*: That Monarch has Love and Gallantry much in eſteem; his Court and Kingdom take the ſame Turn: There is to be found ſuch Freedoms, ſuch an Air, or rather Spirit of Love, not to be equal'd in any other Place; the Women believe themſelves born for no better Purpoſe; their whole Deſires are to inſpire that Paſſion; their only Buſineſs how to accompliſh themſelves; they really are ſuch wonderful Miſtreſſes in the Art, that they follow Nature but in one Point, ſo miraculouſly improving the Face, that after riſing from their Toilet, you wou'd not believe it the ſame; ſo embelliſh'd by Dreſs, ſo taught to look, to ſpeak, to languiſh to advantage, that they become irreſiſtible. Nor does a marry'd Woman ſcruple to receive the publick

publick Addreſſes of a Lover, which the Husband is ſo far from giving himſelf any pain at, that he looks on it as a Merit in his Wife, as if ſhe could not be Lovely without Adorers, and conſequently not deſerving his Paſſion; tho' he does not fail to repay that Adoration in kind to ſome other Beauty: Thus the eternal round is Loving and being Beloved; yet all eſteem'd Innocent, 'till ſome publick Indiſcretion forces 'em to ſee what they would unwillingly believe.

ARETHUSA had a flexibility in her Temper, that gave her an eaſy bent to what was agreeable and faſhionable, paſſing from the more rigid Court of the *Greek* Emperors, to the Airy one of *Charles*'s, ſhe quickly gave into thoſe delicious Liberties, and for fear of being eſteem'd leſs Polite, became more Gay than could be expected in ſo ſhort a time: Her Lord obſerv'd the prodigious Progreſs with Satisfaction; he would not have his Lady leſs Modiſh than another, and therefore added his own Inſtructions to her Obſervations, 'till *Arethuſa* was become as much a Coquet, as capable of Gallantry, as Sauntring, as Swiming, as any of the Court; as buſy in Gallantry, as indolent in Buſineſs, as little fond of her Lord, as doating on others; ſo very much a fine Lady, and ſo very little a Wife, that *Cornutus* was tranſported at thoſe Embelliſhments. But that your Lordſhips may not wonder at this extra-

ordinary Accompliſhment, be pleas'd to take his Character, as it was ſaid to be writ *Extempore* by *Charles* himſelf,

" *He Laughs and he Grins!*
" *He Dances and Sings!*
" *But prove him, He's a fooliſh Deluſion:*
" *Nor Anſwer, nor Queſtion,*
" *Nor Taſte, nor Digeſtion,*
" *Nor Preface, nor yet Concluſion!*

THE Affairs of the Empire were in a fair way of being well manag'd, as your Lordſhips may imagin, whilſt *Cornutus* had the Conduct of 'em: *Charles* did not fail to Careſs him to an exceſſive height; he ſeem'd to yield all things that he ask'd, becauſe indeed he knew ſo well how to influence him, that he was directed to ask nothing but what *Charles* was willing to yield: Care was taken ever to oblige, and never to diſguſt him; that wiſe Monarch prepar'd as well againſt Trifles as Eſſentials; he knows great Events have often inconſiderable Originals; and leaſt *Cornutus* ſhould deſire to be recall'd, he made him ſo in love with the Diverſions found in his Court, that he dreaded nothing ſo much; nor had he any other Uneaſineſs upon his Mind, than to find that his fine Lady, as much as ſhe was admir'd, was not yet be-

lov'd: That is to ſay, no particular Gallant had ſignaliz'd her for the object of his Adoration. Notwithſtanding theſe Compliances, I would not have your Lordſhips believe, that the Patrician deſir'd *Arethuſa* to depart from her Vertue; that is a point wherein certainly all Husbands are tenacious; his Vanity was to have it ſhine to Advantage. He pretended, that by her Cruelty ſhe ſhould at once have the opinion of her Beauty and Chaſtity confirm'd; fond of the Experiment, he was always the firſt to open the Eyes of her Beholders. He ask'd this Lord, that Count or Prince, can any thing be more Charming than her Air and Shape? Had ever any Eyes ſo agreeable a Look! ſo bewitching! and then her hidden Beauties, they are inexpreſſible? So much a *Venus!* ſo delicious—— Ah, my Lords, one would die for ſuch a Miſtreſs. But, my Lords, purſu'd he, in that worn-out Topick ſo much affected by faſhionable Husbands, one's Wife—— what pity 'tis ſhe is not any other Woman, I ſhould run mad for her—— even Poſſeſſion can't allay her Charms?—— And yet to be Married—— 'tis I know not how—— fine Meat—— but repeated too often—— who can have a perpetual deſire for the ſame thing—— Yet *Arethuſa* is a ſort of *Olio*, wherein we may always find ſomething agreeable.—— The Perſons whom he ſpoke to, ask'd one another, what the Fool meant to

force his Wife upon 'em? There is a Caprichio in Inclination, they did not like theirs should be directed. So that my Lady Embassadress improv'd her self in vain; she caus'd no considerable Emotions in that Court; she gain'd only an air of Liberty, an habit of Indiscretion, which when once contracted is not so easily thrown off: *Modesty*, the nicest Virgin alive, if disoblig'd or discountenanc'd, rarely forgives and never returns!

ARETHUSA could not make Incursions into an Enemies Country, without sometimes coming off with a Disadvantage: She at first design'd Piquering for Adoration only to please her Lord, that he might believe her Charming to others as well as himself. She thought not in the least of ingaging her own Heart; a *Coquet* rarely disposes of that beyond her Call, but yet sometimes they are caught, as was my Lady Ambassadress. She had had a profusion of Homage, all those out-side forms of Courtship, which the *Franks* so much abound in, they seem'd to warm her Heart, and show her how lovely must be the Intimacies of an Amour, where the approaches are so pleasing. Her Apartment was the Rendevouze for all the idly Gallant! The Young came to learn, the rest to Practice. In the first rank of these was the Prince *Endymion*. His graceful fair Hair, animating Eyes, inimitable Mouth, just Height and nice well-made Shape, gave us

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at Eighteen to conclude, that it was impoſſible Nature cou'd go any further in favour of the Sex; a bewitching Modeſty and well-bred Behaviour introduc'd him with all poſſible freedom to the Toilet of the Ladies: He was yet thought guiltleſs of the Bow and Dart, neither wounded nor wounding.

My Lord-Ambaſſador lov'd Dancing, Muſick and Voices; he envited the beſt Performers to the Apartment of *Arethuſa*: One of 'em he has ingaged (as a Proof of his good Negotiation) to adorn the *Greek* Court. Prince *Endymion* always honour'd the Ball with his Preſence; and tho' *Cornutus* regarded him not with ſo diſtinguiſhing an Eye as did his Lady, yet he was pleas'd to ſee, and rally him, as the Favourite-*Adonis*, to each deſiring *Venus* of the Court.

ARETHUSA beheld the lovely *Endymion* Redolent of Youth! ſhe ſaw the Flower juſt op'ning on the Bough, Crown'd with the early Beauties of Spring! unſullied! unfaded! the refreſhing Dew not exhaled by a Meridian Sun. The Goddeſs *Nature* ſhew'd us her moſt Maſterly Hand, when ſhe produc'd *Endymion*; nor had the Ladies any Security in converſing with him, but the greenneſs of his Age, Ignorance of his own Power, which withheld him from attempting to

prove its Extent. His Childhood had pass'd with as much Incense and Adoration, as even the *God of Love's! Cithera*'s Darling could not be more often, nor more justly prais'd for his Beauty: He was distinguish'd by the Name of the *Lovely Boy*, the *Amiable Child*, *La Belle 'Enfant*. The most Modest among the Ladies, the most Reserv'd, let her have never so little Complaisance, found her Soul dilated at his Sight; how would they smother him with Kisses, with what Transport clasp the little Idol, how oppress him with their Sweets? how lavish out the secret softness of their Sex, in favour of this young insensible?

NOR could *Endymion* forget so tender an Education; when he grew beyond their open Caress, and that the *Cupid* was too big for publick fondling, he still adher'd to the *Ruels* and *Toilets* of the Fair; There he convers'd, there he was pleas'd, and seem'd to go in search of some happy Improvements! Women are the best Masters when they place their Delight in Instructions. The young Prince had either read or heard that no Man is perfectly well-fashion'd or polite, 'till a well-bred, sensible Mistress falls in Love, and takes pains to accomplish him; he was excessively tractable and full of good Inclinations towards perfect, implicite Obedience and Improvement.

ARETHUSA had something so complaisant in her Conversation as well as the Agreable

able, that Prince *Endymion* found himſelf very much to his Satisfaction when he was there. Being eſteem'd too young to give Jealouſy, he went every where, and at all Hours, with unſuſpected Fredom. *Cornutus* you have heard was none of the *Rigid*, he was a Husband of a newer Faſhion, and had better Manners: Beſides, he conceiv'd too good an Opinion of himſelf, had he had but an indifferent one of *Arethuſa*, to be Jealous of any one, much leſs a Boy! He did not ſo much as think of him; *Endymion* might ſtay as late as he pleas'd; come at what Hours; ſay and do as he pleas'd, there was no Reflection made, no ſuſpiſcion had; Who cou'd fall in Love with him? What danger was there of a fine Lady's Exceſſes, in favour of a perfect Child? ſo he was ſtill call'd, and ſo *Arethuſa* ſeem'd to believe him. She wou'd keep him after the Company! play with his fine Hair! let him loll upon her Lap! reſt his lovely Head upon her ſwelling Breaſt! ſport his Lips with her Fingers! ſtroke his Face! but durſt not kiſs him —— that was too groſs —— yet ſhe long'd for that indearing Contact; ſtill as ſhe touch'd him, Pleaſure thrill'd her Heart! ſhe glow'd! ſhe ſigh'd! ſhe knew not what was the meaning of thoſe Diſorders —— I had been receiv'd into her Train upon the firſt form of the Ambaſſador's Equipage, and was the neareſt about her Perſon. I be-

held, with ſurprize, thoſe Intimacies which ſhe did, did not at all manage before me: It was not my Buſineſs to remind a Lady of her Duty, who believ'd her ſelf ſo perfectly inſtructed in every Thing: He took all theſe Favours as remnants of his Infancy, the ſequel of thoſe Careſſes he had been us'd to; Whether he knew no meaning, or thought they had none, I believe he did not in a long time make any Reflections that were Criminal.

Two Siſters haunted her Apartment that ſeem'd to bid fair for rivalling her in the Princeſs's Heart; their Mother had been the King's Favourite, whether with any daſh of the Libertine, was not ſo eaſily determin'd, becauſe he ſeem'd to have a deference to her Judgment; conſulted her in Affairs of State, and put her Lord at the Head of one of his Armies. Her Daughters were marry'd to Perſons of their own Condition; the Husband of the youngeſt was ſent to Travel, ſo that the Virgin-Wife having none at home to employ her Thoughts, grew fond of the lovely *Endymion*. *Arethuſa* was arriv'd at Jealouſy, and ſaw, with Torture inconceivable, all the Tricks that *Felicia* play'd to ingage the Prince: She hated the ſight of her, yet was uneaſie to the laſt degree, when they were both abſent, for fear of their being together. When ſhe got *Endymion* by himſelf, ſhe ſpoke every thing to diſguſt him

him —— Heavens! my Lord, ſaid ſhe to him one Day, when he was by her Toilet, and I was combing her Head, What can Women mean to diſguiſe Nature? You ſee the Colour of my Hair, *Felicia* heard ſomebody commend it, and has ſpoil'd her own to imitate mine: How can Women appear ſo falſe? Do not you remember when 'twas the beſt Thing that Girl had? but ſhe muſt be in the Faſhion (tho' her manner of dreſſing will never bring her into it): Certainly nothing can put on their Cloaths ſo awkardly beſides her ſelf: You know we are very great: I ask'd her why ſhe ſpoil'd the fineſt pale Hair in the World? I found it was becauſe Dark was become the Mode; and tho' ſhe wou'd not own it, ſhe thought it ſet off, or aſſiſted her Complexion; I don't know but ſhe may be in the right of it; but yet Art, is Art, deteſtable Thing! and Nature, is Nature. Whilſt *Arethuſa* was making this fine Invective, 'twou'd have been very much to the Purpoſe, if one had ask'd her, for how much of her own Complexion ſhe was beholding to Nature?

SOON after ſhe grew uneaſie to all about her, Melancholy, Peeviſh, full of Vapours. Her Lord perceiv'd the Change, and brought a ſucceſſion of Company to entertain her; but ſhe was beſt when he left her at liberty to chooſe her own Diverſion, which ſhe never found when ſeparated from *Endymion*. Oh God!

God! what Hours? what Nights were mine? how was I oblig'd to hear, and anſwer? how to wake and watch upon the repetitions and fondneſs of her Paſſion? when no longer able to ſupport the Weight, ſhe unloaded the Burden upon me, who had not all the complaiſance of my Station: I pitied her, but I wou'd ſerve her Virtue, and aſſiſt it againſt Love, who was ſo powerful an Enemy. "I fail'd not to repreſent "the mortal Sin of ingaging with an other "beſides ones Husband, and the dreadful "condition of thoſe that were in a ſtate of "mortal Sin; all their other good Works, "Charity, Devotion, Reſignation, avail'd "not any Thing, for were they to die without ſincere Repentance and Abſolution, "there was no medium, the Soul wou'd "immediately paſs, to augment the wretched number of the Damn'd, to be eternally tormented, a never-ending ſtate of Reprobation! Horrible! and Tremendous!

ARETHUSA anſwer'd me, "That was "true, and ſhe believ'd me; but ſhe was a "Lover, and wou'd hazzard it; ſhe was "yet young enough to attempt running one "delicious Race of Pleaſure, not diſtruſting "the Deſtinies ſo far, as to think they had "not allow'd her Thread enough for one "Amour; ſhe hop'd ſhe ſhou'd have Power "to reform before they had half ſpun her "Line:

" Line: However, if ſhe were eternally to ſuf-
" fer, which ſhe cou'd not believe, irreſiſtible
" Deſire, and potent Paſſion, goaded her on,
" and ſhe cou'd not, wou'd not check the
" Reins, therefore commanded me upon my
" Duty to aſſiſt a Love which was already
" too formidable to be oppos'd, ſince her
" Life, her Soul, was ſtak'd upon Poſſeſſion,
" her Paſſion wou'd therefore be rather aug-
" mented than abated by Reſiſtance.

" DIVINES, and you godly Friends,
" purſu'd *Arethuſa*, think you do your Du-
" ty by drawing a ſcene of dreadful Images
" to the Lover's Fancy, as if from the mo-
" ment we were Lovers, we were alſo in-
" fatuated, and ſaw none of thoſe Infernals,
" ſo obvious to the Adviſer: Yes, *Charlot*,
" be aſſur'd we ſee, and deſpiſe 'em all.

" *Touch not, Taſte not, what is freely given,*
" *Is but their niggard Voice, diſgracing boun-*
teous Heaven.

" *Citherea*'s Son is a God invincible; he ren-
" ders us intrepid to Danger! Perſuaſion!
" Religion! Honour! or Devoir! if we
" tremble, it is with the ſweet fear of not
" ſucceeding! Do we attend? it is to his en-
" chanting Rhetorick and powerful Lays!
" Have we Devotion? it is to his Altars,
" where we offer up unfeign'd and fervent
" Sacrifice! Our Glory and Duty conſiſts in

" an

" an exact Fidelity to his tranſporting Di-
" ctates! his Laws we obey and love! we
" value nothing in compariſon with his Pre-
" cepts! and if the World's Opinion! Re-
" putation! and the character of Virtue
" cannot be maintain'd without firſt Apoſta-
" tizing from him! Why, farewel thoſe airy
" Fantoms that cou'd never yet maintain
" their ſway, where *Venus* was in Place!
" they offer but Shadows in compariſon of
" the ſolid Delights the Queen of Pleaſure
" brings along with her.

" I WILL not have you preſume to
" think the Advice of the Patriarch himſelf,
" could avail againſt ſuch a formidable Prepoſ-
" ſeſſion; much leſs that of ſo ſilly a Maid
" as *Charlot*: There is nothing Impotent in
" the Paſſion which agitates me; 'tis all ir-
" reſiſtible and piercing: A feeble Inclina-
" tion I might have withſtood, but the
" whole Godhead ruſh'd at once upon me,
" and ſo entirely ſubdu'd and fill'd my Heart,
" that I am only fond of ſhewing my ſelf
" his moſt ardent Votary. *Endymion* is ſo
" Young and Childleſs, he ſees not, Dreams
" not of my Infatuation; we muſt inſtruct his
" Youth, awaken his Attention, and teach
" him the uſe for which that glorious Form
" of his was made!

" BUT how, Madam, anſwer'd I, if Prince
" *Endymion* ſhould deſpiſe you for your For-
" wardneſs? Idiot Girl! reply'd ſhe, as if

" ſuch

"ſuch a Spirit! ſuch a Form! ſuch a Face!
"and ſuch a Love! could ever be refus'd,
"when not clog'd with the everlaſting Chain
"of Matrimony? But admitting it might
"happen, as certainly 'tis impoſſible——
"Then 'twere time enough to repent when
"we find no Incouragement to the bewitch-
"ing Sin. Oh for ſome dear eaſie Method,
ſome ſoft Contrivance to lay me in *Endymion*'s Arms, guiltleſs of Hardſhip, or an open Diſtreſs to the modeſty of my Sex, where all that is awful about me might be diſmiſs'd; nor Place, Attendance nor my very ſelf the ſame; that I could but be metamorphos'd into the Thing moſt pleaſing to *Endymion*'s Fancy. They ſay, that audacious Rival *Ariadne* aſſum'd the Dreſs of Innocence, to ſteal his from him! that of an awkard Country Girl, the Prince's Baſhfulneſs gave way to his Curioſity, he that trembled to attack a Court-Lady, was furious as a Lyon upon a Rural *Phyllis*; he who would not venture to ſigh before one of us, kiſs'd and tumbled the feign'd Ruſtick without remorſe, ſhe pretended to carry him Fruit to ſell to his Bed-ſide——Ah how deſtructive has Modeſty been to me?——How have I ſuffer'd that Creature to ſteal his firſt Embraces from my longing Arms? To loſe, as I have done the Pleaſure of giving him his firſt Impreſſion, the firſt tranſporting touch of Joy, which ſtings the very Imagination——

on—— I might have indeed imagin'd, that ſo much Beauty as *Endymion* is Maſter of, could not long be left to it ſelf, the Bough now ripen'd and weigh'd down with glorious Fruit, if to Day it forbore to fall, would to Morrow find a ready Hand to pull it—— why was not I the Perſon?——Oh *Charlot*, if indeed thou art not ſtupid? Contrive, adviſe, do ſomething for thy Miſtreſs's Happineſs—— but thou art an awkward godly good-for-nothing Girl; all I ask of thee, when I ſhall be abſent, is to tell my Lord I am aſleep——indiſpoſed——reading——fond of the laſt Tragedy——and beg to be excuſed——will meet him at Court——in the *Cirque* or *Amphiteater* at ſuch an Hour—— or in the King's Cloſet, which Excuſe thou find'ſt moſt ſeaſonable; in the mean time you ſhall tranſcribe a Note, which I think fit to ſend the Prince, your Hand-writing is not known, the *Billet* was thus.

"IF your Highneſs pleaſes to repair to "the Garden upon the *Seine*, you will meet "a Perſon in the *Grotto* of the *Nyades*, who "has Commiſſion to lead you to a Diver-"ſion more pleaſing than that of Walks and "Fountains: The time is to morrow at ſix, "tho' the Ev'ning prove never ſo fine, there "are ways to make the Night more delici-"ous! Adieu young Hero, I hope old enough "not to want Courage to try the meaning "of ſuch an Aſſignation, you are made for

"Ad-

" Adventures—— when will you begin? " 'Tis loſs of that invaluable Time, which " when once fled, you with all your Charms " will not be able to recover! Adieu with " the utmoſt Longings and Impatience.

THIS Note was convey'd to the Prince by a Page unknown, who brought us back this Anſwer.

" SINCE the Character and Stile is " ſtamp'd by the ſofter Sex, there can be no " diſpute of Obedience, my Heart and Mind " are yet blank Paper, there was not ſo much " as Curioſity writ upon it, 'till your deli- " cious Billet impreſs'd it. Young as I am, " I hope to give you a good account, both " of my Courage and Willingneſs to improve " Time, which in your Company I may " perhaps begin to think as Invaluable as " you ſeem to name it. Since it is ſo fleeting, " let us, my lovely Adventurer, loſe none of " its precious Moments: To antedate your " Appointment, I will be there before ſix, " adieu with mutual Longings and Impa- " tience.

MY Lord had newly taken a Houſe of Pleaſure, ten Miles from the City; the Year was dreſs'd in all her pride of Beauty, *May* call'd to taſte her Charms and delicious Fragrancy. *Cornutus* ſeeing *Arethuſa*'s Indiſpoſition, hoped the Country would reſtore her, and gave Orders to prepare this Solitude; but as ſhe had never been there but to view it,

it, before my Lord had purchas'd it, it was not yet known to belong to him; upon that she founded her Design of carrying *Endymion* thither, she did not doubt but to manage Affairs, that he might remain in Ignorance of the Place and Person that oblig'd him. In order to it, she put on the Dress of a Cavalier. In that Garb she look'd handsomer and more Youthful. She commanded me to write a Note, which she carried with her to the Servant that was left to look after that House of Pleasure, with order for her to lodge the Persons who should bring her that Letter, to prepare the best could be got for Supper, and in all things endeavour to oblige 'em; so provided she left me for that Night. I had in charge to tell my Lord, when he came from the King, that she was gone to Bed indispos'd, and beg'd the Favour of lying alone; in the Morning he did not fail to come and enquire again of her Health before he went to Court. As soon as he was gone, and by good Fortune, without desiring to see her, upon my telling him she was still asleep, it was my Cue to depart; I had order'd the Coach and Equipage to be made ready, and took my Sister into the Chariot with me close veil'd and dress'd in some of my Lady's Cloaths, her Height and Shape answer'd so well to *Arethusa*'s, that our People made no dispute but it was herself. I left Word they should tell my Lord at his return, that my

Lady was gone to the *Villa*, in hopes the Air might do her good, and intreated his Excellence to dine with her, if his Affairs would permit him.

I WAITED upon my Sister, as if she were *Arethusa*, up to the best Apartment, but we let her not into the Secret; upon finding my Lady there *En Cavalier*, we pass'd it upon her for an innocent Frolick, and causing 'em to change Cloths, she departed on the Horse that had brought my Lady, as if she had been the Gentleman that had lodg'd there all Night: *Endymion* was gone two Hours before, things took the turn we had projected, and *Arethusa* by good or lucky Management, made that dangerous Salley without any Prejudice to her Reputation, or even Suspicion of what had pass'd.

BUT when we were alone, she flew into my Arms, hung about my Neck, kiss'd me a thousand times, and in all the Transports of a Person possess'd, thank'd me for the only happy Night of her Life. Ah dear *Charlot!* cry'd she, when she could begin to speak plain Sense, what a difference?——Eh, who would marry——or pass a whole Life in insipidity——nauseous Hymen——abhorred Constraint?——How I pity those of Condition of my own Sex that wear away, nay smother an Age of blooming Youth, without a taste of Joy! we are put to Bed, as our Parents direct, without one grain of Inclination!

nation! our Sweets are ſacrificed without even obliging the rigid Maſter to whom they are offer'd! How much better is it to lie for ever alone than endure a reluctant Embrace? There is no mean in that Caſe, 'tis all Extaſie! the end of living! the Extract of Delight! or cold inſipid taſteleſs Duty! the heavieſt part of the Yoke, the Burden of our Nights, and Sum of our Diſlike: I'll no more on't! my Lord's become Intollerable! how ſhall I get rid of him with Honour? What think you, Madam, anſwer'd I, of pretending to make a vow of Chaſtity as to what relates to his Lordſhip; enquire of the Caſuiſts how far that may go towards ſaving your Soul! 'tis but imagining this Husband dead, and that you are married to another; if it frees you not from Impurity, it ſecures you from Plurality at leaſt. This Wench is ſo devote! interrupted ſhe, on my Conſcience thou couldſt ſanctifie any thing; what doſt think of leaving the Altar for nothing but a Lover's Bed? I have heard of ſuch a Lady, ſhe did not count one Bead the leſs for her becoming a Miſtreſs! Certainly the more, Madam, anſwer'd I, ſhe might imagin it compenſated for her fault. But, Madam, will you not favour me with the Courſe of your Adventure? I had a thouſand and a thouſand Fears upon your Ladyſhip's Account, beſides what my Lord's Tenderneſs and Inquſitiveneſs gave me! I ſometimes imagin'd

Prince

Prince *Endymion* himſelf would not be very well pleaſed to truſt him under the Conduct of one who appear'd of his own Sex, and might be diſpoſed to ask a farther Explanation; I was in pain how your Ladyſhip would do to give him Satisfaction in the *Grotto*, if he ſhould chance to grow Impertinent! Thou hadſt abundance of Whimſies I don't doubt, reply'd *Arethuſa* without conſidering under whoſe Conduct I march'd, that the God of Love himſelf was my Leader, that I was truly his Votary: Stung by irreſiſtable Deſire, wounded by his keeneſt Dart, I only obey'd a Conqueror, I could not reſiſt, I was truly a Lover, not ſway'd by Appetite, fantaſtick Luſt and meer ambition of Change, fond of Variety, and agitated only by *That*! then had I indeed been Vicious! Light! Unpardonable! Coquet! Vain! one who wronged the Nuptial Contract, and unpardonably offended my Lord and Huſband! in a Word, one who fell, when they could have ſtood! threw themſelves headlong from a Precipice in ſport, when they might ſafely have repoſed upon the height of it! Then, Madam, I reply'd, in your Ladyſhip's Senſe, 'tis but being very much in Love to be guiltleſs of the Conſequence; doubtleſs, anſwer'd ſhe, don't you ſee when People are ſtark Mad they can commit no Crimes, or at leaſt none that are imputed to 'em, we pity, but we do not condemn 'em, it even frees from

the Sentence of the Law, tho' they break it never ſo much. But your Adventure, Madam, I interrupted, very well inſtructed as to that Point; one can ſpeak to a Lover in no Language ſo agreeable as their own: Therefore I did not forbear to preſs it, which with lovely Bluſhes of Confuſion, ſhe took care to relate to me.

CHARLOT thou may'ſt well imagin, that as bold as Love had made me, I was not without Heart-beatings, Hopes, Fears, Doubts, and full of Deſires. The Prince was true to his Letter, it wanted of ſix, when in my Man's Apparel I got to the Grotto, but found *Endymion* in Poſſeſſion of it: I enter'd with a perſonated Boldneſs, I ſay perſonated, for who that has been a Lover is ignorant, that tho' we dare all things for the Object belov'd, yet we are aw'd and trembling when near it? I perceiv'd he did not like, what ſeem'd to him, Intruſion; Men of Quality are ſo us'd to be reſpected, that they account not for change of Place, but think the ſame Obſequiouſneſs their due, as well from all the World, as their Domeſticks. But to prevent his growing into an ill Humour, I preſented him the Billet I had order'd thee to write; and which, purſu'd Madamoiſel *Charlot*, to make the Matter plainer to your Lordſhips, I will repeat.

To Prince ENDYMION.

"SINCE 'tis hop'd your Highneſs dares "follow this ſoft Ambaſſador, need "you be aſſur'd he will conduct you to Au- "dience where the Queen of Love herſelf "preſides? If height of Paſſion, as 'tis ſaid, "be both Merit and Beauty, you will find "none ever had a better title to Charms, "than Her, who is impatient to be yours.

HIS Highneſs was pleas'd with what he read, humid Fire ſtruck from his Eyes! his Cheeks glow'd with conſcious Red and heavenly Youth! he ask'd me, where this Lady was to be found? I told him, if he pleaſed to truſt himſelf to my Conduct, I would bring his Highneſs to the Place ſhe had appointed; tho' perhaps, anſwer'd the Prince, I am too little Scrupulous, and might very well demand a farther Explanation before I ſtir, yet there's ſomething in thy manner ſo ſoft, ſo ſure a preſage of Happineſs, that I will think of no Danger but delay; thy Voice and Air has ſo much of the Woman in the World I moſt adore! that I can't help following thee, tho' 'twere round the Earth, but I doubt my good Fortune is not to arrive from that Quarter. By this time we were come to a back-door of the Garden that open'd into the

Country, where the Slave according to thy Orders waited for us with two Horſes; He diſcharg'd his Truſt with a good deal of Spirit and Exactneſs, having led us by abundance of Turnings, 'till he had made the ten Mile at leaſt twenty; this amuſed the Prince as much as I could deſire, thou knoweſt I am uſed to hunting, ſo that a Horſe was not likely to tire me; we at length alighted here, I conducted *Endymion* to his Apartment, even into the Bed-chamber, and went to give Orders for Supper; at my return he expected to have ſeen the Lady, and was almoſt peeviſh without her, but I beg'd his Highneſs without Impatience to allow her her own time, for ſince ſhe was to come from *Paris* it would doubtleſs be dark before ſhe arrived, and had order'd me to entertain him with ſomething to eat, not as he ought to be entertain'd, but as the Solitude of the Place afforded.

SUPPER was ſerv'd up, the Prince aſſumed all the good Humour he could, but I was very well pleaſed to ſee his Impatience left him but little leiſure for any thing elſe; he commanded me to eat with him, we were forced to ſerve our ſelves, and I had a thouſand Pleaſures to ſee him unſeen; That is without any guard upon his Words or Behaviour. He ask'd every minute if the Lady were come? After a convenient time I told him ſhe was, and had ſent her humble Ser-

vice

vice to his Highneſs, deſir'd he would pleaſe to go to Bed, and ſhe would wait on him when the Lights were removed. "Then I "am not to ſee her, cry'd the Prince, with "a diſſatisfied Tone, very fine, I have taken "all this Pains for nothing, and loſt ſo ma-"ny Hours of better Converſation: Pray "give my Duty to the Lady, and tell her, "that I am as diſcreet as ſhe can expect; "to ſecure her, I will give her ten thouſand "Vows of Secreſy, and when once ſatisfied "as ſhe ought, there's nothing can oblige "her to conceal herſelf, but old Age, and "diſtruſt of that Beauty I have form'd ſo "agreeable an Idea of. I obey'd and re-"turn'd as from the inexorable Lady, that "ſhe was reſolv'd to be conceal'd; her Qua-"lity and Reputation were too much to "riſque with ſo young a Man, that if their "Correſpondence continu'd, and his High-"neſs gave Proofs of his Diſcretion, ſhe might "in time be brought to truſt him with the "important Secret. My moſt humble Re-"ſpects to the Lady, anſwer'd he, and tell "her I have now no Favour to requeſt, but "Horſes and a Guide to carry me back to "*Paris*; I doubt I ſhall ſcarce be ſo lucky a "Knight-Errant as to find the way alone, and "in the dark, eſpecially not knowing what "part of the Country I am in. Will then "your Highneſs depart, anſwer'd I? To be "ſure, he reply'd briskly, I'm for no Ad-

" venture with my Grand Mother, the firſt
" thing I did, ſhould I ſuffer the Maſquerade
" to go on, would be putting my Fingers in
" her Mouth, to try if ſhe had all her Teeth,
" and if thoſe I found there were her own:
" No! no! my pretty Youth, I'm for no
" blind Bargains; I ſhould not know what
" Idea to frame to myſelf, old Age and Ug-
" lineſs are two that haunt me at preſent;
" nothing can diſperſe 'em, but Light and
" the Lady's Face. I am infinitely ſorry, I
" reply'd, that your Highneſs is then con-
" demn'd to paſs the Night alone, the Horſes
" are ſent away, and will not be here 'till
" Morning. Beſeech your Highneſs to wave
" that Nicety, I can aſſure you, that the
" Lady is as young as I am, and thought
" very agreeable, I would ſay handſome if
" I were not pleading a Cauſe already pre-
" judged by your Highneſs. All this may
" be, he anſwer'd, but I have no Stomach
" to her unſeen: 'Twill not be very civil
" barring the Gate againſt her in her own
" Houſe, and yet I ſhall make uſe of that
" Precaution, for fear of having my Bed in-
" vaded in the Night, then it will be too
" late to ſpeak one's Mind, for tho' a Lady
" were the Devil, one muſt take care of
" letting her know, that we think ſo—or,
" now I conſider on't, thou ſhalt be my Bed-
" fellow, and then let her come with all my
" Heart, I'll turn her over to thee; come

" *Fide-*

" *Fidelio*, (I had told him that was my Name) " help me to undreſs, this Diſpute has made me " ſleepy and peeviſh, I am reſolv'd you ſhall " lie with me, ſo that your fine Lady may " keep her fine Airs to herſelf; I'll never " run after the Cant of a Letter from an un- " known again: I am well enough ſerv'd, " and deſerve a Diſappointment. By this " time he was got into Bed, and command- " ed me to make haſte for fear of diſturb- " ing him, he ſaid he fell aſleep as ſoon as he " was laid, and if awaked could not get any " reſt in a great while, but firſt bid me faſten " the Door; you may be ſure I had the cau- " tion to obey him in that Particular, as well " as in the other, I had not taken all that " Pains for a ſleeping Lover. He command- " ed me to leave the Lights burning, by " which, and the Reflection he at firſt had " made of my Likeneſs to myſelf, I knew I " could not eſcape his Knowledge, and there- " fore only ſought how to make him Secret " and Diſcreet; but as that was the Buſi- " neſs of the Morning, I would not fruitleſly " amuſe myſelf by way of Anticipation, nor " ſteal from preſent Love and Happineſs, Mo- " ments, that ſeem'd ſo peculiarly dedicated " to 'em.

THE Prince, with all his Pretences, was uneaſie at his Adventure; he talk'd of Sleep- ing, but the Thought of it kept him waking; he ſeem'd irreſolute — wavering, almoſt

in

in the Mind to accept the Lady's Terms —— but then keeping to his firſt Reſolution, he bid me for the laſt Time come to Bed, and ſay no more of her. Now was the difficulty to be diſcover'd with a good Grace: I got ſo near him, that he felt the whole impreſſion of my Perſon: *Fidelio*, cry'd he, haſtily, Thou haſt the ſofteſt Skin I ever felt; nothing of our Sex was ever ſo polliſh'd! I turn'd my ſelf to him, and laying my Arm round his Waiſt, graſp'd him with that Ardor, as put me out of my ſelf, or my diſguiſe! I ſigh'd with ſuch an eccho of Tenderneſs! and fell into ſo univerſal a Trembling, that all I cou'd do was to hide my Head in his Boſom, and faultring, cry'd out, dear *Endymion*, I am dying, if you don't forgive and love me!—— The Prince at once put his Mouth to mine, his Hand to my Breaſt, threw open the Curtains and the Bed-cloaths, immediately knowing me, 'tis ſhe! 'tis ſhe! 'tis *Arethuſa* her ſelf! my lovely Life!—— what a ſtupid inſenſible Brute have I been, to waſte ſo many bleſſed Moments?—— *Charlot*, thou doſt not expect I ſhou'd tell thee any more —— in a word, I am intranc'd! doating! dying for my agreeable Lover!—— loathing! deſpiſing my diſagreeable Husband!

THIS Amour thus begun, continu'd whilſt we were in that Kingdom without any diſcovery, tho' a thouſand times upon the

the very brink of it, by my Lady's exceſs of Love and Indiſcretion: She was jealous of all whom the Prince either ſpoke to, or look'd upon; the two Siſters I told you of, were as fond of him as *Arethuſa*, the Court call'd 'em Prince *Endymion*'s *Shadows*; wherever he went they had immediate Intelligence, and were preſently after him; wherever he walk'd, they walk'd; whatever Lady was of his acquaintance, they made of theirs; in all Viſits, where his Highneſs went, they were ſure to be of the Company: *Arethuſa* often had 'em, becauſe the Prince was often there; ſhe wou'd have brought him to have ſaid diſobliging Things to 'em for her ſake, but he was not ſo little a *Cavalier*.

EUGENIA, the eldeſt of the two Siſters, was married to a Perſon who thought himſelf a profound Politician; he was of the Party againſt the Court, and very diligent in making Proſelytes of young Noblemen; as ſoon as they began to appear, he wou'd draw 'em on his ſide, and That of the Confederacy; it had been talk'd that *ſuch* a Count had ſet his Lady to ingage young Prince *Arthegal* on the King's Party: *Eugenia*'s Lord was not leſs zealous, and therefore recommended to her to make ſure of Prince *Endymion*, ſince he ſeem'd to have Pleaſure in her Converſation; he taught her ſeveral Topicks of Diſcourſe, inſtructed her in Politicks, and the means to fix him; he was

exceſ-

exceſſively Zealous in the Cauſe; often invited the young Prince to his Palace; and when there, wou'd conduct him to his Lady's Apartment, leave 'em together, nay, ſhut the Door upon 'em —— Nor was he miſtaken in *Eugenia*'s Abilities or Aſſiduity, ſhe ſo intirely ſedue'd the Prince, that tho' born from the Royal Family, and a Mother zealous for its Intereſt, who had married a ſecond Husband of untainted Loyalty, good Senſe, and great Abilities; yet *Eugenia*'s Artifices, by her Lord's Inſtructions, made Prince *Endymion* a Convert to their Party, who exclaim'd for Liberty in the Subject, and were every Day endeavouring to limit the Monarchy to narrow Bounds, ſuch as their ſcanty Politicks had of late dictated to the Multitude.

ARETHUSA did not paſs her Time with all the Eaſe ſhe cou'd have deſir'd; this new attachment uſurp'd upon thoſe Hours which had been formerly dedicated to her alone: The Prince, now made one of the Buſie, was ſo exceſſively careſs'd, he ſeem'd to be the Object of the Men's, as well as the Lady's Adoration; but as he was yet too Young to be let into their darling Secrets and Deſigns, little more was expected than the Reputation of his Birth and Quality, which ſerv'd to ſtrengthen their Party, by the Credit of ſuch a Prince, one of the Blood being come into it; he was yet

too

too gay, too remiſs, too wanton, too full of *Venus*, and the inebriating God, to produce Miracles in favour of Politicks, Machinations, and State-Deſigns. To keep him warm, ſome one or other was continually with him; thoſe that were Debauch'd and Thoughtleſs, eaſily devoted themſelves to his Converſation and Intereſt, that it might not be doubted of his being entirely in theirs.

ARETHUSA murmur'd, ſhe complain'd; ſhe even became Poetical. Love occaſions ſtrange Inſpirations; ſhe made a Song which all the Court ſung, without knowing the Author; the Words were ſo tender, ſomething in 'em ſo much of the *Saphick* Strain, as I have heard good Judges ſay, that tho' my Voice is like to do 'em little Reputation, I will attempt entertaining your Lordſhips with the Air.

Arethuſa's *Song on* Endymion.

FLY from his charming Graces, fly,
Or thou'rt undone, or thou'rt undone, as well (as I.
The God of Love is ſure his Friend,
Who taught him all his Arts,
And when a Conqueſt he deſign'd,
He furniſh'd him with Darts.

His

His Quiver and his gilded Bow
To his Aſſiſtance brings,
And having giv'n the fatal blow,
Lends him his fleeting Wings.
Fly from, &c.

CHARLOTE's Voice and pretty manner, drew from the whole Company their Applauſe and Thanks; which having put her into an agreeable Confuſion, it took up ſome time before ſhe could diſmiſs, and then ſhe thus continu'd her Relation.

LORD *Cornatus* was all this time as good a Husband as any in his Circumſtances ever was; his Humor ſtill continu'd of getting his Lady Admirers. He did not doubt but *Endymion* was as ſenſible as his Youth would permit, but he had no Jealouſy of a nearer Intimacy; he was even ignorant of what all the Court whiſper'd. The Prince was come one Evening from a happy Rendevouz; he went upon a Viſit to a Lady, where there was a great deal of Company at Play; he look'd ſo lively, ſo tranſported, in ſuch perfect good Humour, that ſhe ask'd his Highneſs whence he came? and what he had been doing? Doing! he anſwer'd in an Extacy, what you love beſt in the World, next Cards!—— How, ſaid her Lord, who could beſt be ſuppoſed to anſwer for

for his Wife; I know Prince what that muſt be. This gave ſome of the Company, who wanted to deſtroy Reputation, Curioſity, as uſual, to hunt into a Secret, only when known to divulge it.

I HAVE been acquainted with ſome Ladies, and very fine ones too, who took as much Pleaſure in diſcovering anothers Amour, as ever they did in concealing their own: Nay ſome have gone farther, and have wanted the true Pleaſure in their own, 'till they were diſcover'd. Here Vanity is the chief Ingredient; There ill-Nature, a ſportive ſort of Wit, too barren to find Supplies at home, ſeeks recourſe abroad. Heavy *Antramont*'s fine Wife had dy'd in Reputation, nor would he have ſurviv'd with that of Cuckold, had it not been for this goſſiping Curioſity in two Ladies, who liv'd over againſt *Melantha*, the *Ivory* Woman's Houſe. They had often obſerv'd, upon certain Days, and at a certain Hour, two Chairs cloſe ſhut up, at a ſmall diſtance of time to follow one another. The Slaves who carry'd 'em were always the ſame; *Melantha* was gueſs'd to get more at the Trade of Concealment, than at that of ſelling of *Ivory*. Theſe Ladies have watch'd ſix hours together, with a world of ill-natur'd Patience, 'till the Lovers were willing to part, and then had 'em ſeparately follow'd 'till they diſcover'd one Chair to go into *Antramont's* Houſe, the other into the Prince of —— They did not

not fail to pay their own Pains, at the Expence of the Ladies Honour. Some ſuch good-natur'd People heard Prince *Endymion's* Raptures, and wanted to know who was the Lady concern'd. So effectually they placed their Spies, that *Endymion* was watch'd to the Aſſignation, from whence *Arethuſa* was dogg'd home. The good-natur'd Town immediately catch'd the Report. Her jealous Rivals did not fail to ſpread the Infection. The Prince was teiz'd on all Hands, and to ſuch a degree, that he had ſome Thoughts of ſacrificing future Gallantry to his preſent Repoſe. My Lady accus'd him, he accus'd my Lady; there was nothing for a long time but mutual Diſtruſts: We trembled leaſt the Scandal ſhould reach my Lord, but there was not any that had ſo much Malice to *Arethuſa*, all the Court ſmil'd at the Juſtice of his Deſtiny, he wou'd have his Wife ador'd, and ſo ſhe was to the purpoſe.

THERE was an Accident happ'ned to a Bride much about that time, which put my Lady upon comparing the Happineſs ſhe had in a Temper ſo eaſy as was her Lords. *Silius*, a Gentleman of the Country, owner of a large Revenue, had long lov'd *Amelia*, the Daughter of a Noble Man. His large Poſſeſſions gave him an Advantage which his Quality cou'd not ſo well pretend to. The Day that they were Married he ſeem'd more Tranſported than it was poſſible to expreſs; he

he came to take the Bride with ſuch Raptures, ſuch Exclamations of his Happineſs, that ſhe was envied by all the Ladies preſent, who thought there never was ſo true, ſo ardent a Lover. No ſooner was the Ceremony perform'd, but a degenerate Coldneſs ſucceeded that noble Warmth; there was not leiſure to make inſtant Reflections; he left the Company, and wander'd alone by himſelf into the Garden, where in a little time, the Bride's Siſter came to ſeek him, to intreat his Preſence at the Feaſt. She had been the Confident of his Paſſion for *Amelia*, and ever in his Intereſt: Seeing him with a more than ordinary Concern upon his Face, ſhe enquir'd of his Health, whether he were indiſpos'd, or if any thing unuſual had befallen him; he told her yes, but it was not yet time to diſcover his Malady, beg'd her to tell him ſincerely the truth of one thing he ſhou'd ask her: She really lov'd him, and did not heſitate giving him the aſſurance: Then he conjur'd her, by her noble Birth! by Virtue! Truth! Honour! all Things binding! to inform him whether *Amelia* had had any other Ingagement, or had ever lov'd before ſhe was acquainted with him? The Queſtion very much diſturbed the Lady, ſhe fear'd the jealouſy of a Temper that began to give ſuch early and unſeaſonable Proofs of its Infection, but that he might not miſinterpret her Diſorder, ſhe compos'd

her ſelf, and aſſur'd him her Siſter never had; and ſaid all that was neceſſary to ſet a leſs uneaſie Heart than his at reſt: He receiv'd the Profeſſions with a great deal of Joy, and beg'd her not to tell *Amelia* what had paſs'd. In the Morning they were congratulated by all their Friends, among the reſt the Prieſt who had married 'em, (with the liberty of his Function, and that freedom he had ever us'd, having been in the Family before ſhe was born) came to wiſh her length of Happineſs and Joy: In the midſt of his Compliment, he had unadviſedly touch'd her Hand with his. *Silius* who never had taken his Eyes off from him, ſtarted up and cry'd, It was too much! he had ſuſpected their good Intelligence before, but was now confirm'd, ſince no Woman of Honour wou'd ſuffer any Man (tho' he were her Confeſſor) to touch her naked Hand; their mutual Glances, and exchange of Eyes, during the Ceremony of Marriage, had juſtly alarm'd him, neither had he got over his Doubts but with the utmoſt difficulty, which were return'd with that impetuoſity and appearance of Reaſon, he thought her ſo much unworthy his regard, he wou'd never ſee her more!

IMAGINE what a diſturbance this was to the general Joy; the Bridegroom departed, and continu'd a long time obdurate to all that cou'd be urg'd in her Juſtification; neither

ther the advanc'd Age of the Prieſt, the length of Time he had liv'd in the Family; the innocent Freedom, with which *Amelia* had been bred up in regard to him, cou'd make any impreſſion upon his jealous Heart. Love indeed wou'd ſometimes plead for her, (for 'twas his height of Paſſion gave him height of Uneaſineſs) ſhe had the misfortune of loving him to as violent a degree, which at length prevail'd upon both, one to receive, the other to be receiv'd, upon ſuch Terms, as wou'd have been agreeable but to few Ladies of her Age and Merit. *Silius* had an old Seat in the Country, many Miles diſtant from *Paris*, ſituated in a lonely Place, moated and ſecur'd by a Draw-bridge, where he conducted this voluntary Victim, on condition ſhe ſhou'd never deſire to depart from thence, but biding adieu to Relations! Family! Friends! Diverſions! Converſation! and in ſhort, the World! endeavour only at regaining her Character, which he ſaid ſhe had juſtly forfeited by her indiſcreet Freedoms, together with his Eſteem, which he wou'd try to put her again in poſſeſſion of, if ſhe ſupported her Solitude as ſhe ought, and apply'd her ſelf to a chearful performance of that Duty, which was indiſpenſible from a vertuous Wife.

LORD *Cornutus* upon this Adventure, made the Court very merry at his good Humour; he rallied at *Silius*'s Jealouſie, and

took a good deal of Pains to confirm People in their former Opinion, as to the paſſiveneſs of his own Temper, and the ridiculouſneſs of that Husband who, upon *Chimera*, *Fantaſt*, or even any thing, but undeniable demonſtration, became uneaſie at home. *Arethuſa* was beholding to him for abundance of happy moments, tho' ſhe ſaw not *Endymion* ſo often as when he was not yet become a Stateſman, *Eugenia*'s Convert, and *Felicia*'s Admirer. Buſie as he was, he was ſtill young, and did not fail ſometimes of coming to the rendezvous, and giving her to think her ſelf very well entertain'd there: But alas! What certainty is there in human Affairs? had they been more in Love than they were, even as Lovers, they were ſtill ſubject to ſublunary Viciſſitudes, as much as other Mortals. The Emperor had deputed another Ambaſſador in *Cornutus* his Place, who was commanded to go and congratulate King *Beraldus*'s acceſſion to the *Sarmatian* Throne: *Arethuſa* wept! exclaim'd! faſted! refus'd to ſleep! ſaid ſhe ſhou'd die in being ſeparated from her lovely *Endymion!* nothing touch'd the Prince's Heart more than her Sorrow, the Proofs ſhe gave him of her extraordinary Paſſion aſſaulted his good Nature. Abſence is that teſt of Love, the utmoſt Trial, a Heart truly agitated can endure; her Tears! Prayers! Complaints! and Deſpair! at length determi n'd

min'd *Endymion* to accompany Lord *Cornutus*, under the pretence of Travel, to improve his Youth, and gain him Experience. Behold, on the ſudden, *Arethuſa*'s Sorrow converted all to Joy; her Lord's Temper was ſo favourable, that he congratulated her upon the Prince's Reſolution, and began to be ſolidly vain at this piece of good Fortune, no longer diſputing but that the Court wou'd conclude his Lady's Eyes had determin'd *Endymion* to make the Journey, and conſequently that himſelf had the Honour to be married to a Lady, whoſe Charms had cauſed ſo extraordinary an irruption from the Heart of one of the moſt lovely Princes of the Age.

ARETHUSA was now upon her way, freed from thoſe Allarms, which Faction, and the Rival Siſters had given her. She was all her ſelf, good-humour, Joy, Delight and Love! nor had ſhe any Apprehenſions from the Gallantry of that dull Northern Court, where ſhe was going; her amiable *Endymion* would be her own, ſhe ſhould poſſeſs him without thoſe *Shadows* that had inceſſantly haunted him in the Court of *Charles*. She indulged her Paſſion to ſuch an Exceſs, that I have a thouſand times wonder'd my Lord was blind to her Conduct; he would himſelf bring *Endymion* to her Bed-ſide, and leave him there 'till he return'd from Court, at the ſame moment exaggerating her Charms, as if he had a de-

ſign to recommend 'em to his Rival. Their manner of living together, quickly gave matter of Scandal to the more reſerv'd Northern Beauties; but *Arethuſa* did not manage upon that Point, ſince her Lord was not offended, ſhe did not believe ſhe ought to conſtrain herſelf in conſideration of the Spleen of thoſe, whom ſhe imagin'd envy'd her, for the good Fortune ſhe had to poſſeſs the Love of ſuch a Prince as *Endymion*.

KING *Beraldus* was then at a fine *Villa*, twenty Miles diſtant from *Marſovia*. The War which preſs'd hard upon him from the part of *Theodorick* King of the *Vandals*, cauſed him earneſtly to ſollicite the Emperor for Aſſiſtance of Men and Money; there was a Treaty on Foot between *Cæſar* and *Beraldus*, which was manag'd on the part of the former by Lord *Cornutus*, which often occaſion'd his Abſence from his Palace, at *Marſovia*, to attend the King at his *Villa*: Thoſe were the Lover's Nights, which *Endymion* did not fail to employ to Advantage; I was us'd to ſee him as often in *Arethuſa*'s Bed, as was my Lord; Cuſtom wore off the Wonder. I could behold him there without a Bluſh, long Security made me even remiſs in my Watch, we had been ſo perpetually us'd to good Fortune, that we never once thought of a Reverſe: *Cornutus* was generally punctual to his Word, we could depend upon the Hour of his Return, he was too obliging, too well

bred

bred to invade his Lady's Retirements at a Time unexpected; thus, in happy Security, the Lovers made the moſt of Opportunity; 'till one fatal Night, when we had been told my Lord would ſtay at the King's *Villa*, he return'd without being deſir'd, or ſent for: The Prince had been more than two Hours in Bed with *Arethuſa*, they were fallen faſt aſleep in each others Arms. I ſtood Centinel in an other Room that anſwer'd upon the Stairs, I mean I ſhould have done ſo, but without any Apprehenſion of danger, had caſt myſelf upon a Day-bed, and was then inſenſible of all things but my Dreams. My Lord, as was his Cuſtom, undreſt himſelf below, he ſent his *Valet de Chamber* to Bed, ſtaying a little while to look over ſome Diſpatches; when he had done, his Lordſhip took a Light in his Hand, and aſcended the Stairs as ſoftly as if he had had a Preſentiment of what Diſcovery he was about to make. He paſs'd directly to the Bed, the Curtains were cloſe; my Lord went to the ſide he uſually lay on, where was his Lady in the Arms of her ſleeping Lover: *Cornutus* had ſet the Light upon a Stand, but ſo much to the Diſadvantage of the Guilty, that when he ſhould remove the Curtain, it gave him the Proſpect of whoever was in the Bed; as he was ſtealing in, he gave her the kind Epithet of dear *Arethuſa*: One's own Name pronounced, wakes one ſooner than a clap of

Thunder. She heard, knew his Voice, and immediately ſhriek'd ſo loud, that ſhe awaken'd the Prince; yet at the ſame time, which is wonderful, had ſo much preſence of Mind as to catch faſt hold of her Lord; who feeling more Company than he expected, threw back the Curtain, and ſaw *Endymion* getting out of Bed, and then the Chamber as faſt as ever he could; waking me as he went threw the Room where I was, he bade me follow him in a moment to his own Apartment. I don't know whether your Lordſhips underſtand, that the Prince was always lodg'd in Lord *Cornutus*'s Palace, as well as ſometimes in his Bed.

My Lady ſtill kept her Hold, feigning all the Fear and Diſtraction of what might be the Conſequence; ſhe proteſted her Innocence, wept, caſt herſelf at his Feet, beg'd him to hear her, and to have pity upon the moſt Unfortunate of her Sex; aſſur'd him with horrid Imprecations, "She was ignorant of *Endymion*'s being in her Bed; that "ſhe had miſtook him for himſelf, falſe "*Charlot* had impoſed upon her Vertue; "going to Bed early with a pain in her "Head, that wicked Creature in two Hours "after came to tell her, her Lord was re-"turn'd, and was below in the Dreſſing-"Room; but being very ſleepy, ſhe had "commanded her to beg his Excellence to "make no Noiſe at his coming to Bed, for

"ſhe

" ſhe was intolerably troubled with the " Head-ach. Thus that fatal Adventure " paſs'd, 'till Heaven had ſent him to de- " tect the Villain's Crime, and revenge the " greateſt Outrage that could be offer'd to " a Woman of Honour and true Virtue. A " Woman paſſionately fond of her Husband, " and one who had neither Eyes nor " Thought for any but her own Lord.

ARETHUSA ſtill continu'd her Hold, and would not on any Terms be brought to quit it. Her prodigious Aſſurance amuſed *Cornutus*; ſhe would have made an excellent Comedian, for in any point where ſhe had occaſion to feign, ſhe firſt imagin'd herſelf in earneſt, and then immediately became ſo, which indeed is but the Conſequence of ſuch an extraordinary Faith: Her Tears and Air of Innocence, which ſhe knew admirably how to aſſume, together with that real Eſteem and Tenderneſs Lord *Cornutus* had for her, made him believe moſt of what ſhe ſaid; there was at leaſt Poſſibility, if not Probability, on her ſide. He was not one of thoſe who too precipitately reſolve on any thing, he would weigh the Danger before he explored it; *Endymion* had offended him in the niceſt Point, in the moſt notorious manner, but *Endymion* was Brave, and by this time got amongſt his own Servants. Should he purſue him it would be ineffectually, he might loſe his Life ſooner than take the Prince's, who was doubtleſs,

after

after ſo great a piece of Villany, upon his Guard, if he were yet in the Palace. *Arethuſa* ſtill wept! ſtill diſpair'd! but ſeeing that even during his firſt and moſt dangerous Tranſports of Rage, he attempted nothing fatal; he believ'd her intentionally Innocent, ſhe would purſue her point, and beg for Fame, ſince there was no appearance of Danger for her Life; "She conjur'd him by "all that was tender, all that was indearing! "not to give her up to Infamy! ſhe that "was ſo far from committing a Crime of "that Nature, that ſhe had never thought "of it but with Deteſtation! muſt ſhe be ex-"poſed! loſt! undone! for ever ruin'd! be-"cauſe a Villain was a Villain! and had be-"tray'd her! irreparably betray'd her? Muſt "ſhe wander as an out-caſt round the World, "ſhun'd by all the Good! and pointed at, "even by the Bad, to ſuffer for the Prince's "Crime? Ah! where was the Juſtice of in-"volving the Innocent with the Guilty? Be-"ſides *Cornutus*'s own Honour was equally "concern'd, ſhe could not be thought to "loſe hers without a blemiſh to his; nay ſhe "did not know but that his Lordſhip was "more guilty than the Prince, who had "perhaps only taken a fatal liking to her "Perſon, from the Praiſes himſelf had given "her; not contented as a Husband to find "her Charming, he had indiſcretly inſtruct-"ed a Lover in their tender Miſteries! a

"Lover,

" Lover, who ſo well knew the Strength of " her Virtue and height of Paſſion for her " Lord, that it was impoſſible by private " Blandiſhment or open Force, for him to " attempt either; but by Fraud and Cir- " cumvention indeed, he had ſucceſsfully in- " vaded both: In conſideration that himſelf " was the Original from whence the killing " Miſchief was deriv'd, he ought to forgive: " would he but paſs by that fatal Adventure " in Silence, ſhe would never again ſpeak to " the Prince, if poſſible, never ſee him. The " World, who knew *Cornutus*'s Courage, " ſhould they get Air of what had happen'd, " would not believe it: A Wife was not " eſteem'd guilty, 'till firſt given up by her " Husband, if he were ſtill of her ſide, Slan- " der durſt never approach, Detraction it " ſelf would not be heard, if he continu'd " her Protector. Nor could he in Honour, " Equity or Pity, abandon what ſo religiouſ- " ly ador'd him; and who by the manner " of her firſt Shrieks evidently manifeſted " her Innocence and Surprize, in beholding " her Lord in one Place, when ſhe already " thought he had been in another.

CORNUTUS had heard her Juſtification without Interruption; muſt one not have an extent of Patience, to be ſilent upon ſo great a Misfortune? unleſs, as in mighty Sorrows and Surprizes, the vaſtneſs of 'em takes away the Power of Speaking! He loved the faith-

leſs

leſs *Arethuſa*, and therefore wiſhed her innocent; but that he might not too eaſily ſeem to believe, he adminiſter'd to her the moſt ſolemn Oaths, made her ſwear ſhe did not know 'twas the Prince. How dreadfully ſoever they trembled to her Soul, ſhe thought it was now no time to heſitate; well-born as ſhe was, a Senſe of Fame and Glory, made her prefer her Reputation to her Life; nay, tho' ſhe riſqu'd more than Life, ſhe had ſo quick a Senſe of Honour, notwithſtanding all her Indiſcretions, that ſhe ſtaked the Nobler part, the Soul, to ſave it; and undauntedly ſwore all that cou'd devote and depricate her! Swore ſhe was innocent of the Adultery! knew not, nor believed, but *Endimion* was *Cornutus!* So ardent! ſo execrable! were her Aſſeverations, that her Lord believed it, Sin, not to believe her! He rais'd her from her Knees, where, naked as ſhe was, ſhe had ſtill been kneeling; he took her in his Arms, forgave her, then went to Bed to conſult about the Conduct of this important Affair.

LORD *Cornutus* was pretty eaſie on the ſide of his Lady; he was willing to pardon her, but unwilling that the World ſhould know it. He had endured the Evil of ſucceſsful Rivalſhip, with an unpreſidented goodneſs of Temper; but how to eſcape the Infamy of ſo much Eaſineſs, Prince *Endymion* himſelf might boaſt of an Adventure

ſo

ſo extraordinary; calling him to account for his Villany, would publiſh the Affair, letting it Sleep would ſcandalize his Courage; my Lady came in for Reſcue in ſo nice a point, and undertook to make the Prince believe that her Lord thought *Charlote* was her Bedfellow, amidſt the Confuſion and ill light, his Excellency had miſtook the Diſorder for *Arethuſa*'s Surpriſe, and *Charlot*'s Modeſty, who, Virgin as ſhe was, cou'd not but be frighted at *Cornutus*'s unexpected return, finding her ſelf in Bed with him! Therefore ſhe had fled with Precipitation to hide her uncloathed Perſon from his view! This, as the moſt tolerable Expedient, the Exigency cou'd offer, was pitch'd upon. As ſoon as it was day, in conjunction, they produced a Letter to this effect; that is to ſay, his Lordſhip dictated, and her Ladiſhip wrote.

To Prince ENDYMION.

" WERE I, my Lord, to give a looſe
" to the Vindictiveneſs of my own
" Temper, or to puniſh you to the height
" your Crime deſerves, I ſhou'd cauſe you
" to be aſſaſſinated by ten thouſand Daggers!
" Baſe! Inſolent! Inhoſpitable! amidſt the
" full Security of Night, to invade the ſa-
" cred Marriage-Bed! What Injuries have

" I ſuſtain'd? happy only amidſt my Diſ-
" grace, that my too lov'd Lord is igno-
" rant of the Pollution! Love of Glory in-
" ſpired me with ſo lucky an Addreſs, that
" he has been made believe it was *Charlotte*
" who was ſleeping with me; your preci-
" pitate Departure, the Dimneſs of the Light,
" and his juſt and implicite Opinion of my
" Vertue, gave him not ſo much as to ſuſpect
" the Deceit; he has even laugh'd (Hea-
" vens! how much is wrong'd Innocence to
" be pitied) at that wicked Creature's Con-
" fuſion and Modeſty diſtreſs'd, at his co-
" ming ſo unexpectedly to bed, where ſhe
" was. What remains in that Ruin your
" lawleſs Attempt has made upon my Ver-
" tue, but to endeavour to preſerve my
" Fame? Ever to ſee you alone, will be a
" Preſumption I ſhall not be able to en-
" dure, an Attempt my Honour cannot
" bear; never to ſee you will be a queſtion
" for buſie Tongues, and even my own
" Lord will be the firſt to enquire the Oc-
" caſion of ſo much Coldneſs where he has
" allow'd ſo great an Intimacy! The Courſe
" you ſhall take, muſt be, whilſt you ſtay
" in this Court, to live with him as uſual,
" only by degrees, wean your ſelf from that
" Dearneſs which has hitherto been between
" you: See me as ſeldom as Devoir will per-
" mit, but as you value your Life, never
" without Witneſſes; on theſe Terms (ſince

rigid

" rigid Honour and cruel Fate, will not al-
" low me better) I may be brought to en-
" dure living, tho' ſullied by the embraces
" of a Raviſher! diſpoſe of that wicked
" Creature *Charlot*, where I may never ſee
" her more! return me no anſwer but Obe-
" dience! In a Word, prepare to give repoſe
" to my Soul by your immediate departure
" from *Sarmatia*.

WOU'D not all Mankind marry, contin-
nu'd *Charlot*, were they ſure of a Wife with
ſo much addreſs as my Lady? If the married
People are but of Intelligence, they may for
ever ſecure each other; Lord *Cornutus* pre-
ſerv'd *Arethuſa*'s Fame, ſhe in return pre-
vented him from riſquing his Life; ſhe ma-
nag'd him to the Envy of all her Sex, that
is, he lov'd her, did not care to make an
oſtentatious ſquander of his own Perſon and
Valour, and therefore wou'd be manag'd.
He redoubled his Affection, now fully con-
vinced of her Merit, ſince ſhe had Adorers;
others found her Charming! which was a
Conſolation that hit his Humour. But it
was not ſo eaſie to get over the Point, as
to my Particular; ſhe intrigu'd ſo well, as
in diſguiſe, to procure an unſuſpected inter-
view with her *Endymion*, he congratulated
her Eſcape; told her he perfectly underſtood
her Letter; ador'd her Wit and Addreſs;
ſaid, he had took care to keep *Charlot* at a
diſtance, who was impatient of the barba-
rous

rous Aſperſion caſt upon her Reputation! my Lady agreed it was hard, ſhe was much afflicted at it, but there was no alternative; either ſhe muſt fall, or I be imaginarily ſacrific'd! in concluſion, ſhe gave me ſome Preſents, and a tender recommendation to her Highneſs. Prince *Endymion* reinforced it by his Intereſt; the Princeſs has had the goodneſs to hear my Defence, being unwilling to receive a Domeſtick ſo branded, I was oblig'd to make it, before I cou'd have the Honour of her Eſteem or Confidence; and tho' there was ſomething ſo cruel in Lady *Arethuſa*'s Accuſation, that I never ought to forgive her, ſince doubtleſs, the ſame Wit that help'd her to eſcape by involving me, wou'd have furniſh'd her, upon a little Conſideration, with an Excuſe leſs deſtructive to the Reputation of a Domeſtick, who had a no greater Fault, than Compliance and Fidelity to her Service; yet, ſince ſhe has procur'd me the Honour of the Princeſs of *Marſovia*'s, I am tempted to think it an equivalent for the loſs of the greateſt good a Maid can poſſibly poſſeſs.

CHARLOT withdrew, after having modeſtly receiv'd the applauſe of the Company. Let the Exigency by which ſhe was brought, contrary to her Temper, to oblige one Lady, by betraying the Frailties of another, warn the Fair Sex, from any of thoſe tender Criminal Intimacies that force 'em upon the Confi-

Confidence of Domeſticks; they are moſt of them Faithleſs, all of 'em Mercenary and Preſumptuous, when once they have the Honour of the Perſon they ſerve in keeping! reducing thoſe who have the Right of commanding them, to be Servants to their Servant. Mean and ſcandalous Security! a State which gives the Authority from the Miſtreſs to the Slave; takes from her, her Right of reprehending the groſſeſt Fault, even ſuffers her not to reſent, be peeviſh, or out of humour, tho' ſhe be mortally or trivially offended: Neither can the Gold of *Tagus* buy their Gratitude, ſo unreaſonable are they, ſo unconſcionable a rate they ſet upon their Secreſie; nothing, in their imagination, can be an equivalent for performing, what others call, their Duty, forcing thoſe by whom they are truſted, to fear all things whenever they pretend to be diſoblig'd. Happy they who poſſeſs their Soul in Innocence, and have no occaſion for ſuch mean and infamous Dependencies.

LORD *Cornutus*'s compliable Temper, furniſh'd the beautious *Ethelinda*'s Admirers with ſubject for Compariſon; they obſerv'd with wonder, how little jealous he was, yet how fond a Husband. It put 'em in mind of a Hiſtory, where the Husband being ill us'd by his Father, for marrying a beautious Wife without a Dower; had yet the good Fortune to find an old Patrician his Friend,

and he always boasted of it, —— Lord *Cataline* gave me this fine Ring. Lord *Cataline* sent me to see the Comedy, and stay'd to keep my Lady company for fear she should be melancholy whilst I was gone. Lord *Cataline* loves me dearly —— he says I shall have any thing —— Lord *Cataline* lends me Money, tho' my Father will give me none. Lord *Cataline* lay at our House last Night, *&c.* so he does very often, and sends the purest Presents —— he has promis'd to come again to Morrow —— he teaches me all the Fashions —— says I must not lie with my Lady, but ever now and then, especially when his Lordship's there —— because 'tis the Mode to have two Beds. ——

COUNT *St. Girrone* told 'em of an Adventure he was witness to in *Constantinople*, it having pass'd in a House where he was; addressing to the Princess, he began to observe, That Jealousie, as well as all other Passions, differ'd in its effect, according to the Temper of the Person it agitated; thus Love was hot and presumptuous in the bold forward Man, the impatiency of his Humour was generally ascrib'd to his Prepossession, and from thence often receiv'd Applause and Rewards it never merited; That such, when animated by the rougher Passions, as Anger and Jealousie, were oftentime dangerous to converse with; Sorrow and Pity working upon the Melancholy, carried

ried 'em to ſuch a pitch of Mourning and Compaſſion, that the Sanguine cou'd never reach! but whenever theſe Rules were croſs'd, and Nature work'd irregularly to a contradiction of Temper, it generally produc'd fatal Effects. Jealouſie when arrived to Certainty, was either kill'd it ſelf, or kill'd the Perſon whom it animated: In the ſame moment, continu'd the Count, it believes and diſbelieves, admits the greateſt Contradictions, the utmoſt Impoſſibilities: Its very Being is ſupported by Doubts and Imagination: It dies when once it is aſſur'd there was occaſion for it to be born, involving his Parent Love in his Fate! or if as ſometimes, tho' ſeldom, very ſeldom, it ſtill has an Entity, it drags on a wretched Life to the Diſtruction of Reaſon! Senſe! Honour! and ſhortly terminates in an incurable Madneſs! I may very well conclude, that no Condition, no Diſeaſe the Heart of Man can be touch'd with, ſo much deſerves our pity as this.

A YOUNG Gentleman of the *Equeſtrian* Order, named *Rufus* was Married, after being travers'd a thouſand ways in his Amours, to a beautiful Lady of the ſame Rank, call'd *Erminia*. Neceſſity on her Side determin'd her to wed *Rufus*, for ſhe was left with a Fortune diſproportionate to her Birth. Her Face! her Shape! her Dreſs and Mien, ſurpriz'd with Wonder and Delight! ſhe was perfectly Good-natur'd, yet ſo reſerv'd in her

Temper, that that difficulty of Acceſs was often interpreted to what ſhe was not at all guilty of, Pride! eſpecially to thoſe whom ſhe honour'd with an Intimacy; ſhe was ador'd and attempted by moſt of the Men of Gallantry and Quality of *Conſtantinople*, ſought, courted and preſented, for her Favour: She incourag'd none of their Addreſſes, or rather was ſo far from receiving 'em, that ſhe took all wiſe Methods to deſtroy the very firſt Impreſſion her Beauty might make; in the very beginning killing the leaſt Ray of Hope; ſo that we may very well ſay, ſhe did not permit her Charms to ſee what they could do in favour of her Fortune: She had ſo little Vanity, (without ſome 'tis ſaid a young Lady can't be agreeable) they could not prepoſſeſs her, but that all their Deſigns were ignoble; ſhe knew very well that it was very rarely that Women married to advantage without a Dowry, true! ſome few, very few ſucceeded, but not without running a long Expence of Reputation! when the Lover, perhaps, as in the Caſe of *Lucillius*, happen'd to be Owner of leſs Courage than Money, having confeſs'd the Enjoyment of his Miſtreſs to his Friend, what a Figure muſt he make, after a Correſpondence of two Years, to employ this Friend to procure him the endowing Gold, forced to a Marriage by the Brothers of the Bride, againſt his fated Inclination? Nor could *Druſilla*'s

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Succeſs tempt *Erminia* to dally with her Fame. *Druſilla*, who had Courage enough to receive the Addreſſes of that powerful Orator *Carinus*, great in Dignity and Fortune! who had corrupted as many Women as he had byaſs'd Cauſes! he could not converſe with any that did not give him Deſire, nor did he omit any thing, Fraud! Force! Bribery! Vows! Aſſiduity! to compaſs 'em. Involving Heaven! and Earth! Religion! and Principles! in the common Cauſe, the Gratification of his own Inclinations! old in the Arts of ſubduing Beauty, was not *Druſilla* an *Amazon*? Nothing leſs would have ventur'd to have receiv'd and incourag'd the Addreſſes of one born for Conqueſt, ſo greatly remov'd from her narrow Orb! but ſhe had Wit and Management. Something ſhe muſt venture, or ſtill be herſelf, ſtill be little: After an age of Courtſhip, Viſits, and Magnificence, ſhe was not at all ſurpriz'd to hear the World was buſy with her Fame, and brought her Vertue to pay the Expence of that Adoration ſhe had permitted! when ſhe firſt embrark'd, ſhe knew the Price, the Hazzard of ſuch a Voyage, but how to turn it to account was the Criſis of her Wit. *Carinus* had thorough Senſe, Knowledge of Nature, and the World; to have pretended Vertue and Remorſe of her ſide, might have provoked him to laugh at her for a Hypocrite or a Fool! ſhe made it her Buſineſs to charm!

entirely to ſubdue his Heart to hers! to agree her own Humour, her own Senſe to his! to ſhem proud and pleaſed at ſuch Agreements! to perſuade him he was infinitely belov'd, to invent ſucceſſive Entertainments for his Mind and Wit! never to be ſick or idle! tormented with the Head-ach——Vapours——ſo uneaſy——All was gay, all was young and ſmiling, Affairs of State left him no taſte of Pleaſure but what he found at *Druſilla*'s, there he would refreſh after the Fatigue of the Day; there diſmiſs unwieldy Grandeur for eaſy Love! He was now grown great as Oratory could make him, a Favourite of the Empreſs's; one of thoſe that had more important Views than letting *Irene* govern! *Druſilla* therefore took him by his own Reputation! told him, "'Twas time to live "for Fame, ſince he had ſo long for Plea- "ſure! thoſe Delights he had ever been ſo "fond of, were Joys that became his Youth, "common to unthinking Men! But now! "now! that all things by the help of a lit- "tle Regularity were within his Call, why "ſhould he offend by Irregularity? Thoſe "of the Idol-Party, that meant to triumph "over the Orthodox, were to carry it by "the appearance of more Sanctity, more "Moderation, more External, as well as In- "ternal Devotion! this was never to be "compaſs'd to any Degree, the wiſht De- "gree, but by being the firſt in Reputation,

"which

" Which was hopeleſs, whilſt he maintain'd
" ſuch an Intelligence as theirs. Tho' ſhe
" lov'd him dear as Life, or dearer, ſhe was
" willing to be the Sacrifice! to be diſuſed
" the Happineſs of ſeeing him, rather than
" he ſhould give Offence to thoſe who look-
" ed up to Perſons of his Rank, for Rules
" to walk by: 'Twas no more than reſolving
" to ſeparate, the Pain would be only hers.
" Glory! Buſineſs! growing Reputation! of
" which, when he had once taſted the
" Sweets, he would be exceſſively fond, eſpe-
" cially ſince ſo conducive to his End, the
" Graſp of Power! Revenge upon the Ortho-
" dox, and Peace of Conſcience, theſe would
" eaſily wean him from the remembrance
" of a ſimple Woman, whom he might live
" to hate, when once he began throughly to
" conſider how ruinous ſuch a Correſpon-
" dence was to that Glory he ought, as one
" of the Heads of ſo exalted a Cabal, to go
" in ſearch of.

THE Orator was ſo long harrangu'd by *Druſilla*'s inimitable, unexampled Care of his Reputation, that he began to believe he had ſome to loſe, or at leaſt had it in his Power when he pleaſed to gain a good One; the thing was ſhort; a Miſtreſs and ſuch a Reputation were incompatible, but a Wife and Reformation were very conſiſtent: There were too many Delights found about her, to be willing to give 'em all up to the Good of a

Party; to ſtarve one's ſelf to create Plenty to others: He would do as much as any Man with his Appetites could do, which amounted to this, and the Sacrifice was a Hecatomb from him, giving up his Liberty to buy Reputation. Thus was *Druſilla* after ſo many Months Converſation married, and whoever would not believe they had been ever Innocent, were eſteem'd highly uncharitable! ſo unaccountable! ſo prodigious a deference was had to the growing Reputation of this new Devotee! this wonderful Convert, to a politick Religion!

SCANDAL will have it, that *Carinus* proves a miraculous Husband! He has not only Lord *Cornutus*'s Zeal in getting his Wife Adorers, but provides in a ſtricter Senſe againſt thoſe Inconveniencies irremediable in his Lordſhip! As there is a vaſt Diſparity in their Age, he admits there muſt be as great a one in Inclination: To ſhow his lovely *Druſilla* that he would have her live, not only for himſelf, he indulges Hers, and in a manner ſo very extraordinary, that if I'm not miſtaken, 'twill not be long before the Curtain's drawn, and the Town entertain'd with a Scene wherein more than themſelves are Actors! as diverting as new!—— as reaſonable as natural! I could never yet find by what Charter Husbands have pretended to confine their Wives from a Diverſion they do not ſcruple to take themſelves!

ſelves! *Carinus* is advancing a new ſyſtem, a manner of drawing, that will render the Yoak much leſs galling on the ſide of the Ladies; for which they ought to ſet up his Statue in the Temple of *Juno*, and introduce it with Divine Honours, when they perform the Myſteries of the good Goddeſs.

ERMINIA was not Miſtreſs of thoſe Arts, that muſt neceſſarily be us'd in ſuch an Affair as *Druſilla*'s, tender and modeſt, humble and unambitious, ſhe ſought ſome little Eſtabliſhment where her Fame might be ſhelter'd, ſomething anſwerable to her low Fortune rather than her Birth. When *Rufus* preſented himſelf, his firſt Propoſal was Marriage rather than Admiration; indeed the latter muſt be but a Conſequence of the former, where their Circumſtances were ſo diſproportionate. *Rufus* had a Face handſome without Exception, had his Teeth prov'd more regular, but in recompence they were conceal'd by the reddeſt Lips, with a moſt agreeable Smile. His Shape, as it wanted of the Polite, had nothing groſs, or to be diſliked; perhaps his Air and Manner was not ſo much in faſhion as thoſe that live at Court. *Erminia* was nice, her Heart felt not any Call to this Hymen: *Rufus* his Temper was ſedate, flegmatick, good-humour'd, ſo far as not to be eaſily put into a Paſſion. No talker, a Man of excellent Reading, good Diſgeſtion and Senſe: He had

ſcarce

ſcarce ever ſhewn an *empreſſment* for any Thing, 'till *Erminia*'s Charms had found the way to a Heart hitherto eſteem'd inacceſſible. Solid, ſerious was his Converſation; Talents not ſo eaſie to make way to the Wiſhes of the Fair, but *Erminia*'s ſweet and graceful Temper, was in proſpect to make 'em very happy; and doubtleſs they had been ſo, had not the intermedling hand of Chance, thrown an unfortunate Circumſtance between.

THERE was a Man of Quality, the ſecond Son of a Patrician, nam'd *Silanus*, who was a Relation of *Rufus*'s; his Perſon without a Fault, his manner a Faſhion to others; an Air of lofty Grandeur, ſomething departing from a Court, not to be found in *Rufus*, nor but in very few! He had the Reputation of being the haughtieſt Man in the World, in reſpect of Love; he look'd on the Ladies not with Indifference only, but Contempt, as to all occaſions that ſeem'd to demand the Heart. His good Breeding ſecur'd him againſt any offence to Decency, but all beyond, was not *Silanus*'s Province. *Rufus* had invited him to ſee his Bride, but the little Inclination he felt for the Sex, defended him a long time from the Viſit. *Erminia* had heard much of him, and had ſome impatiency to ſee a Man of his Character, a Character ſo new to her as Indifferency! for as yet, none had ever approach'd her, but either

ther were, or affected to be ſenſible; 'tis a Theme for Converſation, what can one talk to Ladies? They know not Oratory, Philoſophy, Geography, and the Languages! Scandal indeed is an inexhauſtible Subject, but it ſeems more appropriated to the Old, from whom Charms are departed; 'tis a Dæmon by which their *Ruels* are perpetually haunted; not but the Young love it as well, but they have not ſo much leiſure, much of their Time being employ'd in making, and diſmiſſing Conqueſts; in puniſhing and rewarding; in ſmiles and frowns: A young Beauty with never ſo little averſion to Idleneſs, may find full employment about her ſelf, but then ſuch Indifferents as *Silanus* muſt not make her Train. He ſaw fine Eyes without ſeeing! the moſt perfect ſymmetry of Beauty was no Harmony to him! He diſdain'd to Love! like a Brute prompted by Inſtinct: He follow'd the rude dictates of Nature, and poſſeſs'd without approving! This uſed to be his Boaſt among his own Sex. As for the other, he took care to be ſeldom among them, unleſs it were with thoſe humble obedient Creatures that are to be bought; to whom his proud Soul needed no other Language to ſpeak in, but Money, diſmiſs'd the next moment with the Contempt they deſerve: Scandal to the Sex! Infamous ſubject of Offence! even to thoſe who are ſo frail as to be Lovers!

RUFUS

RUFUS made ſmall progreſs towards gaining the Heart of his lovely Bride; it ſeem'd guarded with inacceſſible Coldneſs; a Mountain of Snow, whoſe Summet the Fates had forbid him to aſcend! tho' he did not want Love, he did Addreſs; or being become a Husband, poſſibly he thought he had no occaſion for it; not conſidering that in the Young, the Heart is ſeldom unemploy'd, the God of Love does not long permit a *vacuum!* ſooner or later it muſt be fill'd! 'Tis not the Region of Idleneſs! happy they who in the diſpoſal are ſo fortunate to meet with one Deſerving.

ERMINIA's Temper had always defended her Virtue! Cold, and Uninterprizing! She liv'd the Life of Reaſon, not Paſſion! contented with her Husband, but undelighted! free from Pain, tho' not in Pleaſure! and thus ſhe had poſſibly waſted her Days in a calm Tranquility, inoffenſive, tho' not commendable! had not the Deſtinies ſpun her Thred from off the black Diſtaff of Adverſity, as well as that of *Rufus*'s, and ſent to her, hitherto, undeſiring Eyes, the well-made haughty *Silanus*. *Rufus* gave an Entertainment, whence (having been before ſo often invited) he cou'd not any longer defer going to pay him the Marriage-Compliment. *Erminia* expected the proud Indifferent with a mien agreeable to his; there was ſo much the appearance of it

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in her manner, where ſhe was not yet acquainted, that it coſt her little to aſſume it to her new Relation. Conſcious of the Beauty of his Form, which always drew him the neglected Eyes and Regards of the Fair Sex, he was piqu'd to ſee the lovely Bride with ſo cold an Air, rather paſs over, than ſtay to conſider him. Behold, Madam, the caprichio of our Sex, her Froſt had the Art of inflaming, and put *Silanus* upon thoſe advances he had never been guilty of before. He vouchſaf'd to view her Charms, nay, to commend 'em; after a little time he purſu'd the Theme, even with exaggeration. Muſt we all doat on Contradictions? Cold *Erminia*, who yet had never known Deſire, was caught by the favourable Diſtinction, and in a Word, open'd her Ears, to receive his Praiſes! her Eyes, to ſurvey his Perſon! and her Vanity to reliſh thoſe Adulations, which at once poiſon'd and delighted! becauſe ſhe had often been aſſur'd, *Silanus* had never beſtow'd his Cares upon any of the Sex before.

I Cou'd make a Novel of their Adventure, Madam, were it not for wearying your Highneſs; I will therefore paſs over thoſe that lead to the Cataſtrophy, of which I was an unhappy Witneſs: Be pleas'd to conclude *Silanus* laying a Siege to *Erminia*'s Vertue, and *Erminia* violently in Love with *Silanus*! Pride and Paſſion gave her new and

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unknown Pleaſure in his Vows and Adoration. How weak is the line of Vertue, when once in the powerful Hand of Love? How ſlender the ſeparation between Inclination and Indulgence? How dangerous to hear the Muſick of the *Syren*? How difficult not to be Charm'd? *Erminia*, who had refus'd the advantagious Vows and Proffers of the Great and Rich; after a long Conflict, ſunk to a Rendevouz with the proud *Silanus*, contrary to Duty, and nothing elſe in proſpect but Love and Ruin.

I MUST never believe that *Erminia*'s Charms had ſubdu'd the native Brute in *Silanus*, or that he was any other ways ſtung by Love, than as prompted by Deſire; elſe he would have took more care of the Reputation of her he pretended to Love, than on any Terms, to bring her, tho' Veil'd, to a common Houſe of Pleaſure upon the *Aſian* Shore; or when there, to be ſo affectedly Tranſported, I may ſay Diſtracted, or Thoughtleſs, or Careleſs of her, and the fatal Conſequence, to keep her three Days and Nights, from returning home! I was diverting my ſelf in that very Houſe, with ſome young Noblemen, (where we came for the Pleaſure of the Air, and Converſation of certain Ladies, whom we had perſuaded to paſs the Evening with us) when we were ſurpriz'd by a loud and confus'd Noiſe above Stairs, Shrieks and the cry of Murder. We ran

ran up, and found a Bed-Chamber with a lovely Lady upon the ſide of the Bed, weltring in the Blood of one that was murder'd in it! Near her ſtood a Gentleman all inrag'd, with his fatal Sword up-lifted, ready to ſend her after the Soul that was fled before; we immediately diſarm'd him, and ſent for the Officers of Juſtice. Never was any Man ſo agitated by Grief as *Rufus* appear'd to be: He threw himſelf upon the Floor in ſuch Agonies, that one would believe it impoſſible to bear and live. He loudly told his Misfortunes, appeal'd to the lovely Sinner before him, for all the Benefits he had heap'd upon her: It ſeems coming home to go to Bed, the firſt Night of her Abſence; Jealouſy (to which he had never before been inclin'd) enter'd his Breaſt with that inexplicable Rage and Fury, as ſcarce left any Partition to divide it from Madneſs! In the Morning it encreas'd, if properly that may be ſaid to encreaſe, which already has gain'd the utmoſt height! It left him not the leaſt uſe or ray of Reaſon, like a thirſty flaſh of Lightning that in a moment drinks the Stream, and leaves the Channel dry: So was *Rufus*'s Blood inflam'd, ſo it boil'd, it raged! contrary to the Practice of his Life, that had not been ſeen to move above the common; even Anger and the greateſt Provocation, had ſcarce Power to ruffle the Serenity of his Temper! But the Love he felt for *Erminia*,

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gave Birth to a new Nature in him: It carried him to ſuch an Extremity, as if violent Jealouſy were inborn, not accidentally conceived! He ſearch'd for her in all Places! enquir'd of Relations! Friends! Acquaintance for his Wife! told all the World that ſhe was miſſing, and in what manner! you may gueſs at his Prepoſſeſſion by his Diſcretion: He caus'd matter of Laughter among thoſe, who never believe the beſt of young handſome Ladies. In ſhort, the next Day and Night paſs'd, and no News of his *Erminia*, he had yet much to ſuffer, much Spirits to exhale, before he cou'd be deſtroy'd by Jealouſy! The Violence with which it began, preſag'd it would be fatal. He had often examin'd *Erminia*'s Maid, ſhe deny'd that ſhe knew any thing of her Lady, but was afraid ſhe was Murder'd: *Rufus* his tormented Soul, laugh'd at that vain Imagination, not ſo happy to believe, ſhe was with any but a Lover; he at length aſſur'd himſelf, That Creature muſt know ſomething relating to her Miſtreſſes abſence. He lock'd her in an upper Chamber, where her Cries could not be heard, took his Poinard, and ſwore he wou'd kill her, if ſhe did not tell were ſhe believ'd his Wife was gone; the Servant affrighted, and unwilling to dye, (few in theſe Days are Martyrs to their Truſt and Duty) confeſs'd that *Erminia* told her, when ſhe went out, that ſhe was going to meet *Silanus*, but promis'd

mis'd to return in a few Hours! Even the certainty of his Diſgrace and Suſpicions could not aſſwage *Rufus*'s two Devourers, Love! and Jealouſie! however, he ſmooth'd his ſtarting Hair! unbent his furrow'd Brow! and recall'd, as much as was in his Power, the appearance of his former Serenity; the ſweet hopes of Revenge aſſiſted him in his Diſſimulation; by Stratagem he muſt find where was this infamous Relation that had ſo ſenſibly outraged him: He went immediately to his Houſe, but was told he was out of Town, he feign'd Buſineſs of the greateſt Importance: *Silanus*'s Favourite-Slave knowing the Kindred and Friendſhip between 'em (but ignorant that it was *Erminia* who was with his Maſter) told him, in a ſhort Whiſper, that he believ'd his Maſter would not be angry for acquainting him, tho' the Orders were poſitive for all, he would run the hazzard of his Anger, becauſe the Affair ſeem'd by his Earneſtneſs, to be of Moment; in a Word, he told him *Silanus* was diverting himſelf, according to Cuſtom, with ſome She Sinner, at ſuch a Houſe, and had left Word with him, if any thing happen'd of extraordinary, to come and enquire for him by a Token: The Slave added, if *Rufus* would be pleaſed to have Patience, 'till his return, he would ingage to bring him back his Maſter's Commands. The inraged Husband told him, 'twas no matter, he could ſtay, adding

with a forced Smile, he gueſs'd the Lady his Couſin was happy with, and would not diſturb him, becauſe he ſhould be unwilling to be ſerv'd ſo himſelf; the Slave was very eaſy, believing he had done nothing contrary to his Duty; he had ſeldom known *Silanus* nice in the Reputation of his Women, becauſe indeed, he had never given himſelf the Trouble to converſe with thoſe that had any.

BEHOLD the Conſequence of this Slave's Indiſcretion, he had given *Rufus* the means to enter his Maſter's Chamber unſuſpected, he had ignorantly arm'd his Hand with inevitable Fate, brought him to the very Bedſide of his Rival, where without any Expoſtulation he profited of the Advantage, and ſtab'd him with repeated Strokes! *Erminia* was not in Bed, but ſitting by her Lover, who did not ſurvive his firſt Wound! She ſhriek'd, fell down upon his Body in a Swoon, which gave a Moments time for Love to interpoſe, in favour of her, to her Husband! he appear'd like the Statue of Rage, going to perform, he ſeem'd to threaten all things yet immoveable, without Power of executing any thing. In this Agony we came to his Relief; the lovely *Erminia* recover'd from her Swoon, veiling her Face, ſhe haſted to throw herſelf with Precipitancy and Woe at the Feet of her offended Husband! there one might behold what weak Machines we are!

are! how mov'd by every Hand, toſs'd by Rage! Love! Jealouſie! all the Paſſions! nor can Reaſon ever be heard 'till their Glut be anſwer'd! But here fantaſtick Madneſs! wild Anarchy! preſided over the Heart and Motions of *Rufus!* no ſooner did he ſee that lovely Criminal at his Feet, but he ſtarted up to raiſe her! no ſooner was ſhe rais'd, but he unveil'd her Face! beholding her Tears he immediately caſt himſelf upon her Eyes, to drink 'em with his Sighs and Kiſſes! then a moment after, as if recall'd by cruel Remembrance, he threw her from him! call'd her Baſe——abominable——all that was deſpicable——But ſtill we ſaw, he thought her charming——Women beloved can do all Things! very few go the Lengths they may, becauſe they have not Heat and Courage enough to prove how much they are belov'd! 'tis to their Modeſty in asking, we owe the Grace that we ſo ſeldom grant, but what is fit to be granted! did they but dare demand as much as we durſt beſtow, what Beggars! what Villains ſhould we be! how great in Obedience! how humble our Slavery! how abſolute our Miſtreſs's Dominion! But then when ſated, nothing ſo ſettled, ſo compoſed, as immoveable as Metal after the Flux! which degenerates into a fix'd Coldneſs, we may add in humane Bodies, Averſion: Then be it confeſs'd, Madam, that there's nothing worthy

in our nobleſt Paſſions! 'tis only for our ſelves we love another! the Impulſe being Involuntary, well may the Conſequences be ſuch! But when once the Infatuation is over! what deadned ungrateful Wretches are we! how ſeldom brought to do a generous Thing! nay how baſe! we loath the very Perſon once ſo wonderfully bewitching! ſhun as our evil Genius, what before only influenced our Deſtiny! and never willingly regard, what we would wiſh eternally to avoid!

ERMINIA pretended not to interpoſe her Innocence. She anſwer'd only with her Tears! 'till the Officers of Juſtice came, when ſhe beg'd not to be divided from her Huſband! ſhe was willing to endure his Rage and Reproaches, as a ſmall Expiation of the Miſchiefs ſhe had occaſion'd! In a Word, *Caſar's* Sentence and Pardon were favourable to the injur'd Husband, and his raſh Murder of *Silanus* call'd a juſt Oblation to violated Honour; add that they were all Relations who were to proſecute, amongſt which none were found of ſo much Malice, or ſo little Vertue, to eſpouſe the Cauſe of the guilty Deceaſed, to the Prejudice of the innocent and injur'd Living.

HAD I given your Highneſs a weaker Idea of *Rufus*'s Paſſion for *Erminia*, you might have juſtly expected a total Separation after ſo manifeſt a Conviction; but alas! too much a Lover to regard what he ow'd the

the Husband, he became quite Bankrupt to Fame and Honour; yet muſt it be confeſs'd, he refin'd upon Revenge, and perſecuted *Erminia* much more effectually than any thing but his Reproaches could have done! I had heard his Sorrows with an Air of Tenderneſs and Compaſſion, in Conſequence, I ingaged Count *Martel* in his Service, who ſollicited *Cæſar* to his Advantage; this ſo far won upon his grateful Heart, that he perpetually acknowledg'd it, and would often viſit me. Obſerving my Attention, he uſed to repeat the Story of his Woes: *Erminia* convinced of my Deſire and Wiſh to ſee him eaſie! conjur'd me often to favour him with my Company. The Extravagance and Novelty of *Rufus*'s Paſſions, the two Extreams of Love and Jealouſie both ſubſiſting after Conviction, was what drew my Curioſity.

ERMINIA humbled by her Tranſgreſſion, full of native ſincerity, and well-taught Truth! anſwer'd all her Husbands jealous Interrogatories; gueſs at his Madneſs, it could even deſcend to Particulars, he would hear from her ſelf what moved her to abuſe his Bed; ſhe anſwer'd, "She was ſway'd "by an Impulſe irreſiſtible; ſhe thought "and fear'd 'twas Love, becauſe ſhe had "never been ſenſible of any ſuch Emotion, "ſuch a Tendency! ſuch a Violence! but "in favour of *Silanus*—— Love-- he wou'd "dwell upon the afflicting Sound--- Was it

" poſſible he ſhould be ſo curſt, to have his " *Erminia* love another?——After a ſufficient Pauſe, he wou'd return to the Aſſault, ſearching for new Matter to diſtract! and peremptorily demanded to be ſatisfied in all the Particulars of their deteſtable Amour, *&c.* 'Twas vain for her to beſeech him not to carry things to ſuch a height. There is a greater diſtreſs of Modeſty in repeating, than acting; tho' indeed it be a falſe diſtreſs, in which real Modeſty has no part; for That having been outrag'd before, may be ſaid to be then flown off! What remains in the place of her, is nothing but Shame-facedneſs, at knowing our Crimes divulged! Yet whatever reluctance *Erminia* had, ſhe was condemn'd to obey; and whether true or falſe, gave him ſuch an account of paſſing their Time as is in uſe with fortunate Lovers. She had not learnt to diſſemble, 'till afterwards inſtructed by his Jealouſie, for his Eaſe! The Confeſſion ſhe had made, rack'd to ſuch a degree, the little remainder of his Senſe, Life was become inſupportable to him! he repeated theſe unlucky Circumſtances to ſuch Relations with whom they convers'd: At length, quite beyond himſelf, to gain a moments eaſe, he wou'd flatter his Heart, 'twas all untrue, and *Erminia* had only told him things to puniſh him for his Jealouſie, and the Death of *Silanus*; pleas'd with this thought, he wou'd indulge

dulge it, and ask'd my Opinion, if I did not think it poſſible for a Man and Woman to paſs three Days and Nights in a Chamber, made commodious by a Bed, without wronging the Marriage-Vow? I told him, to be ſure, 'twas poſſible, and quoted him ſeveral Examples that came into my Head. I further encouraged the Lady to deny whatever was confeſs'd before; ſhe cou'd not in a long time gain the Aſſurance, not once preſuming that her Husband wou'd believe her. I adviſ'd her to try: She became bold in a Cauſe that had the Face of Vertue; and ſince it was to ſooth his Madneſs in its own way, ſhe attempted it with ſuch Succeſs, that he grew to fancy her Innocent; ſhe told him, ſhe was ſo, from all actual Impurity; true, ſhe went to the Rendezvous, *Silanus* carried her to that Houſe, under the pretence of eating Fruit, but when Night came, he wou'd not ſuffer her to depart without beſtowing upon him what was only due to her Husband: This engaged them in long Diſputes, he vow'd ſhe ſhou'd never return without paying his Price; if he cou'd not poſſeſs her Perſon, he wou'd revenge himſelf upon her Fame, and never let her go 'till ſhe had bleſt him to his Wiſh; which when he ſaw her determin'd againſt, he faſten'd the Door, made himſelf inſenſible to all her Prayers and Tears, went to Bed, and left her to paſs the Night

in her Cloaths upon the Bed-ſide, or in any other part of the Room; in this Condition he was reſolved to try if he cou'd weary her out, and when ſhe wou'd take part of none of thoſe Refreſhments that were brought, the inhuman Creature, laugh'd at her Reſolution, and told her he ſhou'd however ſhortly have her dead, ſince ſhe deny'd her ſelf to him whilſt living.

As ridiculous and improbable as this Story was, poor *Rufus* for his eaſe became willing to believe it; then was he ſeen as induſtrious to clear *Erminia*'s Fame, as formerly to aſperſe it, telling this latter Invention to thoſe whom he had before entertain'd with the reality: They pitied his Diſeaſe, and lamented the wretched Occaſion that had reduc'd a Man of his Senſe and Letters, to ſo deſpicable ſo forlorn a Condition! In ſhort, he liv'd ſome Months, in a State as wretched as the Damn'd! he fell at length to drinking, to drown his Cares in the *Lethe* of *Bacchus*; and to his wiſh inflam'd his Blood, ſo well before prepar'd by Jealouſie, that with only a Fever of three Days length he dy'd, and left nothing of his Eſtate from the too much beloy'd *Erminia!* Soon after the fatal Infection had ſeiz'd him, there was a ſettled blackneſs the compaſs of three Inches diameter about his Heart; which gave Occular Proof of the agitation he felt within, in ſo many Months courſe it never diſappear'd!

pear'd! I muſt add, to my relation, that he was ſcarce ever known to nod, never to ſleep, or forget himſelf, in all that Time! 'till in Death he went in ſearch of everlaſting Reſt!

YOUR Story has made me Melancholy, anſwer'd the Princeſs, I am too apt to be infected by ſuch Ideas! wretched *Erminia!* how has ſhe ſince led her Life? with Honour, Madam, if your Highneſs will not rank your ſelf on the ſide of thoſe Inhumans, that pretend there is no return to Vertue, anſwer'd the Count, when a Lady has once deviated from her Path: There is doubtleſs great diſtinction to be made, interrupted the *Prior*, for thoſe prepoſſeſſions that depart from great Paſſions; from a ſettled habit in Vice, and a bare ſtart; ſuch I reckon was *Erminia's*. I knew a Perſon at *Conſtantinople*, a Phyſician, ſpoke *Albinus*, who was married to a very fine Wife, his Name was *Gallenicus*, a Man of a moſt abject Form, when compared to *Herſilia's*. By a long Friendſhip, upon his dying Bed, he had got her Father's conſent, but never hers; beſides, ſhe brought him a Fortune twice as large as his circumſtances merited. After the Nuptials, he carried her to the Hot Baths at *Pruſſia*, proud of her Beauty, and infinitely vain of the Conqueſt which he preſum'd he had made of it; but alas! there was nothing of it his, but what ſhe cou'd not withold from him; I may ven-

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ture to aſſure your Highneſs that her Heart was guiltleſs of his Dominion.

No ſooner did *Herſilia*'s majeſtick Beauty appear upon the Terras, but all crouded to gaze; the Men to wonder, the Women, as uſual, to find Defects! her Height! her Shape! her killing black Eyes! lovely Form! thoſe congregated Charms that ſo rarely unite in one! made her the adoration of the whole Aſſembly! ſhe ſwept the Walks along with Troops of Lovers! and cou'd reckon in her Train to the laſt Man! the moſt prepoſſeſs'd found a corner in their Hearts for *Herſilia!* ſhe fir'd the Ladies with Jealouſie, and they her Husband; who tho' at firſt, fond of that applauſe which he believ'd reflected back upon himſelf, as maſter of ſuch Charms; yet perceiving that air of Diſlike, which in ſpight of her ſelf, ſhe cou'd not forbear treating him with, he began to conſider the Folly he had ſhewn to bring her into a Place where ſhe was made ſo well acquainted with her Beauty! All the young *Patricians*, *Equite*, and others, immediately made their Court to *Gallenicus*. Had he been of a Humour to have ſhar'd the leaſt part of his Wife, he had certainly made a good Market; one or other found a Pretence of perpetual Indiſpoſition to conſult their Phyſician, they wou'd even ſend in their Meat to eat with him, that they might perpetually be under his Eye, concerning

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that regularity in Diet which upon any ſlight complaint a Doctor will oblige 'em to. *Gallenicus* made *Herſillia* partake of all, that is, he found ſhe was pleas'd with it, and was not yet Jealous and ill Humour'd enough to contradict it; at length he muſt depart, to attend the Health of a *Patrician* of the firſt Rank at *Conſtantinople*; the occaſion was ſo urgent he cou'd not ſtay to take *Herſillia* with him, but left her in charge with one that he imagin'd his beſt Friend; this Confidence was ſo far rallied by the reſt, thoſe who envied the Advantage they cou'd not obtain, that *Gallenicus*, at his return, found Libels upon their intimacy. *Herſillia* like moſt diſingag'd great Beauties, was not diſpleas'd at the Homage pay'd her; ſhe advanc'd towards the Land of *Coquetry*, and had perhaps arrived there, as 'tis very hard to withold from entring that flattering Country; when *Gallenicus* retrench'd all her Liberties, grew peeviſh! angry! provok'd at thoſe *Patricians* that wou'd viſit and eat with him whether he wou'd or no! quarrel'd with his Friend! took home his Wife! lock'd her up! deny'd her Neceſſaries! attempted her Life! which ſhe narrowly ſav'd by Flattery, Perſuaſion and Tears!

GALLENICUS amidſt all his Rage, Jealouſie and ill Humour, cou'd not object any thing againſt her that was actually Criminal, but ſhe was handſome, and he was otherwiſe!

wiſe! ſhe lov'd to be admir'd! 'twas impoſſible to ſee her and not to do it! and therefore ſhe muſt ſuffer! This villainous Husband carried his Perſecutions ſo far, that ſhe was every Night in fear of being murder'd! all the Day reproach'd, thwarted, and ſtarved, ſo that ſhe had no other relief, but Flight! ſhe came Incognito to *Conſtantinople*; but apply'd her ſelf to none of thoſe ſhe had conquer'd, ſhe even avoided opportunities of being ſeen, but ſhut up her ſelf in a wretched Lodging to work at Embroidery for her Bread! thus wearing away that beautiful Youth of hers, in Solitude and Penury! a full conviction of her Virtue! for where might ſhe not have blaz'd, if ſhe had but call'd her Charms to heighten her Circumſtances? The Brute was at laſt perſuaded by her Relations, to aſſign ſome ſmall part of her own Fortune, with which ſhe lives in humble Solitude; thoroughly mortify'd to the whole Sex by the ill uſage of one, to whom, upon any conſideration ſhe wou'd never be brought to return.

WHOEVER has liv'd but a little time in the World, anſwer'd the Princeſs, ſeeing *Albinus* had done ſpeaking, muſt have obſerv'd the extravagancies of Jealouſie, as well as the ill effects! I remember whilſt I was yet young, I went upon a Viſit to a certain Lady, whoſe Lodgings look'd upon a part of the City very much frequented; my Eyes, like

like moſt young Peoples, were perpetually at the Windows; at ſome noiſe in the Street, I ran with precipitation, and was going to open 'em; ſhe ſtept to me, and in ſtopping me, beg'd me to maſter my Curioſity, for the Bird wou'd fly out: The Story was this: Her Husband was jealous of her gazing, and had got a Bird to fly about thoſe Rooms that regarded the Street, ſhou'd ſhe open the Windows, 'twas gone; when ſhe had confeſs'd this to me, I muſt own my Spleen roſe againſt the Wretch, her Tormentor: Tho' his Wife was a fine Woman, and he a Brute, ſhe had never been known to caſt a glance that might not have been warranted by the Goddeſs of Virtue her ſelf! I took it in to my Head to enrage the jealous Thing, tho' by a piece of Cruelty to the little Animal: The Bird wou'd come to Hand for Food; I got it, and pretended to be very fond, at laſt ſet it upon the red hot Stand where the Fire was, the Feet clung to the Metal as if by chance, and there the dear Creature was, by inhumane Me, roaſted to death! Monſieur came in to ſee the Cataſtrophy of his truſty Centinel, not very well pleas'd at its Fate, but he durſt not mutter before me, whether he believ'd Chance or Deſign had occaſion'd its Deſtiny.

YET we muſt own, anſwer'd *Albinus*, tho' our Sex are ſometimes jealous without a Cauſe, yours are not always Innocent; nay,

ſo

ſo well you can maſque your Sentiments, that oftentimes we know not what to believe. I was one Day ſeeing a repreſentation at the Amphitheater; I think 'twas a Comedy of *Meanders*, and one of the moſt modeſt: There ſat before me two Ladies, one of 'em gave her ſelf ſuch ſenſible Airs, at the leaſt *double entender* ſhe was out of her ſelf! I could not behold her but as one prodigiouſly affected! If the leaſt thing were advanc'd, tho' in never ſuch decent Terms, that tended to the Rites of Love, this ſame *Prude* was in a Flame, ſo cover'd with Indignation! ſo ſinking with Shame —— Jeſu —— Lady *Tullia*, ſhrouding her Face —— did you ever know any thing like this? —— my Gud ——, Lady *Tullia*, do'n't you die with bluſhing? —— 'Tis inſupportable —— Lurd, Lady *Tullia* — how does one do to be ſo indifferent? —— Heavens! Lady *Tullia*, Can any one hear this, and not be ſhock'd? —— I enquired their Character; next me ſate an informing Friend, who aſſur'd me, *That* vertuous Lady in appearance, was far from being cruel, unleſs in the effects of her Favours: As to his part, ſhe had made him ſuch Advances, that he cou'd not but comply, tho' ſhe were not handſom, and his Heart pre-poſſeſs'd for another: He viſited and was well receiv'd, they continued their Correſpondence for ſome time, 'till he found certain ill Conſequences to his Health, which ſhe had the

Brave-

Bravery to deny with prodigious Aſſurance, tho' 'twas well known her ill Conduct had occaſion'd ſo violent a Jealouſie in her Husband, that he ſtab'd her one Day as they lay in Bed, and had repeated the Stroak, had ſhe not ſwore ten thouſand Oaths never to ſee the Gameſter again! Yet is this the Lady of nice pretended Honour, ſhe that uſurps ſuch prodigious Airs of Severity, and in my hearing too! Behold Lady *Tullia*, that's with her, how calm! how unconcerned ſhe is! not alarm'd! nor ſeeking for falſe Explanations! the difference is, ſhe is truly innocent and vertuous, the other but feignedly ſo!

AMIDST the many Examples to be brought of Jealouſy, we may obſerve, as in the Caſe of this Lady (who had felt her Husbands Indignation in ſo remarkable a Manner) that there are generally Faults on both ſides, either a deſparity of Age or Charms, a *Coquet* Humour, or direct Abuſe: We agree that very much lies in the Temper of the Perſon Infected. Lord *Phylarcus* had been one of the Vaineſt, moſt Amorous! moſt Succeſsful of the Youth! without Beauty, Senſe, Wit, or any thing but a modiſh empty Addreſs, the conſequence of Court Converſation, the Priviledge and Advantage of ſuch who are of his Rank, without which, his Shape excepted, he had had nothing tolerable. He was highly debauched, prophanely irreligi-

ligious! even to defiling the Church! affronting its Priests! and ridiculing its Worship! notoriously abusing with obscene Mirth and ridiculous Violence, those who came to offer their Devotion! In his Morals void of Gratitude, Sincerity, or the Profession of any Principles; yet so unwearied was his Diligence, that he had receiv'd, what is call'd the last Favour, from more Women, than one wou'd have thought cou'd have barely esteem'd him; and which was still unpardonable, he did it not so much to gratifie his Desire, as his Vanity! He first began at home in his own Family, but when once the Amour was discover'd, and the *Patrician* and his Lady parted, he rid himself of that Affair, because he said, he suspected a Rival, but indeed the Discovery being made, and the Lady blasted, the Pleasure of it was over with him.

THUS successively were five of Fashion exposed and undone, besides a number of the inferior Fry, who serv'd only to swell the Catalogue of his Conquests. Tho' but six and twenty by his notorious Excesses, already drawn down to the dregs of Fourscore. He began to find himself alone, at an Age when ones Conversation is most desir'd; so well he had laid about him, with that Industry and Success, (the Pretence of ungovernable Love attoning with his Mistresses for his Indiscretion) that no Amour of his was

ever

ever a Secret, no ſooner was he happy but the Town knew who made him ſo. He became a Proverb, a Rock, upon which the Ladies began to be cautious of ſuffering Shipwreck! They would no longer admit of his Addreſſes. He had neither Senſe, Learning, nor even common Reading, to fit him for the Converſation of the Men! His very Companions in Debauchery wou'd no more of him, his Conſtitution was already broken, no longer could he make any juſt Claim to the gay exceſſes of Love and Wine! Forſaken and alone! He had no other Refuge but in Marriage; a State he had ever ridicul'd, and to his Power corrupted! His choice was one of the Empreſs's Maids, who with a paſſable Face, had a Spirit of Government and Thrift, that beſpoke admirable hopes of a good Oeconomiſt, a Talent requiſite for Lord *Phylarcus*'s needy Fortune.

THEY were no ſooner Married, but Jealouſy made a third; not, as one might ſuppoſe, of the ſide of the worn-out Youth, juſt Wedded to one who thought her ſelf a fine Court-Lady, full of Airs and Affectations, careſs'd as new Brides generally are, by all thoſe who durſt not allow themſelves the liberty of Addreſs, whilſt the rate ran ſo high as Matrimony! A Wife has a larger train of *Cupid*'s revelling in her Eyes, than a Virgin; ſhe deals more Wounds, but then in return 'tis hoped ſhe diſpenſes a greater

quantity of Balm! But this was not the Caſe between Lord *Phylarcus* and his Lady; he was ſtill as opiniated of himſelf as ever, he diſdain'd to think the Charms of another could darken his! Not ſo with the Bride, knowing the Age of her Lord, and comparing his *Efforts*, ſhe imagin'd he had other Ingagements! That ſhe poſſeſs'd neither his Heart nor Perſon entire! Alas! this was an Evil without Redreſs! What could the degenerate Youth produce in anſwer to her uninterrmitting Reproaches? To tell her ſhe was the only Beloved! the only Perſon he thought Charming! was ſpeaking to the Winds! full-blown Jealouſy diſpers'd ſuch empty Aſſeverations. "It was not cold Indifference ſhe "ſaid, for which ſo many Ladies had doated "on him, the Defects of Age in Youth; no! "no! Women were ſeldom fond of being "undone for out-ſide Addreſs! to brave Huſ-"bands! Relations! Senſe of Glory! for a "ſoft Tale, only the Harrangue of Love! "There muſt be ſomething more Solemn, "which he with-held from her, though his "lawful Wife; her Embraces! her Rites! "were beſtow'd upon ſome ſecret, lurking, "unknown Wanton! But ſhe ſhould be "found to to the Confuſion of all his falſe "Oaths, barren Aſſeverations, and feign'd "Careſſes!

THUS was *Phylarcus* inceſſantly teiz'd by this jealous Fury! She left him no Repoſe, the

the Night was guiltleſs of Sleep, as the Day of Reſt: Whatever Woman came to viſit 'em, ſhe perpetually watch'd their Eyes, their Words, their Geſtures, all was Fewel to her combuſtible Diſeaſe! He wiſh'd a thouſand times he had never married; better to be for ever alone, than in ſuch tormenting Converſation. He was innocent, and therefore thought his Deſtiny ſo much the more cruel! He had no Affections, but for his Wife! but alas! whilſt things were as they were, whilſt ſhe was fir'd by Jealouſie, and he frozen by Nature! how cou'd he convince? 'Twas in vain to aſſure her that he had regard for none but her ſelf; ſhe made Intimacies with all her new-married Relations and Acquaintance, to learn Circumſtances, by which ſhe might make Compariſons; here inſtead of being reliev'd, ſhe was but the more aggriev'd! fir'd with additional Rage! additional Suſpicion! nay, Certainty! ſhe return'd to the Onſet, reproach'd! threatn'd! wept! fawn'd! flatter'd! did all that was poſſible for an artful Woman to draw the Secret, of what ſhe imagin'd, her Misfortune: She diſcarded all his Servants, put new ones about him, then upon the leaſt approbation of their Service from her Lord, they were again diſplac'd! ſcarce any remain'd a Week; ſhe open'd all his Letters, (which, abſtracted from his immediate Affairs, were not many) for who

of any Senſe, wou'd converſe with him? he always expos'd the Ladies who writ to him, and expos'd himſelf by writing to the Men! So that few deſir'd a Commerce ſo dangerous and inſipid. But this did not ſatisfie the Lady, ſhe was ſure ſhe was injur'd, and wou'd never give over her Search, ſtill reſolv'd in her ſelf, that ſomething was to be found! Teiz'd, and tir'd, he demanded what cou'd content her? he wou'd willingly forgo all Converſation to make her eaſie, leave the Town, and ſee none beſides. She took him at his Word, and made Purchaſe of an old Houſe ſixteen Mile from *Conſtantinople*, where ſhe immediately ſhut up her dear Lord, and was her ſelf the vigilant Gaoler.

THERE were ſeveral Perſons of Eſtates and Quality liv'd round about the Seat they had bought, they came to make my Lord and Lady their Compliment of Welcome into the Country; her Ladyſhip took care the ador'd *Phylarchus* ſhou'd not be ſeen; and when ſhe return'd thoſe Viſits, choſe a Day wherein ſhe perſwaded him to take Phyſick, that ſhe might go without him! She ſtaid not above three Minutes in a place, having as ſhe thought, a Privilege from living at Court, to introduce for Faſhion what Airs ſhe pleas'd. After once, ſhe took care never to be at home when the Ladies come to ſee her, and went no more to them.

Of

Of what Age, what Degree ſoever, with or without Charms, no Woman upon any Terms, ſhou'd have the Freedom of her Houſe; thoſe that were not young and handſome, might have Relations that were ſo: She drop'd all Acquaintance, (her Lord ſhe took care ſhou'd not have any) and confin'd her ſelf to her Duty, as Guardian Dragon of her Golden Fruit: She wou'd not ſo much as go to Maſs, becauſe ſhe durſt neither leave *Phylarcus* at home, nor take him with her, for fear new Objects might ingage his Eyes and Affections from her: Thus 'tis certain he waſtes his Life, but uncertain whether contented or diſcontented, becauſe ſhe permits no Body to converſe with him, to whom he may make his Complaint, the Walks and Wilderneſs being all the Entertainment to which this once ſo general a Lover is now contented to be reduc'd, there to run over (in the midſt of his preſent Misfortunes) the Thoughts of paſt Happineſs.

I KNEW another Lady who was jealous to as great an extremity, but indeed her Lord gave her occaſion. He was Gay! Gallant! Univerſal! neglected his Wife, and devoted himſelf to the whole Sex beſides! There was a Friend of mine that was of their Intimacy, to whom ſhe wou'd often unburthen her ſelf of her Grievances! ſo eager, ſo violent were her Reſentments, that he

thought, cou'd he but give thoſe tumultuous Paſſions another turn, ſhe might be brought to love him, with the ſame Guſt ſhe hated her Lord! He apply'd himſelf with Earneſtneſs, with that Aſſiduity neceſſary to conquer the Fair: Revenge carried it from her Vertue, and to be even with her Husband, ſhe proſtituted her Honour, and entertain'd a Lover. The Aſſignation was in her own Bed; ſhe had a peculiar Guſt in retorting the Injury in the ſame place, where by his Neglect ſhe had been ſo injur'd! But in the amidſt of all their Delights, her Woman, who was her perfect Creature, came in haſte to tell her now was her time, now or never, to catch her offending Lord in the Fact! to put it beyond his own Power or Aſſurance to deny his Correſpondence with other Women! for ſhe had ſeen him, with thoſe very Eyes of hers, go in with one that was veil'd, into ſuch a Lady's Houſe, naming one of ſuſpected (Quality) Repute, and that her Ladyſhip need but riſe, dreſs, and make haſte, to convince her ſelf of the irreparable Injury was offer'd to one, Miſtreſs of ſo many Charms as her Ladyſhip.

FIRE never threw out, with ſo great an Irruption, upon receiv'd-in Air, as the jealous Fair did from the Arms and Bed of her new Lover! by ſad Experience he found he was but a ſecond Inclination, and that

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a Perſon throughly poſſeſs'd by Jealouſie, whatever are their Amuſements, return upon the leaſt Call to their native Bent; in ſhort, all other Agitations are weak to that, or rather where Jealouſie is in place, nothing elſe can be heard till that is anſwered——Whilſt her Woman was helping her to her Cloaths, ſhe inceſſantly exclaim'd, no longer thinking of the Perſon who was in her Bed——Is a Woman of my Vertue to be thus us'd? Ah! the Traytor—— the Adulterer! Does he think there's no Vengeance—— no Hereafter—— no Puniſhment for thoſe who defile the ſacred Marriage-Bed!——How can he be ſo wicked?——I abominate his beaſtly Appetites——I loath his filthy Luſts—— ungrateful Wretch—— for what Dowdy am I neglected!—— I ſhall ſuddenly be reveng'd—— I ſhall make her an Example, a Warning to all abandon'd Proſtitutes: Fogh! how I hate a W——; my Blood riſes at the Name!—— Villain, to loſe his Soul for ſuch Traſh; I ha'nt patience to think on't: My Coach immediately! Heaven makes me its Inſtrument of Revenge upon ſuch ſhameful Criminals!——

HERE *Horatio* return'd from finiſhing his Diſpatch to the Emperor, they found they had already uſurp'd upon the Hour of Retirement, and prepar'd themſelves for their *Congee* of the Princeſs, with that Reſpect and Ceremony as was her due. She engag'd

'em to return early, becauſe ſhe ſhou'd ſet out after Dinner, and had yet the Effects of Lord *Albinus*'s Promiſe to expect, the Particulars of the *Conſtantinopolitan* Court, and the Hiſtory of *Cæſar*'s late Oppreſſion by his Ingrateful, Audacious Miniſters and Favorites! which, as ſhe ſuppos'd, they wou'd be all glad to hear: After having aſſured her Highneſs of their willing Obedience, they took their leaves, and waited upon Lord *Horatio* with Monſieur *L'Envoy*, to his Excellencies Pavillion.

No ſooner was the Prior of *Orleans* ſurrounded by this noble Company, but forgetting the lateneſs of the Hour, they began to ſpeak of *Ethelinda*. *Horatio* confeſs'd himſelf ſurpriz'd, and if any longer of a Temper to indulge the Thoughts of Beauty, he knew not any that had ſo many Charms as *Ethelinda*: Lord *Albinus* rank'd himſelf among her Lovers, and began to feel all the Pain that Charms and Deſpair cou'd give him, to the excluſion of a Lady for whom he had even ſhed Tears in leaving the Empire. Monſieur *St. Girrone* valu'd himſelf upon a Talent he had, of preſerving his Liberty, when he found no hopes of a pleaſing Slavery, tho' he own'd her Beauty was an excuſe for Inconſtancy, nay Injuſtice, even in Kings! that her manner had more Charms than her Beauty! ſuch reading! ſuch wonderful good Senſe! ſuch knowledge of the

World

World in ſo young a Lady was prodigious! he concluded there was danger in her Converſation, becauſe, tho' ſhe cou'd bleſs but One, ſhe might make a Multitude uneaſie. They intreated Monſieur *l'Envoye* to forget what time of Night it was, and to tell 'em ſomething of her Story, which they found by himſelf that he was acquainted with: He knew not how to refuſe Perſons he was proud and ready to oblige, having aſſur'd their Lordſhips that it was always in his Wiſh to obey, tho' perhaps it might not be ever in his Power: He began his Diſcourſe with his agreeable Air, addreſſing equally, as he was equally fond of Pleaſing.

The

The History of King Theodorick *and* Ethelinda.

THAT Perſon, my Lords, who is now Favourite to the *Vandal* King, was Ambaſſador in *Sarmatia* during the Life of the late Monarch; we had an indearing Intimacy; I have learn'd from him ſome of thoſe Particulars which I now do my ſelf the Honour to relate.

THEODORICK, to take him a-part from *Ethelinda*'s deſcription, is as much above the reſt of the World, by the vigour of his Conſtitution, by the advantage in Stature, and by the harmony of his Features, as he has outdone moſt of 'em in his Actions. In his Morn of Life, thoſe Inclinations that form a Hero, not only appear'd, but grew up with him, with a certain Air of Diſguſt againſt whatever cou'd hinder him from becoming one. Delicaſie! Luxury! Idleneſs! and all Exceſs appear'd to him, as Snares which wou'd not ſuffer a Prince to be conducted by Wiſdom: Gaming he regards as one of thoſe dangerous Amuſements that throw the moſt Wary from their Guard: Tho' touch'd with the Charms of Beauty he flies from the Inchantment, as from what might retard his Glory. In his Soul there is ſuch vivacity, ſo clean are his Conceptions! ſo ſtrong his Judg-

Judgment! ſuch an equality of Temper! his Faith inviolable, as well on little as great Occaſions! He never pardons the contrary Vice, 'till after he has made them that are guilty feel the Horrors of it. *Theodorick* thinks he is a King but to beſtow, to reward, and to do good to every one; his ſweetneſs, affability, makes him ſought after: He is the Prince in the World that is beſt obey'd, the moſt belov'd, and if it is permitted me to ſay, is the moſt ador'd by his Subjects: He has profited by a happy Education, he knows the Sciences; the Languages are familiar to him; but he knows all this *'En Prince*; one does not perceive the extent of his Knowledge, but when there are indiſpenſible occaſions for him to ſhew 'em.

KING *Theodorick* has a ſuperior Genius for War! his firſt Action has ſhewn that he is born for great Attempts; his eagerneſs for Conqueſt, ſupplies his want of Experience. This great Prince has begun his Reign, by what the moſt famous Conquerors have thought it Glory to finiſh theirs: The Truſt he has in the Almighty, the Confidence he has in the Courage of his Troops, makes him dare every thing, he attempts with that lightning in Execution, that renders nothing impoſſible! his Army is his Family, he takes Care of 'em! he loves 'em! they obey his Deſires! the Officers and Soldiers ſubmit by Inclination as well as Duty! they encou-

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rage their mutual Veneration for him, follow him, imitate him, and laviſh their Blood with Ardor as well as Courage! perſuading themſelves that whenever this Conqueror has a mind to fight, he muſt neceſſarily overcome.

THEODORICK paſſes his time in nothing that is ſuperfluous! he can give an account of all his Hours. After his morning Devotions! which, as a truly Chriſtian King, he never omits! he rides out to view his Lines, and the ſeveral quarters of his Army; then he paſſes to the Tent of his chief Miniſter, and there they reſolve upon the important Affairs of the Cabinet, reſerving to himſelf the only Conduct of his Troops and Military Deſigns. This Prince, little ſenſible of Delicacy or Profuſeneſs, ſits down to a plain frugal Dinner that Neceſſity and the Laws of Nature obliges him to, without ever drinking Wine, or any thing that is ſtrong; ſcarce will he allow himſelf the Time indiſpenſible for refreſhment, but he mounts again on Horſeback, and goes to Exerciſe his Army. After Supper he paſſes the time with his General-Officers in diſcourſe of War; he makes 'em all ſit about him, obliges 'em to forget his Rank, that they may ſpeak more freely, obſerving to ſay little himſelf, that what he ſays may not only be more juſt, but becauſe he will husband the Pleaſure he has in hearing what others ſay. In ſhort, this Prince is ſo indefatigable after the

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Theory as well as the Practical Part of War, ſo unbounded in his deſire of Knowledge, and the Execution, that he hardly yields to ſleep, and but as it were to leave his People the leiſure of repoſing.

THEODORICK was born from a Father, who, at the Age of one and twenty, had gain'd three Battles in eleven Months time; ſo that his Love of War ſeem'd hereditary. He was bred up with all the Indulgence and Diſcretion that a great and vertuous King can be ſuppos'd to beſtow upon his only Son. He had loſt his Mother whilſt he was yet a Child; but there was a Lady at the Head of the State, who had all the Experience, Vivacity, and Courage, that had ever adorn'd any of her Sex: It was Queen *Matilda*, the Wife of a Hero: She had govern'd the Realm in the Minority of her Son (*Theodorick*'s Father) with ſuch Succeſs, that made her reverenc'd and fear'd by the Court and Kingdom.

ETHELINDA, whom at this Day we behold a Princeſs, was the Daughter of one of the Nobility: Her Mother had been of the Bed-Chamber to Queen *Matilda*; but dying whilſt ſhe was an Infant, ſhe recommended her only Child to her Miſtreſs's Protection, who cauſed her to be brought up in her own Apartment, with the ſame Education as was given to the Princeſs Royal, Siſter to *Theodorick*. She grew up with him,

and

and before he could enquire into the Affairs of the Heart, her Charms left him not the liberty of his. The first Inclinations that distinguish'd themselves, was to her Advantage: Tho' she were younger than the Prince, she exceeded him in the Knowledge of the Passions: Girls come earlier into the End of their Creation; neither is their Education of the Sort which sowers the Mind, or fills it with crabbed Idea's! The Improvement of the Person, the Preservation and Increase of their Beauty, seems the only reasonable Employment of their Hours; which, together with the perpetual Flattery they are us'd to, gives a forward Air of Gallantry and Perfection: Whilst Boys of the same Age appear crude, indigested, devoted only to rudeness and play, hating whatever seems polite, and those Studies in which they are oblig'd to pass their time.

ETHELINDA had a blooming Instinct; she was born with great Inclinations, lov'd Ambition and Adoration; her Father taught her to be acquainted with her own Worth; he even exceeded the Devoir of a good Subject, and instructed her with Methods proper to please Prince *Theodorick* without reserve: He permitted her the little Play which warms the Young; he advis'd her against too scrupulous a Modesty, lest it might disgust the Coldness of the Prince's Temper: So that we may say, this Gentleman

man put it into his Daughter's Head to be belov'd by the Prince, before the Prince was yet capable of loving. *Ethelinda* grew pale, deny'd to eat, wou'd ſigh and heave her young Breaſt with ſuch an Ardor when ſhe was alone with the beautiful Prince, that he begun to ſigh by Simpathy, at the ſame time asking her the meaning of her Sighs, "Why "ſhe forbore her Meat? How came the "Roſes to fade? Had any Body injur'd her? "he would complain to his great *Mamma*". The Girl had Wit enough to know the Prince had not as much as would ſerve her turn. She did not want the Queen, but the Prince to relieve her Diſtreſs: She look'd upon him with early, *coquet!* languiſhing! may I not ſay wiſhing Eyes? "I don't "know what ails me, ſays the forward "Child, when I ſee your Royal Highneſs "my Heart burns and Beats as if it would "break thro': When I play with you, and by "chance touch your ſoft Hand, then it flut- "and flies up to my Mouth, as if I ſhould be "ſuffocated! When I am away from you, "'tis the deadeſt thing, ſo heavy, if I were "to ſpeak a thouſand times over, 'twould "not hear me! but if Prince *Theodorick* be "but named, it leaps and flounces, and ſo "pains me, 'twill certainly kill me! my "Stomach's quite gone, I don't get a Wink "of Sleep, what ſhall I do with my ſelf? But "when you are near me and ſpeak kindly,

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"my Blood ſeems all in a pleaſing Dance:
"Sometimes you'l kiſs me, I am not able
"to expreſs what I feel at that bliſsful mo-
"ment, methinks there is no end of think-
"ing. But when I ſee you taken up with
"any other young Lady, I could burſt with
"Madneſs, I could fly upon her, and tear
"out her Eyes! I dare not ſpeak my Mind
"to any of the Phyſicians, or elſe I would
"ask their Opinion of my Diſtemper. When
"ever I do ſleep—— I dream—— of our be-
"ing perpetually together! We have heard
"Love mention'd a thouſand times, reply'd
"the Prince (who pretended to be Wiſe,
"and to unfold the Myſtery) I fancy yours
"is ſome ſuch thing; ha'nt you learnt *Ovid?*
"'Tis the part of my Study I beſt love, un-
"leſs the Exploits of *Alexander* and *Julius*
"*Cæſar*, I wiſh I could do like them. But
"dear *Ethelinda*, have you ever read
"*Ovid?* Yes, and fancy'd my ſelf the
"Nymph that was turn'd into Eccho, and
"you the Swain, reply'd ſhe, but what
"does all that ſignify? I ſhall dye, and none
"of theſe things will come to paſs. I'm
"ſure I ſhan't live long, unleſs your Royal
"Highneſs is kind to no Body elſe, and will
"be alone with me as much as you can, and
"not let my Heart flutter ſo painfully as it
"often does.

By the repetition of this Leſſon, part dictated by Inſtinct, and part by the Count her

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her Father. She us'd the Youth to a tenderneſs in his Behaviour, which inſenſibly grew up to Love: Can there be a more inviting Object than *Ethelinda*? In a few Years time, ſhe grew the beautifulleſt Virgin of the Court, but ſo loſt in Paſſion for the Prince, that all the World obſerv'd it. *Theodorick* had as great a Tenderneſs for *Ethelinda*, but his Temper led him more to the reſerve; he would be ſeriouſly Angry when ever the Princeſs his Siſter, or any of their People, would rally him for the particular regard he ſeem'd to have for her; unleſs when he was alone with her, then they contriv'd to paſs a thouſand indearing Moments. Boys and Girls that have a liking to each other, and have had a vertuous Education, tho' they are more Innocent than afterwards, are not leſs delighted; their Commerce of Heart is tender and myſterious! they feel ſincere Pleaſures! thoſe little Angels converſe with Purity and Love! their Minds are united without the groſſer Contact; neither length of time nor inconſtancy can ever make 'em forget the firſt dear Impreſſion, the firſt taſte of early Joys.

QUEEN *Matilda*, began to conſider what ſhe had ſo long neglected. *Theodorick* was then almoſt Fifteen, an Age very forward in Princes, eſpecially thoſe of his Stature: She fear'd the Conſequence of a Pre-poſſeſſion for ſo beautiful an Object, and therefore debated

with the King her Son, how to remove her. An Embaſſy to *Beraldus* Prince of *Saci*, was reſolv'd on for the Count, who ſhould be order'd to take *Ethelinda* with him. This Count nam'd *Oſwald*, afterwards ſo conſiderable in the Courts of the *Gothick* Emperor and King *Beraldus*, is one of the greateſt Genius's of the Age, a Man ſubtle and enterprizing! He has a vaſt propenſity to the Cabinet, a Head the beſt turn'd for Miſchief, and for being a Stateſman of any in the North.

KING *Theodorick*'s Father, had given him a conſiderable Command in his Army. *Oſwald* learn'd the Art of War under his Majeſty. The *Vandal* Kings his Predeceſſors had granted away by little and little, all the Crown-Lands; ſo that when that Monarch came to the Throne, there was nothing left to ſupport the Dignity, but the Benevolence of his People. But finding by their Laws, that one King might make Reſumption of what the reſt had given, he erected a Chamber of *Reduction*, by which the Royal *Domain* was reſtor'd to the Crown. A number of the Nobility ſuffer'd under this Sentence, among which was *Oſwald*, whoſe Anceſtor having been a Favourite, he had no Eſtate but what was deriv'd from thence. The chief Miniſter, who knew what he was capable of, adviſ'd his Maſter, either to reſtore him part of his Poſſeſſions, make him one of the

the Senators, with a large Penſion, or aſſure himſelf of his Perſon in a Priſon, for his Capacity and enterprizing Genius render'd him Formidable to his Imagination. The King did not forſee that there was any occaſion for ſuch Extremity; he had not ſtudied him, as his Miniſter had done. *Oſwald* underſtands equally to Deſign and Execute: He has join'd to his knowledge in War, the Sciences and Languages; nor is there any Quality wanting to make him an extraordinary Man, but Fidelity to his Prince.

DISGUSTED as he was, at the Decree made by the Chamber of *Reduction*, he had the power of admirably diſſembling his Diſcontent. *Ethelinda*, his beautiful Daugher gave him Hopes, that through the influence of her Eyes, he might come to be firſt Miniſter, if ſhe could but advantagiouſly ingage the young Prince. *Oſwald* had been aſſur'd by one of the Kings Phyſicians, and his moſt intimate Friend, that his Majeſty, young as he was, labour'd under an incurable Diſtemper, and could not long ſurvive: Therefore he inſtructed *Ethelinda* in all that could charm *Theodorick*! But when by the wiſe forſight of the Queen-Mother, he was commanded to depart, and take his Daughter with him, he carried out of the Kingdom, Reſentments, not only againſt the whole Royal Family, but a reſolution to take an univerſal Revenge

of a Kingdom, that had ſo neglected and diſoblig'd him.

OSWALD look'd upon his Embaſſy as it was intended, a leſs rude Sentence of Baniſhment, tho' with as rough a Deſign! But *Ethelinda* reſented it with much more Violence and Sorrow, then it was ſuppos'd one of her Age cou'd do. Queen *Matilda* beſtow'd upon her the marks of that Bounty with which ſhe had honoured her Mother. She was put into the garb of a Princeſs; the Queen preſented her an Equipage proportionable; adorn'd her Perſon with Jewels; and even ſuffer'd Prince *Theodorick* to beſtow ſome very valuable ones upon her; there was nothing wanting to give her an *Eclat*. The judicious Queen propoſing, that with ſo advantagious an appearance, they would in a foreign Court be charm'd at the ſight of a new Beauty! Her Perſon had Graces to make its own way. She recommended the diſpoſal of her in Marriage to *Oſwald*, and aſſur'd him that he might depend upon her Majeſty for a Dowry, equal to the Circumſtances of whatever Perſon ſhould pretend to Eſpouſe her. The new Ambaſſador was to return his moſt humble Acknowledgement for all theſe undeſerved Honours, but he knew the Principle from whence they were deriv'd, and held himſelf more diſoblig'd than favour'd.

NOTHING could be more tender than the farewel between Prince *Theodorick* and *Ethe-*

Ethelinda. She let her ſelf go into tranſports of Tears and Grief. His Highneſs kept his Temper, but did not expreſs leſs intrinſick Sorrow! She went down upon her Knees before him, and call'd Heaven and Earth to witneſs the ſolemnity of her Vows, which was never to Love nor Marry any other. The Prince made the ſame Proteſtation, with reſerve, unleſs ſhe ſhould Marry firſt. " He " bad her not to afflict her ſelf, this Separa- " tion could not be for always; if ever he " ſhould come to be King, he would recal " and marry her. In the mean time recom- " mended to her the care of her Honour; " that ſhe ſhould be nice in doing any thing, " how innocent however, that might by " appearance reflect upon her Reputation, " the only thing that could diſengage him " from his Vows. Neither her Birth nor " Circumſtance ſhould be any Obſtacle to- " wards raiſing her to the Throne, and ſhar- " ing with him in all the Glories and Plea- " ſures of it, provided ſhe kept her Fame " unſullied. That would be an unforgiving " Point; and not only make him refuſe ever " to ſee her, but cauſe Averſion to ſucceed " his Love for her ſelf, and all her Sex in " her; whom he ſhould never endure, if " the moſt perfect became falſe or frail: His " unalterable Reverence for Religion, his " Adoration for Vertue, would ſoon cauſe " him to hate any Perſon that blemiſh'd theirs.

"As to the pain of Abſence; Courage, and "Reſolution had made the Rack ſupport-"able to many! Theirs being but Depri-"vation of Pleaſure, might certainly be "born by Minds reſolv'd and fix'd upon "Principles! No Temptation! nor Perſe-"cution from the King his Father, or the "Queen-Mother, ſhou'd cauſe him to mar-"ry, tho' it were the greateſt and moſt "amiable Princeſs of the Age; he had a "Mind that wou'd not eaſily fly off from "its bent; they ſhou'd find it a vain and "impoſſible Endeavour, to remove a Paſſion "ſo obſtinate as his! That as to Beauty at "home, for *Ethelinda*'s ſake, he wou'd diſ-"uſe himſelf from converſing with Women! "Neither was the Sacrifice much, conſider-"ing how entirely ſhe poſſeſs'd his Heart! "which ſhou'd be preſerv'd for her with a "ſacred Purity, approaching to what he "ow'd to Heaven.

ETHELINDA profuſe in her Tears and Aſſeverations, laviſh'd a thouſand Oaths, to aſſure the Prince of her unalterable Truth! Thus drown'd in Sorrow, was ſhe torn from her innocent Lover, and hurried on Ship-board, perhaps never to behold him more.

No ſooner did ſhe appear in the Prince of *Saci*'s Court, but the Prince himſelf became her Votary, and to ſuch a degree, that there was no Circumſtance of willing Slavery, he wou'd not have endur'd for the Favour of a Smile.

Smile. *Oſmald* directed her Conduct, and taught her, upon pain of his Diſpleaſure, ſuch a Behaviour as might not wrong her Vertue, and yet prevent Deſpair from invading *Beraldus's* Heart. That Prince is really a fine Gentleman, exceſſively civil, and very well accompliſh'd! but *Ethelinda* cou'd not forget the lovely Youth ſhe had ſo lately departed from, tho' her Father every Day told her, ſhe muſt reſign her Hopes of ever reigning with *Theodorick*, ſhou'd his Father die; the Mother-Queen was a Dragon, whoſe Vigilance was unſurmountable! her Craft and Policy not to be match'd! Shou'd the Prince perſevere in his Promiſe, Faith, and Paſſion, as he believ'd he wou'd, Queen *Matilda*, he was well aſſur'd, wou'd cauſe *Ethelinda* to be murder'd by her Emiſſaries, rather than ſuffer her to ſit in the Throne by her; therefore ſhe was to forget *Theodorick*, and think upon the Eſtabliſhment of her Fortune in a Foreign Land, where their hard Deſtiny had thrown 'em: Having no longer any Eſtate at home, he look'd upon himſelf baniſh'd for ever from his native Country, which, like a cruel Parent, had thruſt him forth to periſh, without deſigning him the leaſt Relief: She muſt therefore manage the Prince of *Saci's* Affection to ſo nice a Point, as to leave him Hopes of ſubduing all things, but her Honour.

ETHELINDA, full of blind Devotion, and implicite Obedience to the Count her Father, thought ſhe did nothing contrary to her Vows to *Theoderick*, in hearing *Beraldus*, and anſwering him as the Ambaſſador directed. Nothing but her paternal Duty cou'd have ſuffer'd her even to hear another: What pity ſuch fine Parts, as had the Count, ſhou'd be employ'd to ſeduce his Daughter from her Truth? The Prince of *Saci* was a raging Lover, he cou'd ſtop at nothing that led him to Poſſeſſion: His own Princeſs was reſign'd to Heaven, ſhe paſs'd thoſe Hours in Religious Exerciſes, which perhaps had been part of her Duty to have devoted to the Pleaſures of her Husband; but theirs being a Marriage of State, *Her* Heart was carried to Religion, *His* to Gallantry! ſo that the *Hymenial* Land of Tenderneſs between, ſeem'd never to have been trod by either.

COUNT *Oſwald*, with his inimitable Addreſs and Penetration, quickly gain'd *Beraldus*'s Heart and Confidence; he brought along with him none of thoſe terrible Diſguſts and Fears, which another Parent wou'd have ſhown at a marry'd Lovers Adoration for his Daughter; *he manag'd ſo artfully*, as to make *Beraldus* complain even to him, *of* Ethelinda's *Cruelty*, and the frowardneſs of his Deſtiny! He inſenſibly led him on to ſeek as well as wiſh, for a Redreſs. The *Sarmatian* Throne was then vacant, *Oſwald*'s caſt

caſt of Brain ſuggeſted to *Beraldus*, that if he wou'd make himſelf a Candidate, he might ſucceed, which cou'd coſt him nothing but the Change of his Religion; then he might have Power, not only to marry *Ethelinda* (after the manner of the *Illyrians*) but to live divided from the Princeſs of *Saci*, whoſe blind Devotion wou'd hinder her from following him into a Kingdom, where ſhe muſt be oblig'd to renounce her own, and profeſs the Religion of the *Sarmatæ*.

BEHOLD, my Lords, the deſpicable Spring of that ſurpriſing Action! *Beraldus*, as we all know, ſucceeded; he was crown'd King of the *Sarmatæ* and *Alani*; but when he ſhou'd have ſent home thoſe Troops that he had brought along with him from *Saci*, Lord *Oſwald* oppos'd him, and advis'd the contrary: The King of the *Vandals* was lately dead; *Theodorick*, under the Guardianſhip of Queen *Matilda*, aſcended. The Count had receiv'd new Powers to remain as Ambaſſador from the new Monarch, with a Command from the Regent, not to ſuffer his Daughter to return, tho' even the King ſhou'd command it, unleſs he deſign'd to pay his Head, the price of his Diſobedience. He foreſaw abundance of Difficulties in contending with a Princeſs, grown old in the Arts of Government, only a *Minor's* Inclination on his ſide: Beſides, he was bent to revenge himſelf upon the Royal Family, for

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the Act of Reſumption; the Mother-Queen was his Averſion, becauſe ſhe was wiſe and vertuous, two Obſtacles to his Ambition! He was ſatisfied *Ethelinda* muſt never hope to reign whilſt Her Majeſty was living, at leaſt, 'till the King were *Major*: His Inclinations might change e're then, Empire! a new Face! Abſence! Forgetfulneſs! all theſe things render'd his Daughter's Hopes very precarious: But on *Beraldus*'s ſide, their Eſtabliſhment was certain: He wou'd make her a Queen, tho' 'tis true, not with all the Honour of a Prince unmarried, yet with enough to give her Vertue a laudable pretence for yielding. The Count, whilſt *Ethelinda*'s Magick Form poſſeſs'd the King's Heart, might gain his Ear and Confidence ſo far, as to influence the whole Affairs of the North. There was a large and fertile Kingdom named *Cydonia*, that had been long ſince conquer'd by the *Vandals*, it had formerly belong'd to the *Sarmatæ*; in that Territory lay the Lands which *Oſwald* had been in poſſeſſion of, before the Chamber of *Reduction*! Cou'd he perſwade *Beraldus* to invade it, by his Intereſt and Correſpondence, poſſibly they might have deſired Succeſs. *Theodorick* was yet a *Minor*, the *Eaſt* Sea between 'em; before he cou'd throw in any Succours, the Miſchief might be irreparable. King *Cymbelin* had broke the Peace with the Prince of *Navi*, who had marry'd the Princeſs

Princeſs Royal, Siſter to King *Theodorick*; by the Treaty of Alliance, the *Vandals* wou'd be oblig'd to ſend Troops to his Aid, which wou'd prove a powerful Diverſion, and prevent the ſuccouring the *Cydonians*. But ſince it was no ſimple Attempt to perſwade King *Beraldus* to break his Faith, and make a diſtinct War with his own Forces, thoſe of *Saci* (for the *Sarmatæ* wou'd not eaſily be induced to one with *Theodorick*, unleſs ſome Omens of Succeſs might hereafter incline 'em) *Oſwald* propos'd, that nothing wou'd more fix his new People, who were warlike, than the Conqueſt of *Cydonia!* He had promis'd 'em to regain all the Territories that had once belong'd to the Republick; ſhou'd he begin by this unthought-of-Enterprize, it wou'd render him not only formidable to them, but the whole *North*: *Genſericus* wou'd alſo be brought into the Alliance. But becauſe *Beauty* is often more powerful than *Oratory*, he ingag'd his Daughter in the Purſuit. She was by this time grown a Woman, her Charms in that Splendor you now behold! The Ambaſſador taught her the World, had Maſters to inſtruct her in Languages and the Sciences! her greateſt Delight was in Reading, *Ethelinda*'s Memory was prodigious, and Judgment ſurpriſing! She grew ſo improv'd, that *Oſwald* without a Bluſh, told her ſhe was now too good to be that rude King *Theodorick*'s; but

ſince

ſince her Love and Conſtancy was not eaſily to be ſhaken on that ſide, he perſwaded her to uſe her Intereſt with *Beraldus* to invade *Cydonia*; they ſhou'd follow the Court as he wou'd order it, poſſibly the *Vandal* Monarch might himſelf come to the Relief of that Kingdom, eſpecially if he heard ſhe was in it, and he ſtill lov'd her; by which means ſhe might once again behold him; the reſt was to be left to Chance and Deſtiny.

THIS new Princeſs (for ſo ſhe had been created with a large Penſion! Attendance! and all things ſhining) inclin'd to any thing that might once more cauſe her to ſee *Theodorick*; but alas! he was no longer hers! Report, improv'd by the Queen Regent's Vigilance, had brought him an Account of thoſe fatal Honours had been conferr'd upon her by the King of the *Sarmatæ*, whoſe Paſſion was now the publick Theme of the *Northern* Courts! they even ſcrupled not to ſay, *Ethelinda* had paid his Price for what ſhe had receiv'd. *Theodorick*, who was all Virtue, felt his Soul ſicken at the News; he ſent expreſly one in whom he tou'd confide, not to the Princeſs, but to her People, there to gather what might authoriſe his Jealouſie, or diſabuſe his Suſpiſcions: But at the return of that Meſſenger, he was confirm'd in his Doubts: He was told King *Beraldus* was always in her Lodgings; no Suit was granted

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but thro' her mediation; the ſame Honours were paid her as to a Queen! Count *Oſwald* was made one of that Monarch's Cabinet, and General of thoſe Forces with which they had ivaded *Cydonia*, where, by his Intelligence and Faction, that Province was in great danger of being loſt. *Ethelinda* quickly became the moſt ſpotted Monſter to *Theodorick*'s Imagination; he ſtruggled with his Thoughts of her, but at length he got Strength enough to throw her off, and all her Sex in her! To divert his Deſpair, he wou'd (notwithſtanding the Queen Regents oppoſition) put himſelf aboard his Fleet, which had been Mann'd to ſuccour the Prince of *Navi*. *Theodorick*, at Seventeen, beſieg'd King *Cymbeline* in his very Capital: Having finiſh'd that War, he purſu'd his Courſe to *Cydonia*, when the *Eaſt Sea* was thought impracticable! What ſhall I ſay, my Lords? You muſt have hear'd the Particulars of his Succeſſes againſt, not only *Beraldus*, but the Emperor *Genſericus*, whom he vanquiſh'd the Anniverſary of that very Day, wherein the falſe *Goth*, with ſolemn Oaths, had renew'd his Treaty of Alliance? With Eight Thouſand Men, he beat an Army of Fourſcore, took Thirty Thouſand Priſoners, and reliev'd *Nova*. *Genſericus* was not then in his Army; or if he had, would not have been able to have withſtood *Theodorick*'s good Fortune. That Emperor, reſolving to run thro' all degrees

grees of Service, before he became a General, was no more than a Centurion amongſt the Infantry, when *Nova* was reliev'd.

BUT as that War has ſpun out into a great length, and there are ſo many Incidents relating to it, as will ingage me in a long Narration, now I have brought your *Ethelinda* to be a Princeſs, I will beg leave to defer what remains to a more ſeaſonable Hour; only this in the general, not all her Father's Eloquence nor Threats, cou'd make her grant any Favour to *Beraldus*, not even to marry him with the Left Hand; tho' *Theodorick* has refus'd to receive her Letters, to hear her Juſtification, or even to ſee her when ſhe lately went Ambaſſadreſs from the King of the *Sarmatæ*. *Beraldus* was ſo far influenc'd by *Ethelinda*, as to beſtow that Character upon her, in aſſuring his Majeſty, that ſhe only went for a diſpenſation of her Vows: Had *Theodorick* given her Audience, ſhe doubted not but to have convinced the King of the *Vandals*, that ſhe was ſtill innocent; but he is too deeply prejudic'd! too obſtinate in deſiring to revenge himſelf upon his Rival King, and of puniſhing the Rebel *Oſwald*! whom he will purſue as well as his new Maſters to their Ruin! ſuch happy Eloquence has flow'd from the Count, that, if poſſible, he is more in Favour with the Emperor *Genſericus* than *Beraldus*! He enjoys

enjoys large Penſions from both, reſides in the King of the *Sarmatæ*'s Court, as Ambaſſador from the *Gothick* Monarch, and is the only Oracle with *Ethelinda*'s Lover.

LORD *Albinus* and Monſieur St. *Girrone* return'd thanks to his Excellency, taking their leaves of Lord *Horatio* and the Envoy, they retir'd each to their own Pavilion.

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MEMOIRS OF EUROPE,

Towards the Close of the Eighth Century.

Book III.

MONSIEUR *de St. Girrone* found Count *Alarick*'s Distemper so much increas'd by Morning, that it was impossible to think of reassuming their Travel: The Prior's Physitian told him, that some peculiar Symptoms attending the Distemper, made him fear the malignity! the Humanity and good Nature of the Count *de St. Girrone*, resented the Report with as much affliction as it was possible to feel for a Person, who had so far merited their Sufferings, as had *Alarick*. Taking all possible Care for his good attendance, he went to

the Envoy's Pavilion: *Horatio* intended not to depart till the return of thoſe Servants who were gone to *Nova* in ſearch of the deſerving *Celſus*; all things diſpos'd 'em to a further Enjoyment of each others Converſation. Lord *Albinus* had already had Audience of his Lordſhip before the Count came, ſo that when a Gentleman from the Princeſs arriv'd to tell 'em ſhe was viſible, and expected the Honour of their Company, they were ready to attend her. She wou'd eat nothing 'till they came, which ingag'd 'em to bear her Highneſs company at Breakfaſt; when it was over, ſhe put Lord *Albinus* in mind of his Promiſe: After having anſwer'd that the leaſt Deſire of hers amounted to more than a poſitive Command from others, he began his Relation. *Horatio* having firſt told Monſieur *St. Girrone* a-part, that he hop'd the Envoy wou'd find (from that Lord who was going to ſpeak, and was truly inſtructed in the Affairs of the Empire) another Character of *Conſtantine* than his Lordſhip had given, and the Errors of his Reign reſtor'd to thoſe Perſons who had occaſion'd 'em; to which the Count anſwer'd, He had only ſpoke as he had heard, as a Stranger, he cou'd juſtify nothing, or pretend not to have been impos'd upon, eſpecially in ſuch a Court as the *Greek*, where there was ſo very little Truth to be found, and that which was, lay too deep to reach by moſt of their own People;

People; how then ſhou'd a Foreigner pretend to it, who had neither Time nor Capacity to remove the Rubbiſh that obſcur'd it?

IN ſpeaking to your Highneſs, purſu'd *Albinus*, I am aſſured 'tis to a Lady who not only knows the Affairs, but Intereſts of moſt Princes: I do not at all doubt but you have deplored, Madam, the Misfortunes of *Cæſar*: *Cæſar*! who in the midſt of Empire, enrich'd with Grandeur! Victory! and Triumphs! has yet led the Life of a Slave to his Slaves! His Slaves! who by the force of Ingratitude! Arrogance! Self-ſufficiency! and Preſumption! have carried their Deſigns to ſo prepoſterous a height, that there needed nothing beſides, to deliver *Conſtantine* and the Empire from the graſp of their petty Tirannty; that in aiming to deſtroy the Conſtitution, has made it a Queſtion, which was moſt ridiculous, (counting how deſpicable they were in themſelves) the Deſign, or the manner of their Performance.

LEO the Emperor, before the Empreſs *Irene* fell into diſgrace, had declar'd *Conſtantine* to be his *Cæſar*, and caus'd the Senate and Army to acknowledge him as ſuch. She had fatally inſinuated her ſelf into the Opinion and Love of the young Prince; he had a tenderneſs for her beyond Example, undergoing a voluntary Baniſhment with his Mother, ſharing in her Diſgrace, and the Odium

that was caſt upon her Conduct, rather than to ſhine in Courts without her! unpreſidented Affection! But what return had he for this Indulgence? The opportunity of being made the worſt Prince that had been Born; had not the Exceſs of his own Virtue ſecur'd him from the Infection of an ambitious Mother, and a deſigning Favourite, *Stanyacius!* who inſinuated themſelves, to the excluſion of all thoſe, who cou'd have taught his unwary Youth, true Conduct! Courage! Philoſophy! and the Art of Government! Enervating Pleaſures! Dice! luxurious Banquets! were the Baits with which they wou'd have enfeebled his growing Mind! not conſidering, had he took the bent, few luxurious Princes but what become cruel! revengeful! and deteſtable! but imagining to themſelves they ſhou'd be always able to direct the Conſequences, let 'em prove never ſo unhappy, they look'd no further than preſent Opportunities, to ingratiate themſelves, and exclude others.

LEO dy'd, *Conſtantine* the V. aſcended, and which was wonderful, his Virtue uncorrupted! his Principles unſhaken! but fatally diſtruſtful of his own Capacity, he ſuffer'd his Mother and her Favourite to catch the Reins! theſe introduc'd thoſe very Enemies of *Cæſar*, that had dar'd to propoſe to *Leo* the Excluſion of Him, his Heir, from that Empire to which he was Born, and to which he

he had been call'd by the Voice of *Leo*, and the concurrence of the Senate and Army. Hitherto all was fair; the People poſſeſs'd by ſome truſty Perſons, of the Virtue! Mildneſs! ſweetneſs of Diſpoſition! Gratitude! and Religion of their new *Cæſar*! ſaw him aſcend with Raptures they had never before expreſs'd; yet they condol'd amongſt themſelves for his fatal prepoſſeſſion; the Mother-Favourite was the Object of their Hatred! they knew her Haughty! Corrupt! Laſcivious! Ambitious! Cruel and Avaritious! How did *Cæſar*'s better Angel protect him? How watchful was he of his Charge, to keep him uninfected amidſt ſo univerſal a Contagion? O how difficult it is to converſe every Day with the Vicious, without leaning to their Vices? How almoſt impoſſible to love, and not approve or imitate? unalterably let us therefore conclude, that *Cæſar*'s Virtue was a Rock immoveable! He lov'd, and was not ſeduc'd! cou'd preſerve his Temperance in the midſt of the burning Zone! be merciful, tho' ſurrounded by Examples of Cruelty! ſtill ſweet-temper'd and obliging, tho' to the Froward and Haughty! Generous, tho' in the Arms of Avarice! and to ſum up all, Religious! amidſt a Race who ſet Religion at Defiance, with witty Ridicule, rallying the Profeſſion as well as the Practice.

Is it not to be ſuppoſed they wore a well diſſembled Maſk, or elſe *Caſar*, ſeeing Manners ſo averſe to his own, muſt have deny'd 'em that Affection and Confidence, he was known to honour 'em with? The artful Mother, whilſt ſhe thought Hypocriſie neceſſary, blended it with her Endearments. *Caſar* forſaken by *Leo*, found his Palace depopulated; none trod that deſolate aboad, till the Emperor's Death gave him the Vows and Adorations of the returning World: In that ſolitude *Irene* had time to inſinuate her Duty, Affection, Perſeverance, and unalterable reſolution, to dye for the Service of *Caſar*. Who, that has ever known Adverſity, can reſiſt the Charm of being adher'd to and compaſſionated? Fidelity is valuable even to the proſperous and unfaithful! but in Miſery, 'tis Magick! 'tis what ties us indiſſolubly to them that we find it in; a grateful Breaſt is moſt ſuſceptible of theſe Impreſſions, and much longer retains 'em. It muſt be Offences of a very high nature that can ever cancel the Memory of Obligations in ſuch a Soul as *Caſar*'s; let us not then wonder when we ſee him aſcending the Imperial Throne, to behold thoſe few who were Partners with him in his Sufferings, crouding to the uppermoſt Step! He had been bred to a deference of their Judgment! Conduct! and Veracity! himſelf newly arrived to, and unskill'd in Empire, involv'd in a Foreign War

with

with the mighty *Persian*, tho' 'tis true, the invincible *Leo* had left him an Army as invincible; but it had hitherto been only employ'd in beating down the Out-works of that formidable King. The late Emperor had paved the way to Conquest, but never trod it; made the Ruin of his Potent Enemy inevitable, but was not so happy to see it; by his wise and painful Politicks, all things were fitted for the reduction of that Haughty Monarch, when hasty Death snatch'd *Leo* (yet young) from amidst the Ardors of his doating People. He knew *Constantine*'s Right of Succession, and however dissatisfied he might be with him, never attempted to defraud him. The *Persian* War call'd loudly for a General, who might supply the loss of *Leo*, at the same time all *Iberia* revolted to the *Moors*; who, assisted by the *Persian*, gave the Empire a terrible Diversion.

IRENE had advanc'd to the end of the Board her former Favorite *Æmilius*, he was made *Questor*, *State-Ædile*, and *Minister*; *Stauracius* was put at the Head of *Leo*'s flourishing Army, and *Horatio* named to command one which shou'd be sent into *Iberia*; thither he was dispatched, arm'd with Potent Promises, and only Promises. There were scarce so many Men as were sufficient to prevent saying he was not alone. With this Shadow of an Army! a handful! undisciplin'd!

ciplin'd! uncloath'd! unfed! the Empreſs did not deſign he ſhou'd perform any thing! he was only ſent off to leave 'em at greater liberty to ſubvert the Conſtitution at home. A Man of his rigid Vertue, who truly lov'd his Country, and was animated by that ancient Spirit of Liberty and Glory (where each Particular devoted themſelves to the Advantage of the Whole) was too clear-ſighted a Spectator to be permitted the Repreſentation of what they were acting. He had found a degree of goodneſs in *Conſtantine Cæſar*, beyond what he had met with in any Prince; which determin'd *Horatio* to uſe all his Endeavours to make him the moſt glorious, as he was the moſt vertuous Monarch of his Time.

FORTUNE, now purſu'd and was become fond of *Horatio*, and the more, for that he knew her, and did not depend upon her Smiles for any thing, always caſting the Event before the Undertaking. He gather'd together his little Army, and tho' contrary to the Advice of his Officers, laid Siege to the Maritime Metropolis; and in ſpight of Art and Nature, reduced a City that was provided of all things requiſite to make reſiſtance. So ſwift, ſo wonderful was the Conqueſt, ſo out of the road of War, that ten thouſand times the repetition can never leſſen the Miracle! A regular Army wou'd have given hopes of a regular Siege; had this, had either Strength or Diſcipline equal to the Enemy,

the Wonder might have ceaſed! another might have promis'd himſelf Succeſs, as well as *Horatio*. But againſt all odds! all Appearance! all Hopes! all Poſſibility! *Horatio* only cou'd overcome!

His Lordſhip, Madam, ſucceeded, he gain'd that important City and the Port, became Maſter of the Sea-Coaſt, and from thence march'd farther up into *Iberia*. But where were the Forces that ſhou'd have joyn'd him? Where was the Relief he expected, the Reinforcements of Men and Money ſo ſolemnly promis'd him? He was Deſerted! Betray'd! Sacrifiz'd! given up to War and Famine, yet his little Band made intrepid by their Leader's Example, wreſtled thro' theſe Difficulties! patient of Heat! and Hunger! they follow'd him in all his Enterprizes; they obey'd, and Conquer'd! *Iberia* Madam was Theirs! they were actually in Poſſeſſion! they had it! but *Irene* and her Creatures wou'd not ſuffer 'em to keep it! Oh! everlaſting Infamy! Shame to late Poſterity! Blot to *Cæſar*'s Reign! did one not know that *Cæſar* did not Reign! 'Twas *Irene* and her Minions who became ſtartled at the noiſe of Conqueſt, from one who had ſtood the Diſappointment of all things neceſſary for Conqueſt; the want of Men, and Arms; the want of Cloathing! Meat! or Money; She bid her Informers tell it to the Winds; they wou'd hear as ſoon! believe as ſoon!

Theſe

These were not the Days of Miracles. *Iberia* subdued with six thousand Men! the Metropolis possess'd! nothing remaining, but for what King, the Emperor shou'd depute, to go and seat himself down in the *Iberian* Throne! All that Tract of World! so many Nations reduced! Impossible! Fiction! Hyperboly! why his Army was not of force enough to Garrison one petty Town! how was it then credible, that he shou'd gain so many Kingdoms? But she was quickly made to know that a Genius so extensive as *Horatio*'s, when put upon the stretch, knows not its own Compass; it dilates with surprize, even to it self! his Vigilance and immense Views, cou'd dictate and perform beyond what others cou'd imagine. Here the Princess having signify'd her Desires to know the Particulars of that War, was refer'd, as Monsieur the Count de St. *Girrone* had been, to the arrival of the Ingenious *Celsus*; and Lord *Albinus* assum'd his Relation.

WHEN the Empress became but too well assur'd of the Truth of what she had heard, instead of rejoicing, as another would have done, that *Iberia* was subdu'd, she did not acquaint *Constantine* with the News, but assembled the Council of Six, that had engross'd the Management of Affairs. "Why "is it, my Lords, said the inrag'd *Irene*, that "I am this Day to ask you, how *Horatio* "has succeeded? By what Enchantment

"cou'd

" cou'd he overcome? What Aſſiſtance had " he from the Empire? Was it not in our " Council debated and reſolv'd, that he " ſhou'd have none, nor incourag'd nor re- " call'd! leaſt he ſhou'd ſubdue abroad, or " turn Malecontent, or *Cenſor* at home! " Is it you, Lord *Æmilius*, that have made " him theſe Remittances? It muſt be only " you: Who elſe has the Imperial Trea- " ſure in their Hands? Or you Lord *Curio*, " out of our Naval Stores: Is it not con- " trary to Terms! to Policy! *Iberia* van- " quiſh'd, and the *Perſian* War is finiſh'd! " which way can you oppreſs the Orthodox? " engroſs what Supplies ſhall be given? or " even have Supplies, but by the Pretence " of War? Can our new-form'd Deſigns be " manag'd to their End, if Peace enſues? " Deſpicable! the daſtardly Senate, when " once their Fears of War is over, will deal " their Treaſure but with a ſcanty Hand! " Nay, perhaps call you to account for the " Diſpoſal of what has been already re- " ceiv'd! There is a Word, my Lords, can " make the boldeſt of us tremble, *Reſum-* " *ption!* Which of the braveſt of us, with " our purchas'd Lordſhips! ſuperbous Build- " ings! conceal'd Hoards! and foreign " Banks! but ſhudder at *Reſumption!* By " way of Retaliation, our ſelves may be made " (how unwillingly ſoever) to contribute to- " wards the Diſcharge of thoſe heavy Debts

" into

"into which our induſtrious Party has "plung'd the Empire! Theſe are the dread-"ed Effects of Peace, in conſequence of "which, none will be ador'd like *Horatio*. "Who will wonder? Who will rejoice at "any Victory *Staurac ius* ſhall gain from the "*Perſian*? his Army equal in Number, ſu-"perior in whatever may encourage, cloath, "and feed 'em; if *Horatio*, without theſe Ad-"vantages, nay, almoſt without Men, has "thus miraculouſly made us Maſters of *Ibe-"ria*? But ſince it is done, how marve-"louſly ſoever! we muſt haſten to undo it, "Let his ſaucy Valour be reprimanded, and "himſelf recall'd; let ſuch meet your Frowns "and ours, who ſhall dare to repeat his Actions "with Approbation and Applauſe! be bold "in ſpreading falſe Reports! how groundleſs "and ridiculous ſoever, the credulous Vul-"gar can believe: In theſe Affairs, your "Lordſhips were not wont to need a Wo-"man's Diligence, to ſpur on yours. Re-"preſent *Horatio*'s Succeſs, but as a Courſe "of what ſhou'd properly be call'd *Happy "Temerity*! the blind Effects of Fortune's "Fondneſs, in which Judgment nor Con-"duct have not any Part.

"GLORY (which ſtung that diſ-intereſt-"ed Fool, *Horatio*) is a Motion ſo long ſince "exploded, that the *Greeks* will eaſily be-"lieve it cou'd not be the Motive of his "Actions. Repreſent him Proud! Impa-

"tient

" tient of Advice! Precipitate! One who
" believes Courage the only Requiſite to a
" General! when alas! as we might pro-
" duce ſucceſsful Examples, it is the very
" laſt. Our Party is not yet ſtrong and rich
" enough for Peace! *Horatio* has adviſ'd that
" the *Perſian* on that ſide has already offer'd
" it; that wou'd indeed be the *Criſis* of our
" Power, and give the hated *Orthodox* an
" Advantage not to be recall'd; you will
" be then no longer the fortunate *Junto*,
" the Maſters! of your Maſter! Emperors!
" over an Emperor! nor ſhall *Stauracius* be
" eſteem'd that wonderful General, who
" cou'd only carry Victory, and reſtore Re-
" putation and Glory to the Empire.

IRENE having finiſh'd her Rant, Lord *Æmilius*, a little recover'd from that Diſorder into which her Imperial Majeſty's firſt Irruption had put his Courage, roſe up; with pretended Humility and ſecret Joy, adorn'd with a conſcious Smile, he thus addreſs'd the Empreſs.

MADAM, It is no little Satisfaction to the moſt devoted of your Creatures, to find that my Performances have anticipated your Commands; that even without conſulting your Imperial Majeſty's *Inclinations* and *Reſolutions*, I have already obey'd, as if I had been fully inform'd: Yes, Madam, I have acted all that cou'd be deſir'd, and pretend in this nice Affair to have out-done my

ſelf,

ſelf, and to deſerve more Acknowledgement than for any other individual piece of Service; not that I ought wholly to attribute the Glory of ſo great a Work to my ſelf; the Father of his Country, the Godlike *Stauracius*! Lord *Cicero*! and thoſe other noble *Patricians* that are here aſſembled, have aſſiſted me with their wholeſome Advice; by their means I have been able to blaſt the Reputation of the greateſt Action that was ever perform'd!

IT was your Imperial Majeſty, and my noble Lord *Stauracius*, that firſt made choice of this hardy General! you knew his former Exploits againſt the *Moors*, and believed he might have Reputation enough to juſtifie (if your Imperial Majeſty's immortal Actions needed any Juſtification) the ſetting him at the Head of an Army, you never deſign'd ſhou'd overcome! But I foreſaw the Conſequences, I was acquainted with the towering Genius of the Man! his depth of Thought and Judgment! unwearied Induſtry! prodigious Valour, and tho' too late, interpos'd my Advice againſt his being ſent upon that Expedition.

FAR, far be it from me, Madam, and I dare ſay from Lord *Curio* alſo, from ſending him thoſe Supplies of Treaſure, Men, and Stores, as your Imperial Majeſty ſeems to reproach us. He was promis'd to be join'd upon his landing, with thirty thouſand Men;

I took care wholly to forget that Article, and to devote the Money that was given for their Subſiſtence, to the uſe of our *Ogligarchy*; then ſuffer'd the Mad-man (I might have juſtly call'd him ſo if he had not ſucceeded) to ſet down, with a Force only of eight thouſand Men, before a Place that has ſince, tho' indeed by his means, with not half ſo large a Garriſon, baffled the Attempts of a regular, well-diſciplin'd Army, one of the *Perſian* Princes at their Head! Who cou'd foreſee an Action, that even when perform'd, can ſcarcely be believ'd? a General, in ſpight of all defects, reſolv'd to overcome: A General *of unexampled Vigor and Courage!* expoſing *himſelf beyond what a General ought.* So inceſſant was his Application, the Hand of Sickneſs cou'd not deter him! What can be ſaid to him who will not yield to the raging Aſſaults of a Fever, but in the very Trenches takes an *Emetick*, and there expects its Operation? nothing but Death can make that Man deſiſt, who ſuſtains almoſt the Pangs without a ſurceaſe of Diligence.

AFTER taking this important Metropolis, Did we ſend his Lordſhip any thing but Words towards enabling him to proſecute his Succeſs? Has he not with *eight thouſand Men, defended every Inch of Ground he gain'd, againſt thirty thouſand diſciplin'd Troops? and at laſt diſperſt and drove 'em out of* Iberia. Did he not open a Way to the very Metropolis?

tropolis? King *Roderigo* was marching to ſeat himſelf down in the Throne: There needed not much Perſwaſion for a youthful Monarch to go and take Poſſeſſion of ſo many Crowns: It was my Maſter-piece; my Inſinuations kept him where he was, and at length, *ſent him through a barren and mountainous Countrey, that he might run the riſque of being taken*; and in which Journey he muſt waſte at leaſt two Months, which was time irrecoverable. So far was that young Prince impos'd upon, that whilſt he was labouring his own Ruin, he thought he was working his Preſervation, and made to diſtruſt *Horatio*'s Conduct, amidſt thoſe undeniable Proofs he gave of his Sincerity. By my Intelligence and Addreſs, I have caus'd this laſt Abſurdity to reflect on Lord *Horatio*, as if this ridiculous Delay (which has *occaſion'd the loſs of what he with ſo much Pains, and ſo many Miracles was poſſeſs'd of*) were adviſ'd by him. Farther, I took ſuch effectual Methods with King *Roderigo*, as that in all his March, he ſhou'd not *favour him with the leaſt Intelligence*. When, Madam, (by a memorable Stratagem) he went to take in *the famous Saguntum* of the *Romans*, leaſt he ſhou'd purſue his Conqueſts, and march with equal Succeſs to the Relief of the Capital of *Edetani*, *Roderigo* by means of my Emiſſaries, demanded *two thouſand of his ſmall Army*: Did we not do all things

to

to Sacrifice him? If he was invulnerable as well as intrepid, muſt I be reproach'd for not defeating Impoſſibilities? He perform'd that Action, and conquer'd the Kingdom *with bare two hundred Horſe, and nine hundred Foot, marching in the Winter Seaſon in ſtony Mountains, without Cloaths or Sandals, and his few Cavalry upon Horſes that cou'd hardly go*: If thus he ſucceeded, am I to be accus'd? 'Tis the Vertue of the Man, and which ought to be reverenc'd, were it not oppoſite to the Good of the Cauſe, in which we are involved.

CHANCE, *and Courage ſeldom produce above one Fortunate Event*; the reſult has convinc'd us, that his were the effects of well laid Judgment; but ſince Starving wou'd not do, I cou'd only defeat him, by calling in Lord *Rutilius* from *Luſitania*: That General has all his Father in him. The Foreign Spy educated this his Son, in Artifice and love of Self; ſo long as we make it his Intereſt, we may aſſure us of his Obedience; fantaſtick Glory will never carry him *Horatio*'s lengths; in ſhort, he may be depended on: But leaſt by the good poſture of Affairs, he might not find it ſo eaſie for him, to loſe, as it was for the other, to gain *Iberia*; *Horatio* was commanded to reſign, upon pretence that the Troops from *Luſitania*, which came along with *Rutilius*, were to be commanded by a General of the Country: Yet, for fear his

Preſence might over-awe *Rutilius*, I have removed him, Madam, he is no longer in *Iberia*, I have ſent him upon an Expedition to the relief of *Arles*, Then, when twenty thouſand Men (under the Command of a Fortunate General) was enter'd *Iberia*, in defence of the *Moors*. *Horatio* is gone, Madam, and three Legions with him, which he is to carry to the aſſiſtance of the King of the *Lombards*; if he ſhou'd even hear that *Arles* is taken, he is order'd not to return, but ſtill to go and offer 'em to that Monarch.

HE is a Man, Madam, all Courage and no Reſentment! When his *Batoon* was taken from him, he ſtill wou'd have ſerv'd, tho' but in Quality of Volunteer. Have I not had enough to do to defeat ſuch Modeſty? and yet your Imperial Majeſty believes me thoughtleſs: obſtinately Good! impertinently Virtuous! his Care extended beyond his Authority; he wou'd ſuccour an Army that no longer obey'd him; and as he had ſold part of his own Patrimony to fit him for the Expedition, and ſupport him under it; now, when he might have had his Baggage, which was taken from him, reſtor'd, he only deſir'd, in exchange, Corn to ſupport the ſtarving Soldier, that he was made to abandon; and afterwards procur'd *Roderigo* a Loan of Money from the *Ligurians*, which nothing but himſelf cou'd have done.

THERE

THERE is more difficulty, Madam, in defeating the good, than overthrowing the wicked; the latter is matter of Puniſhment only, but in the former we have Opinion to combat, and Artifice to oppoſe to Virtue; what then, Madam, are the Merits of this *Junto*, that have not only travers'd the Deſigns, but blacken'd the Fame of the Performer? Our Addreſs has caus'd the premeditated loſs of *Iberia* to reflect upon his management that gain'd, and cou'd only gain it! We have reported him as a Man impatient of Partnerſhip; one that diſdain'd to command, and not alone; who cou'd not bear another General ſhou'd have any Authority where he was in Place. It is even advanc'd, that he grew jealous of the Monarch he had made! and wou'd not permit his approach to his Capital, to aſcertain the Conqueſt, and fix the Crown upon his Head; tho' nothing was ſo notorious as *Horatio*'s preſſing the King to that Expedition, or gave us greater Pain, or a nicer turn of Thought to defeat. Not ſatisfied to tear the Laurel from his victorious Brow, to ſend him into *Lombardy*, we have repreſented That Voyage as an idle diſcontented Sally of his own, departing from a Brain fruitful in Projects, and reſolv'd on the finiſhing of Nothing.

As much as in us lay, moſt gracious Empreſs, we have ſtifled what we cou'd not miſrepreſent; his over-running a Potent King-

dom in one Campaign, is ſcarcely known, all Men are diſcourag'd that dares ſpeak or report his wonderful Actions. Have we not perſecuted him even beyond the Pain of dying? ruin'd in his Patrimony! broken in his Conſtitution! wounded in his mangled Sons! accus'd as a Criminal! depreſs'd in Fame as well as Fortune! aſſaulted from every Place whence we cou'd caſt a Dart! what remains, O magnificent Empreſs! to ſatisfy your exalted Indignation, but that this *Cæſar* ſhou'd bleed at the Feet of your ador'd *Pompey*, *Stauracius*, to make attonement for having dar'd to be more Brave, more Vertuous, and more Succeſsful.

YET, Madam, all that Induſtry they boaſted of, cou'd not prevent *Horatio* from being ador'd by the diſintereſted. Tho' his Lordſhip was ſo far wanting to himſelf, he refus'd his own Actions the Juſtice he wou'd have ſcorn'd but to have done anothers; never offering at a Vindication, nor ſcarce allowing his Friends to permit him theirs: Perhaps thinking that World, who were ſo weak to be deceiv'd, unworthy of being convinc'd! or ſatisfy'd with having done his Duty, found all that a good Man deſires from his Peace of Mind within. Unlike thoſe petty Conquerors, who, upon the puff of every Succeſs, ſend with diligence twenty Pieces to the News-Writer, to inſert in their Journals the Action to Advantage. How

few are exempt from this Vanity, or rather are there any but *Horatio*? whoſe Actions when once atchiev'd, he left the Reputation to Chance.

STAURACIUS trembled at being thought a Coadjutor in the Injuries that were done him; and before the Report of his being recall'd, cou'd be ſuppos'd to reach him in the *Perſian* Territories (tho' he was in the Secret when it was reſolved) he ſent him a Letter that might make him believe he had not a greater Votary than himſelf. This Court-Strain of Diſſimulation, unworthy the Soldier's Honour, or the Glory of a General, ſhall remain for ever a Monument of *Stauracius*'s daſtardly Spirit and quaint Diſſimulation, Almoſt every Honeſt Man has preſerv'd a Copy of Lord *Stauracius*'s *Fineſs*, I was not leſs diligent than others; that your Highneſs may be the better Judge, I beg to report it *verbatim*: Upon which, *Albinus* took out a pair of *Cedar Tablets* from his Pocket, and read as follows.

Stauracius, *Father of the Empire*,

To Lord HORATIO,

Commander of the Legions in Iberia.

MY LORD,

"THO' we have not any direct Account of your Lordſhips Progreſs, "ſince the relief of the Maritime Metropolis; yet the Advices of ſeveral other Parts, "as well as the Enemy's Frontiers, agree ſo "well, and we are naturally inclin'd to believe readily what we wiſh, that I perſuade "my ſelf there is no reaſon to doubt of your "having, ſome time ſince, brought King "*Roderigo*, to his Capital. As this good "News has been indulg'd here, with the "greateſt Satisfaction, I do with no leſs Pleaſure, take this freſh Opportunity of con-"gratulating your Lordſhip on this glorious "Occaſion, which is by all Hands attributed to YOUR VALOUR and GOOD "CONDUCT. The whole Empire is full of "Joy for the Advantages this WONDERFUL Succeſs will produce to the Publick; "and I aſſure you, I am no leſs ſo, for the "addition it has made to your Lordſhips "Glory, in which no Man alive takes more "Part than I do.

"AFTER

"AFTER ſuch Surprizing Events, there "is nothing that we may not expect from "You; therefore, I hope your Lordſhip "will not think us too unreaſonable in our "Hopes, that we ſhall once more hear of "the entire reduction of *Iberia* to the Obe-"dience of their Lawful Sovereign, for "which you ſeem Deſign'd by Providence, "to be the happy Inſtrument, and I hearti-"ly wiſh you all manner of Succeſs in the "accompliſhing this Great Work.

I am, with Truth and Reſpect,

My LORD,

Your Lordſhips

moſt Faithful

Humble Servant,

STAURACIUS.

THERE were ſtill ſome that durſt record the Actions of the Hero, and who aim'd at doing Juſtice to Truth and Him; in the foremoſt Rank, the ever Immortal *Celſus* be remembred; He who ſo well cou'd Evidence the Dangers *Horatio* had run through! the Miracles he had perform'd, and the Glory he had won! was *neither Afraid nor*

Aſham'd to publiſh his Knowledge to the World, in a Style worthy of the Action. The Hero and the Hiſtorian ſeem both to be animated with the ſame Spirit; one to conquer for the Benefit of Mankind, the other to record: Nor is it the leaſt of *Celſus*'s Commendation, that in ſo ample a Field for Rethorick, of which he is ſo great a Maſter, he ſeems to deſign Matter of Fact, and doing bare Juſtice to his aſpers'd Hero, rather than Embelliſhment! His diſcerning Judgment referring to Truth alone, where the Action, as it does here, carries with it ſelf-ſufficient Ornament to adorn and compleat the Work.

YOUR Lordſhip, purſu'd *Albinus*, addreſſing to *Horatio*, (who had ſhown a modeſt uneaſineſs whilſt his Actions had been the Theam) now the *Junto* is diſſolved, and your Enemies defeated; will find upon your return that many Pens have broke looſe from that ſilence, their Fears ſeem'd to have impoſed upon 'em, preſſing forward with Emulation, ſtriving who ſhou'd loudeſt ſpeak your Praiſes! But I need not recommend to your Lordſhip (who can ſo well diſtinguiſh) to decide between ſuch who ſtay till the Danger be paſt and all Men convinc'd, and thoſe who had Love and Courage, to aim (in the midſt of danger) at convincing! not deter'd by the Tiranny of a Party, who always Perſecuted, as Regulary and Bountifully, as they Rewarded.

COU'D

COU'D you, my Lord, behold the ſudden Panegyrick Torrent that rowls down upon your Lordſhip, *Herminius* and the reſt in Power, you wou'd give a Smile at the Concourſe attracted by the ſhine of *Caſar*'s Favour, and wonder where this Stream had lain ſo long conceal'd; how it cou'd creep ſo ſilently before, ſo loudly now! but with the generality of Writers 'tis confeſs'd, the Emperor's Smiles creates (as his Frowns deſtroy) Deſert.

DURING the *Iberian* War, STAURACIUS had reduced the *Perſian* to a degree of diſtreſs neceſſary for Peace; but there was a new-form'd deſign at home, which when we conſider the little Importance of their Undertakers, one knows not which to wonder at moſt, their Impudence or their Folly; the Council of Six, who call'd themſelves a ſucceſsful Miniſtry, properly ſpeaking, cou'd only mean what regarded the Fortunes of each other: Of theſe in order.

"LORD *Stauracius*, Father of his Coun-
"trey, Commander of the Legions, and
"Counſel of ſix; had betray'd his Maſter,
"and Proſtituted his Siſter! *&c.*

"LORD *Cataline*, amongſt his other ſer-
"viceable Qualifications, honoured with the
"Title of Libel-maker to the Party, tho'
"with a Wit as edgleſs as his Courage. His
"Artifices have ſo long vaunted their Me-
"rit, like Tricks of Ledgerdemain, when

"once

" once diſcoyer'd, they deceive no more. A " voluntary Cuckold, who for the envied " name of Parent, willingly Fathers the " Children of his Wive's *junto*. Himſelf the " laſt of that *Antimonarchical* Race! by the " help of more generous Parents, his Suc- " ceſſor, may, 'tis hoped, have more gene- " rous Sentiments.

" LORD *Curio* the *Proud*, had ſo much " Policy as but to half beat the Enemy, " leaſt a Naval Force ſhou'd prove uſeleſs to " the Empire: Raiſing an overgrown Eſtate " from the Maritime Stores; dextrous in " ſharing the Profits of *Piracy*, and letting " the *Pirate* dye, not only with his Lord- " ſhip's Commiſſion in his Pocket, but the " Hopes of Pardon in his Mouth; whence " the Soul, as well as Body, became a " wretched Sacrifice! His fine Hall, *i. e.* the " Treaſon-Room, is adorned with the Pi- " ctures of thoſe that have been Emperors; " Full in the Face of *Conſtantine Cæſar*, he " has ſet *Chæreas* and *Martial*, thoſe Regi- " cides of *Caligula* and *Baſſianus*; as much as " to ſay *Auguſtus*, ſee your Fate, when we " are diſoblig'd.

" LORD *Cicero*, rais'd to that Dignity " from the Lees of the People; his Grand- " father unknown, his Father too well " known; ſuch a Friend to the Empire, as " to ſign *Carte-blanch* to his Maſter, when " bartering for an inglorious Accommoda- " tion with the *Perſian*. " LORD

" LORD *Sergius*, who not only values " himſelf upon his own poignant Taſte in " Debauchery, but for the odious Talent he " has in debauching others; waſting the In- " come of a great Eſtate, by Meaſures as un- " accountable, and in Offices as infamous, " as thoſe were by which he acquir'd it.

" LORD *Cethegus*, truly Succeſſor to his " Father, tho' more Natural in his Vices; " more conſtant (tho' not of Brain enough to " be ſo fatal) in his Miſchiefs! yet ſo devo- " ted to a Party, that he will not exempt " even his little Wife, from contributing her " charming Endeavours towards carrying on " the grand Deſign.

" LORD *Emilius*, that changeful Politi- " cian, without the leaſt Reſerve of Modeſty " in his Depredations, beſtriding like a huge " overgrown *Coloſſus*, the Empire he has " waſted: Poſterity yet unborn ſhall purſue " his Memory with Execrations, having for " *immemorial* time fix'd a neceſſity of Contri- " bution, in diſcharge of thoſe heavy Debts " wherewith his Miſapplication of the pub- " lick Treaſure, has burthen'd the Empire! " odious is his falſe and cowardly Character! " infamous his Compliance with weak Prin- " ces, his Arrogance to the Good! and as if " the Miniſtry were a Trade, rather than an " Art, his making his own Advantages from " all! As diſtruſtful of his Country, as his " Country ought to have been of him; de-

" poſiting

" poſiting abroad, thoſe innumerable Ta-
" lents he has ſo long been gathering at
" home.

NOR were their Morals more according in Generals than Particulars: Not one of 'em but had been famed for living in a courſe of Idleneſs and Debauchery; I ſay, of Idleneſs, when Wickedneſs did not require their Activity! They had all combin'd to cheat the Nation, and raiſe to themſelves prodigious Eſtates from the Groans and Tears of the Publick. Agreeing to devote their ill-gotten Riches to the Support of the Common Cauſe; There they ſhow'd the *Spartan* Equality; and as all Places of Profit were in their Hands, they us'd to bribe the moſt Deſpicable, with what ought to have been the Reward of needy Merit. Certainly none ever took ſuch effectual Methods to gain Proſelites; the moſt *ſenſeleſs* Scribblers, the *dulleſt*, *lying'ſt* Rogues taſted their Support; more induſtrious, more generous in rewarding than the *Orthodox*, who perhaps made Conſcience of incouraging Perſons to ſerve for Gain, leſt it ſhould attract thoſe that do not act upon a Principle. Such are ſure to be ſtedfaſt, no matter how neglected: Vertue is its own Reward; but ſince the *Junto* cou'd not refer to that, they made out the Defect with Diligence and a good Fund, by which they were inabled to get Magiſtrates elected, Wits to commend thoſe Magiſtrates; and every Step

that

that themſelves ſhould take, how abſurd and notorious ſoever, applauded.

SOME of 'em were born from among the People, and but two from *Patricians!* yet all of 'em rais'd to that Dignity, however equally unworthy! If one prov'd more guilty of this Vice, a ſecond edg'd it out with another: Was this fam'd for want of Courage? *That* made amends in Avarice! Equally inſolent to the Sovereign, whom they oblig'd to take the Mien of a private Perſon when conferring with them! nor even leaving him a Negative in his own Councils! more arbitrary to their Prince, than any Prince had ever been to his Subject.

IRENE had introduc'd to the Emperor's immediate Service, a *Lacedemonian* Youth, born among the *Spartan* Ruins, call'd *Leonidas:* Had not the one been Empreſs, and the other without a Fortune, there might have been found a Relation in Blood between 'em: The Modeſty, Diligence, and Vertue of *Leonidas*, quickly met a Simpathy from *Caſar!* Their Tempers were of kindred, ſincere! generous! not enterprizing! calm and ſweet! with a juſt Reverence of Religion! *Conſtantine* imperceptibly lean'd that way; *Leonidas* his Manners recommended him firſt to the Love, and then the Truſt of *Caſar:* The Empreſs quickly ſuſpected this Diſtinction; her Spies told her, that *Caſar* was pleas'd with no one's Service but *Leonida's;*

nida's; wou'd ſmile, whiſper, and have little Secrets with *Leonidas*. *Irene* remembring theſe were the firſt Signs of *Stauracius* being a Favourite! was reſolv'd ſhe wou'd nip the growing *Bloſſom*. *Cæſar* had beſtow'd an Employment in the Army upon *Leonidas*'s Brother, the Empreſs ſwell'd to think how the Creature of her raiſing, durſt accept any Advantages for her Kindred, that did not come immediately through her Interceſſion. With all the Inſolence of Power! with all the Arrogance of narrow Minds, when by chance they happen to be Benefactors! ſhe reproach'd and threatn'd the humble *Leonidas*, that the next time he durſt preſume to be begging Favours of *Cæſar*, ſhe wou'd have him *kick'd out of Court*. But when ſhe was inform'd, that *Herminius* had a Friendſhip with *Leonidas*, and that *Conſtantine* incourag'd the Union; ſhe laugh'd in Spleen and Contempt, for *Irene* (who thought her ſelf as ſuperior in Power as in Capacity, and who deſpis'd the Goodneſs of her Son) gave him to know, in Words well ſuited to her haughty Airs, "That ſhe had beſtow'd *Leonidas* upon him "for a menial Servant, not a Counſellor; "He had not Brains enough to direct his "own Affairs, much more to adviſe an Em- "peror; *but like, wou'd to like*; 'twas as im- "poſſible to waſh an *Ethiope*, as to inſpire "him with ſuch Sentiments, as was requir'd

"from

" from him! he wou'd ſooner lean to that
" Traitor *Herminius*'s Advice, whom the
" Nation hated, and who, 'twas perceiv'd,
" liv'd in very good Correſpondence with
" *Leonidas*, which had made the latter ſo
" diſagreeable to the People, and dangerous
" to the Empire, that ſhe thought it high
" time for his Imperial Majeſty to diſcharge
" him his Service; 'twas of ſuch Import-
" ance it ſhou'd be done forthwith, and
" therefore ſhe wou'd not forbear to inſiſt
" upon it, and did inſiſt upon it. The Em-
peror having not thought fit to make her
any other Anſwer than by a Look, *Irene*
went forth, and tho' it was late at Night,
and the Court at a Palace of Pleaſure on the
Aſian ſide, a League diſtant from *Conſtantinople*,
ſhe ſent a Gentleman to *Leonidas*, to bid him
inſtantly begone! his Lodgings were given
to another, there was no ſleeping for him
any longer there! and withal, that he was
diſcharg'd the Imperial Service, and ſhou'd
not ſet foot no more at Court 'till he was
ſent for! The, good-natur'd Youth, who lov'd
his Lord more for himſelf, than his Royal
Dignity (and who had never behav'd him-
ſelf but with Reſpect and Gratitude to the
Empreſs that had rais'd him) knew himſelf
guiltleſs of any Fault which might deſerve ſo
great a Hardſhip; his only Crime was his
Vertue, and *Cæſar*'s Love and Favour! But
unwilling to diſpute the Commands of a

Lady

Lady his Benefactoreſs, he put himſelf upon the Road, late as it was; not murmuring at being turn'd out without a moment's notice, in the midſt of a wintry, unhoſpitable Sky! no Chamber or Bed to repoſe in, 'till he ſhou'd go in ſearch of one at *Conſtantinople*! He was all Obedience, aſcribing to his Deſtiny, that as yet had never been very favourable, this turn ſo wounding and unexpected!

ONE Day, two, three Days paſt, and *Ceſar* no longer beheld *Leonidas*, who with an Officiouſneſs, departing from Love more than Duty, us'd to attend his Imperial Perſon! he ſeem'd to want his ready Service and Confidence, he ask'd for *Leonidas*? "What was become of him? Was he ill? "Did any Body know of *Leonidas*? All who "were in waiting, dreaded the Anger of "the Mother-Favourite, and durſt not re-"ply, Will none anſwer me, enquir'd the "gracious *Conſtantine*? What have you done "with *Leonidas*? I have diſmiſs'd him, an-"ſwer'd the Imperious *Irene*; I hope your "Majeſty will think it ſufficient, when I "tell you, he is thought dangerous, and "that, my Lords, your truſty Counſellors, "and my ſelf, eſteem it not prudent, that "he ſhou'd remain longer about your ſa-"cred Perſon; a Spy to that Party who "ſeeks to dethrone you! and the Confident "and Introducer of *Herminius*'s fatal Elo-"quence!

" quence! who fills your Ears with Diſtruſt
" of your beſt and moſt powerful People;
" ſuch, who in Contempt, they call *Idola-*
" *ters!* But be aſſur'd, *Caſar*, that as it is
" them that occaſion'd the Crown having
" been ſet upon your Head, it is *they* only,
" that can and will maintain it *There!* There
" has ſcarce ever any Prince been ruin'd but
" himſelf has been the Cauſe! What have
" you, Sir, to do to hag your ſelf with Po-
" liticks? Since *Leonidas* has turn'd Cabinet-
" Counſellor, and *Herminius* had your Ear,
" you no longer confeſs your former Sereni-
" ty! your Brow! your Looks are clouded!
" in ſhort, your Underſtanding's puzzl'd!
" the warring Factions are too much for
" your Imperial Majeſty to bear! Why
" ſhou'd you ruffle your ſelf thus unpro-
" fitably? Do you diſpute my Integrity,
" or that of *Stauracius*'s, who has brought
" you home ſo many wonderful Victories,
" laviſh'd his Blood for your Glory, and
" hourly endanger'd his Life? Or is the faith-
" ful *Æmilius* diſtruſted, he whoſe unweary'd
" Diligence, and waking Cares, continual-
" ly ſeeks how to improve your Treaſure,
" and manage it to an unpreſidented Advan-
" tage? Or thoſe others of your Counſel-
" lors, who have Capacity and Power to ſe-
" cure you at home, whilſt the fortunate
" *Stauracius* conquers abroad? Was ever any
" Fate ſo perverſe as yours? May you not

" be the moſt Glorious, moſt Happy Mo-
" narch of your Age, by only ſitting ſtill,
" and you will needs be journeying to diſ-
" compoſe and make you miſerable? What
" Enjoyment do you want? Cannot you
" pray and play, and do any thing but puzzle
" your ſelf with State-Affairs? which, cre-
" dit me, your Genius was never born for:
" Have you a mind to dip in Diſcontents
" from which you are not made to extri-
" cate? either deſcend all at once, and ſave
" *Herminius* and the Orthodox Party, their
" Intrigue for pulling you down; or keep
" your Seat, and permit the Government to
" them who know how to maintain you
" there.

HERE *Irene* departed; but as ſoon as ſhe cou'd inſtruct 'em, was ſucceeded by thoſe of the *Junto*, who kept as little Reſpect to the Imperial Throne as did her Majeſty; they obſerv'd indeed a method among themſelves; but whenever they ſhew'd any Reverence to *Cæſar*, 'twas an affected one, an aſſum'd Air of *Devoir*, which they did not believe themſelves oblig'd ſo far to cover, as even to have it appear, natural!

WHEN by Blandiſhments they wou'd enforce any Requeſt to *Cæſar*, then was *Stauracius* appointed, who had been a Favourite of the Heart, one whom *Conſtantine* had lov'd, and conſequently believ'd! Were Perſons to be laught into Diſgrace, or out of Em-

Employment? Was Wit or Ridicule, neceſſary upon any Exigency? *Cataline*, with his *facetious Strain*, and *artificial Management*, was commiſſion'd! when to Terrifie! things Dreadful! Dangerous! upon which new Meaſures were indiſpenſible! Then came the fearful *Æmilius* with his Affected, Thoughtful, Haggard Brow! If an Action was to be precipitated, and *Cæſar* huff'd into compliance! hot *Cethegus* was diſpatch'd! But for the Crown of all! as in a Conſult where ſolemn Wiſdom was requir'd! the laſt Reſource! a Sentence from which there was no Appeal! unerring *Cicero* was the Oracle! the Fate! the Deſtiny of the whole! to whom the *Junto-Gods* themſelves were oblig'd to yield! Oh! Madam! Cou'd this profound Sage have been conſulted in *Thais*'s looſe Alcove, what Reverence had then been his Claim? What Obedience due to his inevitable Sentence?

LEONIDAS's Diſmiſſion (in which they imagin'd *Herminius*'s Exile from the Imperial Ear was involv'd) appear'd of ſuch moment, that they inforced *Irene*'s Opinion with *There*'s. *Stauracius* intreated! *Cataline* flatter'd *Cæſar*, and ridicul'd the plain *Laconick* in *Leonidas*! *Æmilius* denounc'd his Fears upon the fatal Conſequence! *Cethegus* ſaid, there was no other way, he muſt and ſhou'd be diſgrac'd, or they were all undone! Temperate *Cicero* cou'd not find any thing in that

Youth, of conſequence to his ſacred Majeſty's Service, which might not be, even, better ſupply'd by another, in whom there were no dangerous Inſinuations! So that upon the whole, it was abſolutely of uſe (in his Opinion) that *Leonidas* ſhou'd be diſcharg'd the Royal Service, if it were only to prevent Heart-burnings and Diſorder; and forbid upon pain of the Imperial Diſpleaſure, [*i. e.* the *Junto*'s] to approach *Cæſar*'s Preſence uncall'd.

CONSTANTINE heard their Advice with his uſual Benignity: He told 'em he wou'd conſider their Requeſt; which accordingly he did: In his own Imperial Breaſt he put the matter to Ballance, and found that *Leonidas* was no otherwiſe dangerous, but as he was vertuous; *Herminius* had *Cæſar*'s unſhaken Opinion to uphold him with Eſteem! but *Auguſtus* was aw'd with the Threats of thoſe he believ'd his Friends, and driven to ſuſpect the *Orthodox*, by the Inſinuations of a Miniſtry, that, tho' a little too warm, he thought well intention'd to his Service; no Treachery, no Self-ends in his own Breaſt, he cou'd not ſuſpect 'em in others: At length he reſolv'd, were it true that *Herminius* and *Leonidas* were ingag'd in the Intereſt of the Orthodox, and that thoſe Intereſts were prejudicial to the Empire and to him, he ſhou'd quickly diſcover their Deſigns, and be able to guard himſelf againſt

againſt making any Conceſſions in their Favour; that then it wou'd be time enough to deny them his Eſteem, and not to treat as a Criminal, before he appear'd ſuch, a Servant whom he lov'd, and had always diſtinguiſh'd.

THUS, without further Explanation, was *Leonidas* recall'd, and with ſo much Secreſie, that his Preſence prevented the Report! *Irene*, bold as ſhe was, was ready to ſwoon, when coming to *Cæſar*'s Riſing, ſhe met *Leonidas* (already in waiting) in an outward Chamber; but recovering her Spirits, ſhe ask'd him with her native Haughtineſs and Contempt, "What he did there? And being humbly anſwer'd, that 'twas the Emperor's Pleaſure he ſhou'd attend; "ſhe fell to reproaching him with Ingrati- "tude to her, his *Maker!* with endeavour- "ing to drive her and her Friends, from "*Auguſtus*'s good Opinion and Confidence! "for which *Cæſar*'s Favour ſhou'd not long "be a Refuge againſt the Reſentment of "one who thought her ſelf oblig'd never "to forgive! 'Tis true, ſhe had met the "uſual Fate, the conſtant return with which "ſuch mercenary Upſtarts were wont to "repay the gracious Hand that rais'd 'em! "Snakes! who when fed and warm'd, not on- "ly forgot their former Indigence, but ſtung "their Benefactors! but there was means "to be found to cruſh ingrateful Vipers,

" and to return 'em back to the Dunghil,
" from which they had unwarily been taken.

LEONIDAS felt a generous Indignation at being reproach'd with Crimes ſo diſtant from his Thoughts; he deteſted that unworthy Sin of Ingratitude in all its Forms! he had even ſuffer'd *Irene*'s Indignation without *complaining* or *murmuring*; nor had ſought to *Cæſar* for Redreſs in his Diſgrace, nor even to vindicate himſelf from thoſe Aſperſions that muſt be indiſpenſibly caſt upon him: He knew that the Empreſs, in forbidding him the Court, had forg'd things to his Diſadvantage to make it be approv'd by the Emperor, yet had the Youth implicitely obey'd; therefore a conſcious Reſentment invaded him at being ſo accus'd; Innocence made him bold, tho' with all that Reſpect that was due to the mighty diſtance in Quality between 'em! 'He told her Imperial Majeſty, that he was guiltleſs of her Reproaches; had ſerv'd the Emperor with exact Fidelity, which, he ſuppos'd, was all that ſhe had requir'd from him, in advancing him about his Perſon; that he only fill'd the Place of another, and in a Poſt of ſo ſmall *Eclat* (had not *Cæſar* graciouſly diſtinguiſh'd him) that Perſons of Quality rarely ambition'd it; tho' very true, it was a great deal to him, whoſe Fortune ſtood in need of ſmall things; but as her Imperial Majeſty had oblig'd him by introducing, ſhe had in

'injur'd by diſcarding him, in a manner ſo 'ignominious, that had not the Emperor had 'more than ordinary Goodneſs, and an aſ-'ſur'd Opinion of his Innocence, it wou'd 'have for ever depreſs'd his Fortune: But as 'as he was conſcious of having never in 'Thought! in Word! or Glance! done any 'thing againſt her Imperial Majeſty's Inte-'reſts, nor contrary to the Deſire ſhe doubt-'leſs had of preſerving her Aſcendant over 'her Son, ſo now he hop'd, ſhe wou'd not 'call his Obedience to *Cæſar*, Ingratitude to 'his Benefactor! Hard! very hard was his 'Deſtiny! to be accus'd for the laſt Sin he 'cou'd be guilty of! He confeſs'd, the 'weight lay heavy upon him, in regard to 'thoſe, who believ'd ſucceeding Injuries 'cou'd never cancel a prior Obligation; him-'ſelf had taken the thing the ſame way, 'fixing only upon the Merit of his *Introduction*; he had a grateful Senſe of Duty for 'his *Patroneſs*, without the leaſt Reſentment 'for his *Deſtroyer!* tho', unfortunate as he 'was, he well perceiv'd, nothing but his 'Deſtruction cou'd be acceptable to her Ma-'jeſty: He muſt either renounce the Empe-'ror's Service, (tho' in it he wou'd ever be-'have himſelf void of juſt Offence) give up 'the Means that preſerv'd his Life! or be 'the Theme for Reproach, when they wou'd 'mean Ingratitude, tho' to one who every 'Day ſought to cruſh his Fortune, and who,

'for having once oblig'd, believed ſhe had 'a Right always to injure; as if ſaving a 'Perſon's Life, gave the Benefactor a per-'petual Claim to murder what he had pre-'ſerv'd; or ſo murdering, he cou'd not be 'call'd unjuſt, becauſe he took but what he 'had once preſerv'd.

'LEONIDAS begg'd leave, in ſo nice a 'Point, to diſtinguiſh between the Com-'mands of a Maſter, whoſe immediate Ser-'vant he was, and who order'd him ſtill to 'remain in his Service; and that of her Im-'perial Majeſty, who bade him begone and 'ſerve no more; and who did all that was 'in her Power, to ruin him, without any 'other Provocation, than his having had 'the Glory to be acceptable to *Cæſar*.

THE Empreſs was ſo little us'd to have her Laws diſputed, eſpecially by one whom ſhe look'd upon as what ought to have been her Creature, that ſhe flounc'd out of the Lodgings, without paying her Duty to *Cæſar*! *Airs* ſhe has ſince often given her ſelf, and retir'd to one of her Rural Retreats, to brood for ſome Days over her Diſcontents, and ſeek the Means how ſhe might be re-yeng'd upon *Leonidas*.

THE Year after Lord *Horatio* was re-call'd from *Iberia*, *Caius Æmilius* demanded a particular Audience of the Empreſs; he brought in his Hand that Renown'd General, *Rutilius*, whom he preſented to *Irene*. Still

(during

(during the *Queſtor*'s Speech) where a *Plaudite* was expected, *Rutilius* bow'd low, as if to remark to the Empreſs, where lay the Streſs of his important Services. Whilſt this admirable Farce was acting, her Imperial Majeſty, with an erect Air of Grandeur, as if from a loſty Theatre, graciouſly for this time condeſcending to hear, now and then ſmil'd him an Aſſent; and where the greateſt Glare appear'd, with an Inclination of her Head, was pleas'd to nod him her Approbation.

'MADAM, began the Miniſter, I bring 'in the Perſon of Lord *Rutilius*, the moſt 'obedient of your Servants: Conſcious of 'his well-performing Duty, he throws him-'ſelf at your ſacred Feet, in Expectation of 'your further Commands.

'I COME, Madam, to report to your 'Majeſty, Particulars which we have in-'duſtriouſly conceal'd from the World; 'Particulars of the laſt Campaign. Care has 'been taken, Madam, to prevent all *Eccla-'riſment*; for of thoſe who cou'd have in-'form'd the World, moſt of 'em are dead, 'and the reſt ſecur'd in the Priſons of our 'Enemies.

'WHAT your Majeſty heard of Lord *Ho-'ratio* laſt Year, is little to what has been 'perform'd in this. He took Towns, and 'over-run Kingdoms; drove *Zulema* the '*Mooriſh* King, into deſpair! put the Capital

'of

'of *Iberia* into the Poſſeſſion of *Caeſar*'s Forces, 'and left us ſcarce a poſſibility (had we not 'been Maſters of the greateſt *Fineſs)* to de- 'part from thoſe Advantages he had gain'd! 'Our Buſineſs was not to give away, but 'loſe; we muſt yet pretend to keep, what 'we were willing ſhou'd be taken. *Rutilius*, '(who under the late Emperor obtain'd ſo 'much Renown) found it a harder Task to 'fly than fight! but nothing, Madam, ſeem'd 'impoſſible to a General, who aim'd at the 'entire and only Glory of pleaſing your moſt 'ſacred Majeſty.

'LORD *Horatio* left him, Madam, in 'poſſeſſion of the Capital; and in that, we 'may ſafely ſay of all *Iberia*. What was to 'be done amidſt that Throng of Succeſs? 'It had ſtill been ours, had not his memo- 'rable Arts diverted King *Roderigo* from com- 'ing to aſſure the Poſſeſſion! Forty Days, 'Madam, it was in your fortunate General's 'Hands! he had all that time to conſider 'how he might loſe it with the better 'Grace! he began, by neglecting to lay in 'the Magazines that were indiſpenſable to- 'wards its Preſervation. At the ſame time 'regardleſs of the important City of *Toletum*, 'he left it to the Care of that holy Prieſt the 'Lord Arch-Biſhop, who, beſides his Pray- 'ers and exemplary Life, which was certain- 'ly able to defend it, had on all Occaſions 'approv'd himſelf ſuch a ſtedfaſt Friend

'to

'to the Houſe of *Roderigo*, ſuch an inveterate 'Enemy to that of *Zulema*; and therefore 'ſtood in need of none of your Majeſty's 'Forces to keep him and his Capital in the 'Intereſt of *Caſar*.

'I FORMERLY made your Imperial Ma-'jeſty ſenſible how tedious and difficult was 'the *Rout* which we perſwaded King *Rode-'rigo* to take round by *Caſar Auguſta*. He 'was advanc'd twelve Leagues up the Ri-'ver; your Conſiderate General drew off 'the Forces from the Capital, as in Duty 'bound, to meet and conduct the trium-'phant Monarch! Cou'd any thing be more 'plauſible? Cou'd any thing carry with it 'a better Face? The whole Country, as 'well as the Capital, was left defenſeleſs! 'expreſly left to fall into King *Zulema*'s 'Power! who retook it with only five hun-'dred Horſe; and as if that was not a ſuffi-'cient Blow, we left the important Paſs of '*Complutum* regardleſs! A Paſs, Madam, 'that ſecur'd to us all that part of the King-'dom of *Carpetani!* as we had well foreſeen 'the *Mooriſh* King cou'd not but ſeize on it, 'together with all our *Pontons*.

'IS not this coming directly into your Im-'perial Majeſty's Sentiments? the Capital 'loſt! the important Paſs of that Kingdom 'loſt! all Men ſtood in a Gaze! they ſaw *Zu-'lema*'s Succeſs with wonder, but they 'knew not the Springs from whence he de-

riv'd

'riv'd his Succeſs! or how it was poſſible he 'ſhould retrieve his Affairs in ſo ſhort a 'time, from that deſperate State Lord *Ho-* 'ratio's Victories had precipitated 'em into. 'Mean time your General has ſo much Ad- 'dreſs, King *Roderigo* does not at all ſuſpect 'but that he was doing his Duty: Was he 'not marching to conduct his *Iberian* Ma- 'jeſty to the Capital? How cou'd he then 'be preſum'd to be accountable for the Loſs 'of it? 'Tis impoſſible a Perſon ſhould be 'at the ſame time in different Places.

'HE further took care, Madam, to omit 'that Indiſpenſible of War, good Intelli- 'gence. Your ſacred Majeſty knows Lord '*Rutilius*'s Genius too well; are too well ac- 'quainted with his native Diligence and Ad- 'dreſs, once to ſuſpect that he cou'd ever be 'ſo remiſs without a Cauſe, the greateſt 'Cauſe, obeying your moſt inviolable Com- 'mands! In a Word, Madam, the Enemy 'was within a League of your Majeſty's 'Army on the other ſide the River, before 'the Legions were inform'd that there was a '*Perſian* return'd into *Iberia*.

'WHAT was next to be done? Your diſ- 'ciſive General declar'd, That there was a 'Neceſſity for us to abandon the Kingdom 'of *Carpetani* to the Enemy: The Army im- 'plicitly obey'd him; tho' we might have 'ſubſiſted, had we retreated to *Concha*, which 'was ſtill ours, and advantagiouſly ſituated upon

'upon the ridge of a Hill between two Ri-
'vers, Garriſon'd with three thouſand Men.
'*Rutilius* knew better, Madam, how to
'ſerve, than by making ſo falſe a ſtep, a ſtep
'which might ſtill have preſerved us *Carpe-*
'*tani!* In a word, he retreated into the ad-
'jacent Kingdom, and to compleat the ruin,
'permitted the Maſter-ſtroke; That Garri-
'ſon to fall into the Hands of *Zulema.*

'HERE, Madam, all our Deſires had
'been fulfill'd, we ſhou'd have had no fur-
'ther uſe of *Fineſs*, but for that unthinking
'Fool Lord *Triphonius*; who, as he had not
'Senſe enough to penetrate your General's
'Deſign, had too little Artifice to be let in-
'to it. He prevented the Blow! a Blow
'which had not needed a ſecond! in ſhort,
'Madam, he ſecured our Retreat againſt
'the deſign of *Rutilius*, who did not intend
'we ſhou'd have made any. The oppor-
'tunity was fair, without his Aſſiſtance your
'Army had been cut off at once. But to
'retrieve this falſe ſtep (your General know-
'ing he was offering a Meritorious Sacrifice,
'not only to your Imperial Majeſty, but to the
'God-like *Stauracius*) he threw his Troops
'into unwalled Towns! where it was indiſ-
'penſible, that they muſt become a Prey to
'the *Mooriſh* King; which accordingly one
'after another they did. In that Winter's
'Campaign, *Rutilius* ſquander'd ſeven thou-
'ſand Men; an inconſiderable number in

'the

'the eſtimation of him, who were it in his
'Power, wou'd offer Hecatombs, to gain a
'Smile from your auſpicious Majeſty.

'AFTER ſo conſiderable a Loſs, it be-
'came impoſſible to prevent, at leaſt the
'*Feint* of ſending Succors to your Exhauſted
'Legions in *Iberia*. Lord *Lælius* was or-
'der'd to march from *Luſitania* with a Rein-
'forcement. Your Majeſty can't be for-
'getful of the Reputation he had acquired
'under the late invincible Emperor *Leo*. We
'were alarm'd at his Fidelity to *Cæſar*,
'and his Capacity in War! we therefore en-
'deavour'd, as the firſt was uſeleſs to your
'Majeſty, to make the other ſo to King
'*Roderigo*. He had been promiſed, that at
'his arrival, he ſhou'd find Magazines
'ready; tho' at the time that we made
'him that promiſe, we knew the Contra-
'ctors cou'd not procure 'em till thirty
'Days after. I do not doubt but he ſu-
'ſpected our Deſign, and therefore inſiſted
'upon Orders for retreating. We ſent 'em
'him indeed, when we hoped it was too
'late. But his wiſe Foreſight prevented us
'by retreating of himſelf, the Day before
'the Orders came: Elſe he and all his Ar-
'my had been cut off

'BUT, Madam, notwithſtanding the In-
'duſtry of your faithful General, there
'were ſome of thoſe old Troops remaining
'who under Lord *Horatio* had been inur'd

'to

'to Difficulties and Conqueſt; we could not be ſafe whilſt they were living Witneſſes of his Glory, and our own Defeat. A Battle would probably carry 'em off! 'Twas what that prudent General always advis'd againſt; Ground enough for us to purſue contrary Meaſures: His Buſineſs was to preſerve *Iberia*, ours to loſe it: What Methods more certain than the reverſe of his? Here, Madam, the devoted *Rutilius* exerted himſelf with more than common Ardor. He well knew he was to lead Men that us'd to overcome againſt odds! They who had found all things poſſible, believ'd there was nothing impoſſible! To allay their Heat and give 'em a ſlender Mortification, he ſat down before a Town which had nothing to defend it but on old Caſtle, to which we apply'd ſome uſeleſs battering Rams. Here he lay a Week, without deſigning to make any progreſs in the Siege, and then drew off, after having loſt more Men then Lord *Horatio* did, at the taking the Maritime Metropolis.

'NOTHING but a Battle cou'd yet determine the fate of *Iberia*; the Soldiers were ſtill ardent for Fight, Lord *Rutilius*, Madam, thought he might venture upon the report of the *Perſian*'s Superior Strength; a true account of their Army having been brought him twelve Days before, by two Centurion Diſerters.

'HERE

'HERE, Madam, your immortal Gene-
'ral was all himſelf! whatever Penetration
'Conduct! Reflection! Judgment! cou'd
'produce! were Eminent in Him! He had
'a Task entirely new, all was to be de-
'bated within his own judicious Breaſt
'there was none to truſt in that important
'Affair. He was to Fight but not over-
'come! ſhou'd he at firſt have fled, his
'Men wou'd never have follow'd him; and
'thoſe who had ſurvived, probably might
'have accuſed him to the Senate. The *Coup*
'*de Grace* was in being beaten, as other Ge-
'nerals are ſuppoſed to be, againſt their In-
'tentions. The *Perſians* were then three
'Leagues diſtant, the diſadvantage is obvi-
'ous of attacking with an inferior Number
'an Enemy advantageouſly Poſted. The
'Plain was about a League over, ſurround-
'ed on every ſide by Hills; He took care to
'fatigue his Army the Morning they were
'to fight with three Leagues March. The
'Enemy were drawn up in two Lines, be-
'ſides a Body of Reſerve: We had but one
'compleat Line, and about half another,
'with no Body of Reſerve. Our Foot was
'expoſed in the Plain, the Horſe poſted on
'the ſides of the Hill; your Majeſty, tho' a
'Woman unskill'd in War, cannot but form
'an Idea of the prepoſterous Diſpoſition,
'where the Infantry were expoſed to the

'utmoſt

'utmoſt diſadvantage, and the Cavalry re-
'moved from aſſiſting 'em.

'THE *Luſitanian* General, as it had
'been ſuſpected by *Rutilius*, fled with three
'thouſand Horſe before a Blow was ſtruck;
'what ſhall I ſay, Madam, their deſtiny was
'inevitable; tho' your Soldiers, worthy of a
'better Fate, did all, and more than Men
'cou'd be ſuppoſed to do, yet intrepid as
'they were, they muſt be vanquiſh'd. The
'Conteſt was ſanguine! the Event mortal!
'How many Brave Men loſt their Lives?
'How many of thoſe, who with *Horatio*
'were Conquerors, became Conquer'd now?
'The Fight laſted but an Hour, yet was it
'not the leſs fatal. Behold, the Marks of it
'remaining in your wounded General: 'Tis
'perhaps, Madam, the only Battle where all
'that Fought, except himſelf, were either
'kill'd or taken Priſoners.

'HERE, Madam, ended *Cæſar*'s Empire
'in *Iberia*! here ended *Roderigo*'s Reign!
'This Campaign, which had laſted but three
'Weeks, was deciſive! what remains is but
'the ſhadow of Royalty; of which that
'Titular Monarch muſt not yet be diſpoſ-
'ſeſt: 'Twill ſerve for a pretence to the Se-
'nate for perpetual Impoſts: Which like
'thoſe which have already been given, muſt
'ſtill remain (as I ever ſhall) under your Im-
'perial Majeſty's Diſpenſation.

'WE have found our ſelves oblig'd, Madam, to give ſome account to the Publick; thoſe who have loſt their Parents! Children! Husbands! and Friends! will be inquiſitive, there's ſomething due to their Tears, if they hear a plauſible Reaſon, 'tis relief to the bitterneſs of their Woe! our firſt pretence for Fighting was our want of Proviſion, tho' it was eaſy for us, Madam, to have retired where we had winter'd, the Kingdom of the *Edetani* was ſtill in a condition to ſupport us; accordingly we had promiſed King *Roderigo*, to return that way to meet his Majeſty in *Celtiberia*.

'OUR ſecond pretence, is, that that King had taken ſix thouſand Men from us; they do not ſee that wou'd have been a good reaſon againſt fighting: The credulous World can believe more than we have occaſion to impoſe; the truth is, he had taken but one thouſand, and leaſt we ſhou'd have been too ſtrong, the reſt were left in Garriſons upon the Sea-Coaſt.

'THE third reaſon perſwades, that our Communication with the Kingdom of the *Edetani*, where we had winter'd, wou'd have been cut off, unleſs we cou'd paſs thoſe Plains, which the Enemy were poſſeſs'd of.

'BUT, Madam, we were nearer to the Kingdom of the *Edetani*, and the Country between *Setabis* and *Saguntum* (not more famed for *Hannibal*, then now for *Horatio*)

'from

'from under the Walls of that old Town 'we vainly held beſieged, I muſt thus de-'monſtrate it to your Sacred Majeſty; the 'Town being but three Leagues diſtant, 'the Field of Battle five, 'tis eaſy to query 'which was neareſt.

'THE Parallel wou'd not be difficult to 'make between the two Generals: Lord *Ho-'ratio* cou'd not gain with a greater Rapidi-'ty and Vigour, than the other has loſt: '*Horatio* ſtruggled through a thouſand Diffi-'culties to conquer! *Rutilius* has not waded 'thro' fewer to be overcome! *Horatio* cou'd 'not ſubdue more in one Campaign, than '*Rutilius* permitted to be ſubdu'd in ano-'ther! The former was Matter of Ruin to 'your Majeſty's Intereſt, the latter has 'put your Security beyond Diſpute. I do 'not doubt, but by your puniſhing of *one*, 'and your well-rewarding the *other*, none 'will hereafter dare to purſue any Com-'mands, but thoſe of your moſt Sacred Ma-'jeſty and the invincible *Staturacius*.

The *Junto* went on in ſecuring to them-ſelves and their Dependents, all Offices of Profit and Truſt: Now was the Navy, Legi-ons, Senate, Treaſury, the Citadels poſſeſs'd by their Creatures. The Orthodox were not only diſcourag'd, and Idolaters advanc'd; but care was taken to chuſe Magiſtrates for the City, and People from ſuch who were devoted to the Miniſtry. *Cæſar* was no

longer mention'd, or but barely mention'd, as Matter of Form only: He was ſeen as rarely as the *Eaſtern* Princes of old, encompaſs'd with none but Spies! Creatures of the Empreſſes, that carried his every Sigh, his leaſt Whiſper with *Leonidas*, to the Apartment of *Irene*. Never any Court had ſo dull an Air, thoſe noble *Appearances*, *Naumachia's*, the *Circus*, *Aſſemblies*! Glories of former Reigns were dwindled into diſtruſtful Forms, and outward Salutations: They even endeavour'd to perſwade the Emperor, that he lov'd not Converſation, that Company did not agree with his Health and Conſtitution, and often condol'd with his Imperial Majeſty, the Fatigue they were oblig'd to give him in ſigning of Diſpatches: All other Marks of Authority were uſurp'd by the *Junto*. Cou'd it have been effected, they wou'd have found an Expedient to unburthen him of *That*. *Æmilius* ſcarce vouchſafing to tell him any further, than that ſuch and ſuch Papers requir'd his Hand; and when *Cæſar* wou'd ſometimes attempt to have Reaſons given, he would huddle up his Bundle, pretend being ſhort'ned in time, or grow diſpleas'd, as if *Cæſar* diſtruſted his Capacity or Fidelity, and be for laying down the Imperial Load, reſigning to thoſe whom his Majeſty had a greater Confidence in.

CONSTANTINE, who coſt the Empire much leſs in his perſonal Expence, than any

of the *Cæsar*'s had done, having no Privy-purse but what was of the *Cabal*, would sometimes send a Command to Lord *Æmilius* for Money; the saucy *State-Æatle* would not vouchsafe to rise from his Dice or Chess-board, but send by a common Hand, perhaps the twentieth Part of what had been demanded, saying, that was all cou'd be procur'd; and when next he went to *Constantine*, would be sure to recommend good Husbandry, and to tell him the Emptiness of the Treasury, the exorbitant Expence of War, whilst himself and his Family squander'd in Gaming, and hoarded in their Coffer, more than any of the Race of Favourites had ever done.

MEAN time, the titular Emperor sees none approach his Person, but such as are Slaves to the Ministry; his Servants, Officers, Friends, (but alass, those were discouraging from approaching him) officiated as they were plac'd by others, without either Love or Reverence to his Person; their Duty was transferr'd to them that had the Power, those who could advance and maintain 'em in their Posts, *Cæsar* had not any: His Guards, his Rods and Axes were Pageantry, the out-side of Empire, an Imperial Slave, a Royal Captive in the midst of a numerous Train; he saw none that he durst trust, unless *Leonidas*, who could only see, but not break the Captivity of his Master.

NOW might be ſaid of the *Greek* Empire, what had been formerly of the *Carthaginian* State, when *Hannibal* had made 'em ſo often victorious; Never were the Affairs of the Common-wealth more flouriſhing, and never more deſperate; never had it greater Reputation abroad, or greater Miſery at home; *Stauracius* had yet one Step to take, before he would condeſcend to give Peace to the Empire: As he was already by Favour rais'd to a height above all Favourites, he would ſecure to himſelf a Fortune laſting, as 'twas great. The Empreſs his Wife, inceſſantly influenc'd his Ambition; *Herminius* and his Party gave 'em continual Apprehenſions, thoſe noble Patricians that in former Reigns has ſerv'd their Country in Poſts that were now fill'd by People of Yeſterday, continually allarm'd them with their Diſcontents; ſuch born great, with the nobleſt Blood of *Rome* in their Veins, were totally unimploy'd and diſcountenanc'd. A few had uſurp'd the Royalties of many: Thoſe who (before their ſucceſsful Miniſtry) durſt have ſcarce crowded into Sight, now blazed with an awkward Glare, full in the Face of old *Roman* Nobility. The *Valerii*, the *Agrippi*, the *Curtii*, and the *Fabii*, &c. theſe were the dreaded Champions of the Empire's Liberty; theſe were they, who would not come into any Meaſures deſtructive to the Conſtitution. *Stauracius* was therefore reſolv'd

solv'd to raise himself above needing, what he cou'd not gain; a Proposition was made to the *Junto* to create him PERPETUAL! *Father of the Empire*, and *Commander* of the *Legions for Life*! A Title which equall'd that of *Dictator*, so long since laid aside: In return, he was to maintain them in the Places they held; and after the Death of *Cæsar*, (if *Stauracius* chanc'd to survive him) to endeavour, by favour of the Soldier, at restoring the *Consular* State, or to abolish Hereditary Right, that so the Empire might never hereafter be Successive, but made entirely Elective; not as many times it had been by the Legions; the Ministry and Senate should henceforward chuse their *Cæsars*: *Stauracius* stood the fairest, and in prospect of being the first; 'till then he was to be made Head. They had not yet enter'd upon so detestable a Proposition, as laying the Emperor aside; tho' alas! what a Shadow must he have been, when the *Substance*, the Army, was *irrevokably* under the Command of another. As to *Religion*, they unanimously voted the Extirpation of the *Orthodox*, and the Propagation of *Heresy*: This had long been in their View; for some Years backward, as any Dignity of the Church fell, the Promotion was sure to be made in favour of an Idol-Worshipper. My Lord of *Antioch* had likewise invented new Terms of Allegiance to *Cæsar*, such as, he believ'd, could only be taken by *Schismaticks*,

by which he hop'd the *Orthodox* wou'd have been unqualify'd for any Offices of Truſt and Profit; not foreſeeing how potently the Church wou'd contend, the *Brethren* ſtriving with one another which ſhou'd give *Conſtantine* ſtrongeſt Proofs of Duty! firm Adherence! and unchangeable Loyalty. The Epiſcopal Sees had been gradually fill'd with ſuch who were to preach up the Power of the Miniſtry, the precarious Title of *Caſar*'s Right of Obedience from his People, or rather, that *Caſar* was made by Scripture to be ſubſervient to them; *Emperors* being created for common Good, and whenever they forfeited their Truſt, it had been found expedient, *that one Man ſhou'd die for the Sins of the People.*

MEAN time the Wiſdom of the *Junto* deliver'd themſelves by their Oracle, Lord *Cicero:* Before they wou'd bring the Senate and Army to make Lord *Stauracius* PERPETUAL; they requir'd that himſelf and the Empreſs ſhou'd give 'em proof that they were abſolutely in their Intereſt, leaſt when an *irrevokable* Truſt was once conferr'd, they ſhou'd join with the Emperor, and by ſuch means, becoming ſtronger than the *Junto*, diſſolve them at pleaſure, and give their Authority and Profits to others.

THE Expedient found, was, that *Irene* ſhou'd behave her ſelf with Direſpect and Inſolence, more than ordinary, to the Emperor, and that Lord *Stauracius* ſhou'd take

take the first opportunity to dispute *Constantine*'s Commands; so to make an irreconciable Breach, and to let *Cæsar* understand, that he was now to be commanded by him.

YOUR Highness may believe, it did not cost the haughty *Irene* much to act the part that was given her! She readily forgot Blood! Gratitude! Kindness! Reverence! and the Duty and Acknowledgement that a Favourite-Subject shou'd pay a Monarch! there was nothing disrespectful or abrupt that she did not quickly become guilty of, leaving the very place with Contempt, the minute before *Cæsar* was to enter it: Rarely to appear in the Presence, but when she was sent for; and then with an Air so extreamly averse or thoughtless, as if she were there alone, that it cou'd be no longer doubted, but her Emperor was not only become her Aversion, but her Scorn. Upon any Indisposition (as *Constantine* had but a weak Constitution) instead of assisting him with ready Love, and duteous Service; she wou'd, in his very hearing, reproach — and fogh — at his Infirmities, — be sick, — and cou'd not eat in three Days after such odious Sights. — Oh! unparallel'd Angel-Goodness in *Cæsar*, not to send her to another World, instead of letting her live to make him her Mockery in this.

IRENE thus admirably acting the Part that was enjoyn'd her, gave the *Junto* no cause to doubt of her being sincerely in their In-

Interest: But it was now time for *Staurac-ius* to exert himself. One of the *Tribuni Militum* was lately dead; *Cæsar* thought fit to transfer *Leonidas*'s Brother to that Post, (for he was already *Tribune* in another Legion, tho' not so ancient as were the *Armenian* Legions) a Person without Exception, and who had long serv'd the Empire in the *Persian* War. At another time perhaps *Staurac-ius* wou'd not have so highly resented it; he had no mighty Crash of Passion in his Composition, he did not care to be warm'd, it must be a very great Occasion that rais'd his Phlegm, tho' he cou'd personate sometimes; accordingly he went to Court, and the Emperor having told him, that he had made *Leonidas*'s Brother *Tribune*, in one of the *Armenian* Legions; *Staurac-ius* fell into all the Indecency both of Manners and Expression that was requir'd! "He reproach'd *Cæsar* "with the bad Return he made to all his "important, faithful Services! the Blood he "had spilt! the Triumphs he had procur'd "him! Therefore to have the Officers in "his own Army made without his Know-"ledge, and one preferr'd whose Right it "was not, was such an Indignity he cou'd "never forgive! And very well knowing the "use they had made the Emperor believe "he had of his unequal'd Service, he told "*Cæsar* he wou'd serve no more, nor never "see his Face again! so abruptly leaving

"the

"the Presence, he departed the Court with "the same Air and Fury.

NOW indeed helpless *Cæsar* was the worst of Slaves! a Prodigy! an obeying Monarch! the Ingratitude of that Monster *Stauracius* out-did all Example; He! that had been rais'd by *Constantine*'s unweary'd Bounty! rewarded with all the Honours of an Empire! overwhelm'd with Wealth! cover'd with Favour and Indulgence! next to *Cæsar* in the Imperial Throne! more glorious! more happy! more rich and powerful than himself! To repay him so ungratefully for all his Bounties! his Love, his Tenderness! this was an Arrow in the Heart of the afflicted Monarch! the mighty Anguish wring Tears of Woe from his Eyes! Who shou'd he unburthen himself to? none! none but his faithful *Leonidas*, the only Creature of his Trust; all besides had been frown'd away from Court, or at the Devotion of the new Criminal; and therefore not fit to be advis'd with.

POOR *Leonidas* no sooner heard what had occasion'd the Dispute, but he humbly threw himself at *Cæsar*'s Feet, to beg he wou'd please to accept the Sacrifice he willingly made him, of what he had been graciously pleas'd to bestow upon his Brother: Nay, conjur'd the Emperor not to embroil himself with so great a Man as *Staurac.*, but by all means to be reconcil'd to him with

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the ſooneſt. *Conſtantine* took the Advice, and ſent for the *haughty* Offender, whom he cou'd not forbear to reproach, yet with ſuch Tenderneſs, as wou'd have melted any other but a Barbarian's Heart. In concluſion, *Ceſar* told him he yielded the Point, he would no longer inſiſt upon the diſpoſal of the Legion, tho' 'twas given away; but in favour of him, whom he was always us'd to oblige, he had recall'd the Grant, and now he might do what he would with it. This unexpected Goodneſs defeated Lord *Staurakius*'s Deſigns; but he had done enough to ſatisfy the *Junto*, no longer diſtruſtful either of the Empreſs's or his Lordſhips ſincerity. They went on forming Cabals, tampering with Senators, buying and bribing Voices, in order to raiſe him to that unexampled Dignity. And that they might further mortify *Ceſar*, and ſatisfie *Irene*'s particular *Spleen*, it was reſolv'd, That a Petition ſhou'd be made to the Emperor, that *Leonidas* might be diſcharg'd the Imperial Service. To that height of Inſolence and Barbarity were they arrived, as not to leave him one inferior Servant to attend him in his very Bed-chamber, that was not intirely in their Intereſt, and conſequently ingag'd againſt their Maſters.

HERMINIUS, watchful as the Guardian *Genius* of the Empire, had Spies in the very Cloſets of the Miniſters, ſeeing the exigenty, he ſent to give *Leonidas* notice of their

Deſign,

Deſign, and conjur'd him to procure an opportunity with the ſooneſt, for him to ſpeak to *Cæſar* alone, without the Notice of the *Jumo*: This was difficult to accompliſh, the unhappy Monarch (amidſt the Hearts and Hands of Millions of Loyal Subjects, that wou'd have proſtrated their Families and Fortunes, nay, have dy'd for him) was kept a Captive to a handful of Conſpirators, beſieg'd in his own Imperial Palace! environ'd with Spies, and brow-beaten by Favourites! 'till it became impoſſible for him to have that freedom of Converſation which his meaneſt Subjects enjoy'd. In the moſt glorious Reign that the Empire had for many Ages poſſeſs'd; He! who was the ſource of that Brightneſs, languiſh'd in Darkneſs! ſhut out from the Light of Society! Friendſhip! Duty! and all thoſe marks of Affection and Revenge, which his doating People, had they been permitted, wou'd have crowded to beſtow! amidſt the Shouts and Joy with which his indulgent Sway did cheer their Heart; his alone, was heavy! deſolate! and diſcontented! tho' more belov'd than all the *Cæſar*'s put together; treated with Contempt and Averſion, and which was the moſt mournful Circumſtance, brought to this deplorable Condition, by having lov'd, and truſted too far; by having arm'd theſe very Men againſt him! by having given 'em Power to be Ingrates, who in themſelves had

had been Nothing! without Weight! Dignity! Intereſt! or any Merit to recommend, or make 'em formidable.

BLIND and Partial Diſpenſation; ſhou'd not the *Genii* of Kings, have a double portion of Intelligence, Capacity to point the Grateful and the Unworthy? Had *Conſtantine*'s been bleſs'd with that Illumination, where wou'd ever have been the Authority! Riches! Dignity of *Irene! Staurucius! Æmilius! &c.*

HERMINIUS appear'd to the Emperor in this dangerous Conjuncture, to ſupply the remiſſneſs of his Angel; he diſcover'd at large, the Deſigns of his Favourites, told him, 'It was only from himſelf, that thoſe 'Men cou'd take leave to deſtroy himſelf, 'and that but 'till *Ceſar* was pleas'd to exert 'the Authority of *Ceſar*. Nations wou'd aſſiſt him in diſperſing that hated *Cabal*: 'All Orders of Men groan'd under their 'Tiranny; The Church ſhrouded up her 'mournful Beauties, under the dark Curtain 'of Perſecution: Her Purity was defil'd! 'her Faith exploded, and ridicul'd, as ſimple, 'and old! Hereticks and Atheiſts brought 'in to wear her Honours, whilſt the lawful 'Poſſeſſors were diſcountenanc'd and per-'ſecuted! her Doctrine wreſted to ſpeak the 'Language of Ruin to the Hierarchy and 'Sovereignty, an odious Explanation, by 'way of Limitation, being lately brought

'in

'in, to introduce Rebellion and Prophaneſs.

'THAT as to *Æmilius*, he had the ſuperior Hatred, ſtood in the foremoſt rank of Averſion with the People; (tho' 'twas confeſs'd, *Cethegus* and *Cataline* came faſt behind him); his publick Depeculations were unpreſidented! the Tremendous Abuſe of the Navy was ſuch (wherein Lord *Curio* was deeply involved) that the Celeſtial Throne was continually invaded by the Groans and Cries of the deſpairing Mariner; their howling Wives! and ſtarving Infants! ſuch unheard of Villany and Cruelty had been practis'd upon thoſe miſerable Wretches, that no Slaves were ever ſo reduc'd! no condition of Humanity ſo deplorable! beſides the Injuſtice wrought towards *Caſar*, and the Empire in their Property, a black and horrible Accuſation ſtanding ready, to confound and overwhelm theſe rapacious *Patricians*. Nor was their Pride leſs notorious than their Injuſtice! The truſting Merchant was oblig'd to attend each ſucceſſive Morn, for ſucceſſive Years, the upriſing of the haughty *Æmilius*; like Statues in dumb Rank, upon pain of the greateſt Misfortune, his Lordſhips Diſpleaſure, they durſt not ſpeak, durſt not prefer their Suit, 'till his gracious Nod was pleas'd to diſtinguiſh 'em; to their irreparable loſs of Time, ruin of

'their

'their Credit, join'd to no leſs a Grievance, 'the prodigious Diſcounts upon Payments.

'As to *Stauracius*, never was any Gene-'ral ſo little beloved by his own Legions; 'indeed ſince *Craſſus*, none had been ſo 'greedy of Property; nor wou'd he be any 'longer formidable, when once *Æmilius* was 'diſplac'd, who had hinder'd him to con-'clude a Peace, that ineſtimable Good. The 'lawleſs Power of the Conſpirators once 'reduc'd, it was not to be doubted but he 'wou'd content himſelf with being the ſe-'cond Perſon of the Empire, without any 'longer aiming to become the firſt, be new-'born to a grateful Senſe of thoſe unbound-'ed Honours with which his Services had 'been repay'd.

'TRUE, it wou'd be difficult for thoſe 'who enter'd upon Affairs, to draw 'em 'from that Abyſs and Perplexity wherein 'they were plung'd; yet that was all they 'had for it; now was the time, or irre-'trievable Deſtruction wou'd overtake the 'Empire; yet a little longer and their 'Grievances wou'd be paſt Redreſs; the 'ſpeedieſt and boldeſt Attempt (when under 'the Regimen of able Phyſicians) was often-'times the beſt; thoſe who cou'd apply pro-'per and fortunate Remedies, might ex-'pect, from Application and Time, a for-'tunate Event. Such as the renowned *Ho-'ratio*, *Nicephorus*, who had been fortunate-

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ly conceal'd in a College at *Athens*, from *Irene*'s Perſecution, and was now within his own Palace, ready to aſſiſt, as became the Champion of the Church, and the Uncle of *Caſar*. The generous and popular Prince of *Campania*: The Royal Blood of *Antus Tullius*, was eager to be ſpilt in ſo juſt a Cauſe: *Poplicola*, and the far-fam'd Orator his Brother: *Cato*, that old and renown'd Buckler of the Empire, who in former Reigns had ſo ſucceſsfully oppos'd the growing Greatneſs of the *Perſian*: *Agrippa*, who had never unbent his Brow upon the *Faction*, but with firm Adherence to Religion, and ſtedfaſt Loyalty to *Caſar*, had made a Stand to their perpetual Inchroachments, and with his force of Eloquence and Reaſon, had ſo often ſtrip'd 'em naked to the World. That divine Orator and Civilian *Pomponius*, who with ſuch force of Argument and prodigious Judgment, had defended the holy Patriarch. *Julius*, who had already join'd the Wiſdom! Council! Experience! Capacity of Age; to the Fire, Vivacity, and Execution of the young. Several more, who, to the Glory of Religion, were irreproachable; and adorn'd with ſuch concurrent Virtues, that no Age or Reign cou'd boaſt of ſo many great and diſ-intereſted Patriots: Theſe were ready, with their Lives and Property, to aſſiſt his Majeſty, in diſſolving

'that new and hated *Hypotheſis*, Duty and 'Affection to the Miniſtry, Contempt or a 'Forgetfulneſs of *Cæſar*, who ſeem'd con-'tented to be treated as one *depoſed*, or un-'der extream *Minority*, or as if the State 'labour'd under an *Interregnum*, where in 'doing *nothing*, Heaven wou'd yet think 'him anſwerable for *all* that he permitted 'to be *done*; the Hardſhips inflicted upon 'his ſuffering People, and the Out-rage of-'fer'd to Religion.

'NOR cou'd his Imperial Majeſty long 'flatter himſelf with Safety to his Perſon, 'from a Set of Men who contriv'd how to 'take him Priſoner in his very Bed-cham-'ber; leaving none *There* to attend him, but 'what where Slaves to their Arbitrary Will. '*Leonidas* was to be dragg'd from his Ser-'vice, *Stauracius* declar'd PERPETUAL, 'and then it wou'd be too late to ward 'the Danger when the finiſhing Stroak was 'given.

BUT as the Crown of all, the artful *Herminius* contriv'd to diſpoſſeſs *Cæſar* of that fatal Ring; then might have been ſeen the force of Magick: *Conſtantine* rouſing himſelf from that Lethargy, which having run its Courſe, can ſtupify no more. *Herminius* beheld the lazy vapour of Indolence breaking from around the eaſie Emperor; ſlowly it aroſe, and ſtill aſcending, left him at length— ſtrengthen'd— confirm'd— all bright—

bright--and all himſelf--*Herminius* raviſh'd to behold his Sovereign Lord returning to his native Vertue, fell at his ſacred Feet in Raptures that beſpoke his Loyalty, and Tranſports. *Cæſar* ſtriving with the laſt dying Efforts of that ſoporiforous Prepoſſeſſion, 'Bid *Herminius* ſpeak again, he had but 'half heard before; Cou'd *Staurutius* be ſo 'brutal? him! whom he had adorn'd with 'Honours, 'till there was none but that of '*Cæſar* left to give! In return, Cou'd he not 'permit *his Maker*, to receive the Services of 'one faithful Domeſtick? How ugly did 'the Beauties of that Man appear, when 'deform'd by Ambition! Ingratitude! and 'Treaſon? *Horatio*'s Letters, which *Herminius* preſented, warm'd him with new 'Senſe of Danger and Glory; he admitted 'and hated the miſerable Infatuation he had 'labour'd under, told his honeſt Counſellor 'the Particulars of that Diſtruſt they had 'given him concerning the Principles held 'by the *Orthodox*, his moſt faithful Relations and Friends: A new Soul! new Life! 'inſpir'd his Frame! He call'd upon his 'noble Uncle! his ſuffering Children! He 'cou'd not enough wonder how he had 'ſo long been blinded! overwhelm'd with 'ſo fatal a Lethargy! be ſo very ſtupid as 'to center in one Houſe, all Honours! all 'Regards! all Affection! and by them ſo 'far over-rul'd, as to turn out all his faith-

'ful Kindred and duteous Servants, to make 'room for a number of petty Tyrants, more 'abſolute and imperious than ever the *Spar-* 'tan *Ephori* had been over the *Lacedemonian* 'Kings.

IN concluſion, *Conſtantine* bid *Herminius* ſummon all thoſe great and truſty Friends that were then in *Conſtantinople*, to be at his riſing the next Morning. Your Highneſs need not ask, if theſe noble *Patriots* with ready Zeal and intrepid Courage, obey'd the Summons: The Conſpirators were juſtly allarm'd at their Appearance; ſome inſtantly ran to acquaint *Æmilius* of this great and dangerous *Congreſs*, 'twas time to fly; tho' his Lordſhip had even held the Dice, he wou'd have paſs'd his hand in ſuch an Exigency: Rendering himſelf with extream Precipitation on the Emperor's ſide, he was confounded, when *Leonidas*, with a becoming Boldneſs, refus'd him the Door; his Fears immediately carry'd him to refuge in Lord *Cicero*'s Opinion. *Cethegus* and the reſt were ſummon'd; thoſe who cou'd be found, met upon the Debate. 'His unerring Lord- 'ſhip did not foreſee what occaſion they had 'to be ſo exceſſively allarm'd: Tho' *Her-* 'minius was bold and brave, yet he thought, 'he knew the Buſineſs of the State too well 'at this Juncture, to dare adviſe the change 'of Hands; to go upon new Meaſures with 'an empty Treaſury! an unpaid Navy!

'an-

'anticipated Impoſts! an Empire plung'd 'ſo deep in Debt, and ingaged in an uncer-'tain foreign War! It wou'd be not only 'cooling the People's Zeal, from whence 'Supplies muſt come, but caſting Water on '*Staurutius*'s Ardour, making him cold in 'the Cauſe of Conqueſt, and perhaps diſo-'bliging him to a Degree that he might be 'brought to quit his Charge.

'CETHEGUS was of Opinion, that they 'were yet ſafe, the Emperor had been too 'deeply prepoſſeſs'd againſt the *Orthodox*, 'brought by the *Junto*'s Inſinuations, and 'crafty Falſities, to diſtruſt and fear all who 'were not its Creatures. Nor durſt even 'thoſe who wou'd be call'd *Patriots*, embroil 'Affairs. The *Specie* of the Nation was in 'the Hands of their Friends; without Mo-'ney, how cou'd they maintain a War? 'What was the Name without the Pow-'er? The *Thunderer* without his *Thunder*? 'Therefore he reſolved, that they durſt not, 'cou'd not change, or even ſubſiſt Indepen-'dent of the preſent Miniſtry.

ON the contrary, *Æmilius*'s Native Deſ-pondency preſum'd to offer, that they had ra-ther a real than an imaginary Strength. The People were for *Ceſar* whom they doated on, as well as on the *Orthodox* Religion. The time (drawing nigh for the Election of new Magiſtrates) he fear'd wou'd quickly convince 'em, that the Eyes of the World

were open too ſoon upon the *Junto*'s deſign. *Herminius* long ſince devoted to the good of the Empire! had Courage to attempt any Meaſures, that might have a proſpect of reclaiming 'em from that manifeſt walk they were in to ruin! He had a Genius! Patience! Induſtry! able to ſurmount the greateſt Difficulties; and was bold enough (he durſt affirm) to attempt 'em. *Irene* was hated, which occaſion'd *Caeſar*'s being more beloved. On Lord *Stauracius*, always Faithleſs and Ingrateful! there was no dependence to be had; ſo well he knew the Native Falſity in him, that to ſecure himſelf, that General wou'd not heſitate at betraying what was deareſt to him! he did not doubt but upon a good account he wou'd vote even for taking the Heads of the *Junto* without reſerve, even of *Æmilius*'s; tho' for his Lordſhip's ſake, *Æmilius* had Sacrifiz'd the Empire, and confirm'd himſelf a Villain! nor ſhou'd he be in the leaſt ſurpriz'd to find *Stauracius* making early Offers of Peace and Service to *Lucifer* himſelf, were he once in Power! in publick diſavowing and condemning thoſe very Actions, which he had in privare not only approved, but advanced! there was nothing but ſuch a deſection remaining to make the *Father of the Empire* more contemptible than he was, or to the laſt degree deſpiſed: That ſhou'd it happen otherways, and *Stauracius* ſhou'd be diſoblig'd

diſoblig'd, ſhou'd have ſuch unexpected Generoſity as to prop that which had never been rais'd but to ſuſtain his Intereſt and Glory! *Horatio*, diſintereſt'd, and truly Brave, was well capable, not only to command the Forces of the Empire, but to govern the World. He who ſo miraculouſly had govern'd himſelf, in point of that reſentment due to the Injuries he had received from the *Junto*.

ACCORDINGLY it was found, that *Æmilius*'s diſponding Spirit, had dictated more Truth, than either Lord *Cicero*'s ſolemn Wiſdom, or hot *Cethegus*'s Fire and Sanguine Temper. Then ſucceeded that memorable Inſurrection of the Legions, and People that has been noiſed throughout the World! ſo different from thoſe Principles, which (for more than twenty Years) had been infuſed into 'em. It cou'd be interpreted to nothing but the expreſs Finger of God, his Almighty influencing Spirit diſpers'd amongſt the meaneſt of the Croud. Then was the formidable *Junto* diſſolved; not puniſh'd for the Paſt, only diſarm'd of hurting for the Future. But to ſhow that they were ſtill the ſame, unalterable in their Spirit of Reſtleſsneſs and Ingratitude; not half ſo thankful for the Power they had ſo long enjoy'd, as inraged for the deprivation; they bound themſelves in a ſolemn awful Sacrament, to take revenge upon the Champions of the Church and State! Combining their

prodigious Wealth! Subtilty! indefatigable Induſtry! Spirit of Slander! falſe Reports! and other Auxilliaries! to terrify and diſtract the People.

FORGIVE me Heaven, if I err? When (upon a recollection of their Behaviour, and the impatience wherewith they expected every Courier, in hopes 'twou'd bring News of the *Perſian*'s Succeſs) I believe they wiſh'd, (if they did not ſend) that King, Intelligence; by which his proſtate Courage was rous'd to an interruption of that Treaty of Peace he had ſo often ſu'd for: But he will find himſelf deceived, thoſe who are now at the Head of Affairs, have no Intereſts but that of the Empire; nor need the People ſcruple to lend their Aid to the continuation of the War; their Aid! which will be now employ'd to no other Uſe but to bring the Enemy to advantagious Terms. Scandalous Upſtarts, Profligates without Principles or Reputation, have not any longer the Helm: Compare the Prince of *Campania*! *Agrippa*! *Horatio*! *Nicephorus*! and *Herminius*'s Circumſtances, with thoſe of *Stauracius*, *Cicero*'s, *Sergius*'s, *Curio*'s, or *Æmilius*'s, and then tell us which Party has ſerv'd the Empire with the cleaneſt Hands, and moſt diſintereſted Heart? Do I judge amiſs? If I conclude that thoſe People who gave the *Perſian*, *Iberia*, under their own Miniſtry, wou'd have been pleas'd that he ſhou'd have got

got even *Greece* under that of their Succeſſors: Their laudable hatred of a Foreign Enemy, was chang'd into an implacable one for thoſe at home: They ſpar'd no Coſt to ſpread falſe Reports, and diſheartning Forgeries amongſt the People; and when the Time came for new Elections of Magiſtrates, how induſtrious? how expenſive and extravagant? by which means they expected their uſual Succeſs, eſpecially at *Conſtantinople*, the Nurſery of Faction. But to their Confuſion, the *Tribunes* of the People, were all choſe from amongſt the *Orthodox*. The elder Magiſtrate was call'd another *Gracchus*, for his Love to the People, his great *Abilities* and *Eloquence*! Wiſe! Brave! and ever Loyal! the Champion of the City! who on all Occaſions was watchful of, and advanc'd her Intereſt in the Senate. Tho' bred to Buſineſs, he had improv'd himſelf in Literature: His good Senſe! knowledge of Affairs! enduring Honeſty! Induſtry! and vivacity of Spirit! gave the *Patricians* to ſee, that all Merit was not confin'd to their Rank. May the Imperial City never want a Perſon, as well capacitated, and as diligent, in defending her Rights and Liberties!

HERMINIUS was now ſirnam'd *Brutus*, the new Deliverer of his Country (may the unthankful changing *Greeks* never forget the Benefit), who with an allay of Temper, and ſincere Intention to propagate *Cæſar*'s Glory,

and

and the good of the Empire, caus'd all Reſentment and perſonal Vindictiveneſs to ſubſide, even towards thoſe Perſons who had offer'd conditional Pardon, Honours and great Rewards [powerful Temptations] to an indigent Criminal, to throw his Treaſons upon *Herminius*! The honeſt Villain, diſdain'd to pay ſo notorious a Price for Life! God be glorify'd! that there is ſtill ſo much Virtue in the Race! A real Traitor to *Cæſar*, and the Empire, under Sentence of Condemnation; gave up his *Revenge*, and very *Being*; had better *Principles*, and a more *tender Conſcience*, than thoſe who wou'd ſo infamouſly have brib'd him. My Lord of *Antioch*, Biſhop as he was, preach'd up to him in Priſon, *Merit*, ariſing from his accuſation of *Herminus*! On the contrary, Terrors! in deſtroying (when he might preſerve) his own Life, *viz.* he became a Self-murderer! and conſequently Heir to eternal Damnation! Whereas his Confeſſion wou'd ſecure him from that tremendous Judgment, and be of imminent Service not only to himſelf, but to the Empire and Religion.

HERMINIUS forgave the Inhumanity, and rather ſtrove to cement than widen the unhappy Diviſions of his Country: Not carrying the Beauties of Religion to an intemperate Region, leaſt ſhe ſhou'd be ſcorch'd into the deformity of Perſecution. He unveil'd the amiable Virgin! expos'd her mild

and

and native Charms! plac'd her in the Road of Invitation, to allure the return of thoſe Faithleſs Lovers, who led by Blandiſhment and intereſted Arts, had proſtrated their Vows, and Adorations, at an Apoſtate Shrine!

STAURACIUS was ſtill continu'd; *Cæſar* hop'd Time and Reaſon wou'd awaken him from the Golden Dream of Lawleſs Power; and tho' his young Neceſſities had led him into infamous and ingrateful Meaſures, yet now all Difficulties of Fortune were ſurmounted, and himſelf the richeſt Subject of the *Eaſt*, he need not be wicked for the ſake of Wickedneſs! an *Ethiope*, when it became his Intereſt to be other than Black, without ſpilling the Water, might permit the kind and gentle Service of thoſe, who wou'd endeavour to make him White.

THEN did the vertuous *Leonidas* taſte a reſt from Perſecution, in whom was to be ſeen the reverſe of that Rapine, Ingratitude, Pride and Contempt, his Predeceſſor had been guilty of: Truly generous! recommending for Merit in others, not reward to himſelf! Happy thoſe Monarchs whoſe Favourites are ſo free from Vice as *Leonidas*.

BUT to cloſe this long Diſcourſe of *Politicks*, with ſomething of a delicious Flavour, I have left to the laſt, to bring your Highneſs acquainted with the young *Julius*: His Perſon is indeed ſuch as cannot but be infi-

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nitely agreeable to the Fair; to look on him, one wou'd think it the end of his Creation! but to hear him ſpeak! to know, and underſtand him! we quickly learn that he is equally form'd for all Things: A *Star* which is riſen in our dusky Horizon, to light the warring Factions into the immortal Day of Concord, and Agreement. If this Task be ever to be accompliſh'd, *Julius* muſt be the Man; he only is fit to work the Miracle: Who has ſuch glorious Youth! indefatigable Induſtry! fine Senſe! finiſh'd Politicks, as *Julius*? He ſets down at an early Age a Martyr to the Empire; to *That* he reſigns, in his invaluable Bloom, thoſe Hours ſo fit for another Monarch, and which can never return again. *Herminius*, that awful Friend, whoſe Darling he is, knows ſuch a Genius is ſcarcely the produce of ten Ages, and therefore ought to be devoted to publick Good! Now may Arts and Sciences hope for Incouragement; *Julius* can Judge as well as Reward; Perform as well as Judge; what pity Buſineſs ſhou'd take from us ſo excellent ſo eminent a Genius? His Word is as Sacred as the inviolable Oath of *Styx*, from which *Jupiter* himſelf can never recede: Whoever is bleſt with *That*, may depend upon the certain Peformance. In ſhort, his Qualifications, more than his Name, has caus'd the Parallel to be made between him, and that immortal Dictator, *Julius Cæſar*, of whom the Hiſtorians ſay,

in

in Words nicely applicable to our *Julius*, That *to the Grandeur of his Mien, he was endow'd with the greateſt Soul, the moſt magnanimous Spirit, and of the moſt wonderful Abilities and Accompliſhments, that* Rome, *or perhaps the World, ever ſaw; whether we conſider him in his Care and Vigilance, in his Valour and Conduct, in his Knowledge and Learning, in his* PARDONING *and* FORGETTING INJURIES! *all which noble Qualities made him belov'd and reverenc'd by the People, honour'd and ador'd by his Friends, eſteem'd and admir'd, even by his Enemies!*

OH! my Lord, ſaid the Princeſs, let us go to *Conſtantinople*, to ſee the Young *Julius*: It is worth loſing one's Heart to ſo well made, ſo inimitable a Conqueror, as you deſcribe him. In this little Hiſtory, we reverence! and admire *Herminius!* but with the ſame Sentiments of Reſpect, we have ſomething of more Tender: In a word, it may be ſaid, you have made us love *Julius*. Is it his Youth, or the Expectations we have from him, that more intimately inclines the Heart? *Herminus* has already perform'd, is in poſſeſſion of our Eſteem and Gratitude; but future Hopes carrying the Mind beyond the preſent Poſſeſſion, let the Good be never ſo great, we have a reſerve for *Julius*, that only himſelf can inſpire. *Herminius*, anſwer'd

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Albinus, will not be diſpleas'd at the diſtinction; as a Proof that he is wholly free from Envy or Emulation; he durſt bring that extraordinary Genius into the Light, and is pleas'd to ſee the World cannot but applaud his Choice: *Julius* repays him back in the tenderest *Specie*; their Converſe is the Wonder of a degenerate Age, who can no more comprehend than imitate the Beauty of honeſt Friendſhip.

As Lord *Albinus* had finiſh'd his Relation, and was receiving the Thanks of the Princeſs and the reſt of the Audience, a Gentleman came to tell the *Envoy* of *Charles* the King, that his Servants were return'd from *Nova*, and had brought along with him the learned *Celſus*. *Ethelinda* had been prepoſſeſs'd to his Advantage as well as the Company, and begg'd he might be required to repair immediately to her Pavilion, which would be honour'd by a Perſon of his Merit.

AFTER having been preſented to the Princeſs, and allow'd the Grace to kiſs her Hand, he was, by her Permiſſion, at leiſure to receive thoſe Honours which Lord *Horatio* beſtow'd upon him; and the Embraces of the Count St. *Girrone*, Monſieur *L'Envoye*, and Lord *Albinus*, who did not ſtay for Ceremony to take him in their Arms. When

thoſe

thoſe Careſſes were over, *Celſus* acquainted that noble Company, he had met the young *Equite*, *Camillus*, at *Nova*, who was come not long ſince from *Conſtantinople*, and deſign'd to ſpend two or three Years in Travel; but hearing Lord *Horatio* was ſo near, he was ambitious of ſeeing again the Hero that had perform'd ſo many Miracles for his Country. *Horatio* having aſſur'd the Princeſs, that *Camillus* was a Gentleman perfectly entertaining with Wit, Humour and Senſe above his Age, good Reading, good Nature, and, in ſhort, Maſter of every Accompliſhment, ſhe ſent a Gentleman to the Envoy's Pavilion, (where he waited *Celſus*'s return) to fetch *Camillus*. His faſhionable Mien, handſome Perſon, gay Converſation, quickly won him the Approbation of the Princeſs and her Court; the Company ſeem'd enliven'd by his and *Celſus*'s additional Diſcourſe; *Ethelinda* permitted the Freedom that is neceſſary to make People eaſy; and being herſelf a perfect Miſtreſs of good Breeding, there was no danger that the Liberty ſhe gave, ſhou'd make any other Perſon forget, near her, that which was ſo eſſential to agreeable Society.

HORATIO enquir'd if they came that Morning from *Nova*? and whether they did not find themſelves fatigu'd? *Celſus* anſwer'd him, That having the Day before receiv'd the Honour of his Lordſhip's Commands,

mands, by Monſieur *L'Envoy*'s Servants, they had immediately procur'd a *Paſs*, which both the Governor and the Emperor *Genſericus*, had granted to the Miniſter of the King of the *Franks*; and they had accordingly, laſt Night, paſs'd through the numerous Troops of that Monarch, without expecting the Benefit of the Morning. *Camillus* rejoin'd, that they had been ſo far inconvenienc'd by their Eagerneſs of ſaluting his Lordſhip, as to take up in a ſorry Village, at a worſe Houſe, where they had paſs'd the Night with little Satisfaction, had not an unexpected Adventure happen'd, which had yielded him Diverſion beyond the Promiſe of the Place; Having not come far, they found themſelves very much at eaſe; tho' had he been in reallity fatigu'd before he had enter'd there, he ſhould immediately have forgot every thing but the Honor that was done him, in admitting him into a place where he receiv'd ſo much.

I AM glad, anſwer'd the Princeſs, to find *Celſus* without a Pretence of delaying the Deſign we have upon him. Lord *Horatio* has permitted us to expect the Pleaſure that he ſo well can give us, I mean the Particulars of the *Iberian* War; and to ſhow of how much Importance it is to me, I have reſolv'd to ſtay to Day in this Pavilion, and not proceed in my Journey, tho' I treſpaſs by it upon King *Beraldus*'s Goodneſs, who impatiently waits

wait my Return. But, Gentlemen, becauſe we hope the Narration is of ſome length, and that we ſhould be loath to admit an Interruption, be pleas'd to refreſh before Noon with what my Servants are bringing, and we will defer till after Dinner, begging Lord *Horatio*'s Conqueſt of *Iberia*; but, purſu'd ſhe, addreſſing to *Camillus* with that Smile ſo natural to her, and ſo irreſiſtable, ſhall we not hear what Adventure it was that cou'd divert Perſons of ſo nice a Taſte, as I hear your ſelf and the diſcerning *Celſius* are, eſpecially in a pitiful *Cabaret* upon the Road? it may amuſe us till Dinner. I know not, Madam, *Camillus* modeſtly reply'd, whether I ſhall not injure the Relation: Or even whether the Adventure will bear Repetition: Or if your Highneſs is ſo eaſily diverted as I am: You, Madam, who every Day ſee variety of Objects, and great Attempts, will perhaps find the Account I ſhall give of two *vain* and unfortunate Perſons, very dull; but ſince I am ſo much honour'd by your Highneſs's Commands, it is my Duty to obey.

ARRIVING late in that Village, which ſtands half way between this place and *Nova*, we found but one Houſe that had any Light in it; being Strangers, they with difficulty cou'd be brought to open us the Door; but that Point once gain'd, we took care to make our Hoſt as civil as his Nature

would ſuffer him. We cou'd diſpenſe being without a Supper, ſince that wretched Hovel was not like to afford us any thing to eat that was tolerable. We only ask'd him for a Bed, and, if it were poſſible, a Chamber to our ſelves: Our Landlord quitted his own, aſſuring us, that was all he cou'd do, becauſe the beſt Room was taken up by an unfortunate Lady, that had been brought to Bed three Weeks ſince; and that he had been forc'd two Hours before we arriv'd, to put a Gentleman into the ſame Chamber, tho' in another Bed, who had been arreſted for Debt. I underſtood that this Houſe was a Priſon of Eaſe, as I may call it, to the great One; where wretched People (when forc'd againſt their Wills to be juſt) were brought as ſoon as they cou'd be taken: In this miſerable place they remain'd, according to the Mercy of their avaricious Keepers: If they found they had little or no Money, they ſent 'em off into other Priſons. Your Highneſs may believe we did not much care to be among ſuch mercileſs People; we had a ſort of Horror at it; however, ſince it was but for a Night, we order'd a good Fire, ſecur'd our Door, recommending thoſe who came along with us, to the Care of my Landlord and his beſt Wine.

I THREW my ſelf down upon the Bed in my Cloaths, expecting only to nod, (*Celſus* was already in a profound Sleep by me,) when

when I was rous'd by a charming Voice in the next Apartment, ſomething ſo muſical, that tho' ſhe only ſpoke, there was Harmony in the Sound. 'All's quiet again, 'Sir, ſays that lovely Neighbour! Alas! 'ſure the New-comers Misfortunes are not 'great, or they have been us'd to them, 'that they ſeem ſo ſoon to have forgot 'em. 'They are doubtleſs fallen aſleep, and I 'may purſue our Diſcourſe.

'We have ſeen one another the Object 'of Admiration: Methinks there is a ſort 'of Parity in our Deſtiny, in more things 'than our preſent uneaſie Circumſtances! 'If you are juſt now, Sir, reſolv'd (notwithſtanding the Obſcurity of the Place) upon *ſhining*, and deſign in your Writings to aſſume the Name of Don *Phœbo*; it is well known how often I have *blazed*! If my Birth be not illuſtrious (for my Mother has aſſuredly told me, I ought to renounce the Vanity of being Daughter to the *Patriarch* of *Nova*, ſince her Intimacy with him did not begin 'till after I was in the World:) If, Sir, I ſay, my Birth was not elevated, yours was not exalted: 'If I have ſuffer'd by Love, you have not 'ſcap'd better by Philoſophy. As concerning our mutual Misfortunes, I take the Glory to remain wholly on my ſide; whereas you apply'd your Invention to obtain Credit with tricking Pretences,

'and plausible Falsities, getting your self into Trust! I was importun'd, and sought to, to be trusted; People petition'd me, that I wou'd please to do 'em the Honour to be in their Debt: Tho' I think, the End was the same, making a Figure which neither our Rank nor Fortune ever design'd us for.

'HAVE I squander'd vast Sums? you have not, Sir, been more preserving: There's indeed, this difference, that I made my Expence in the Eye of the World, you yours in a Corner, and unaccountably: To this Day, 'tis a Miracle how you are still thus distress'd, considering the Advantages and Contributions you have had. For my part, I was us'd to act the Princess, and was really such in my Heart! I cou'd not eat without so many Dishes of Meat! It was not possible for me to put my Limbs to that mechanick Motion, Walking! I was forced to have my *Ivory* Chair to carry me forth, and a proportionable Number of Slaves! I cou'd not live in little dirty Lodgings; nor wear Sandals under the highest Price! I cou'd not suffer the touch of any Linnen next my Person, that was not extravagantly fine: What shall one say, I was so nice, I became insufferable to my self! I retain'd nothing of my Birth and Education, but a certain Affection to Lovers of my own Degree.— Ha—

'the

'the Muſick of the one—and the inchant-
'ing Voice of another;—— They ſunk in-
'to my Soul!— There's a ſtrange Delight
'in beſtowing Favours to Creatures beneath
'us—thoſe that believe themſelves honour'd
'by our Conceſſions: Here, Sir, the Paral-
'lel ſtill holds.— You have had the ſame
'amorous Condeſcenſion for Inferiors, inſo-
'much that I have heard it reported from
'your ſelf, that your firſt Lady's elderly
'Charms, were the *primier* Favours you
'ever taſted from a Gentlewoman; there-
'fore we have ſeen two Children born to
'you, one from a little Mechanick in a
'Shop, and the other from your *Bright*
'*Cook-Maid*: Ah! Sir, have you raviſh'd
'the World with your Writing? What
'Raptures has my Voice occaſion'd? Have
'you been ungrateful to your Friends?
'I have not been leſs thankleſs to my Be-
'nefactors! Have you aſſum'd a haughty
'ſupercilious Look? Have I been more
'humble? Cou'd any thing equal the Pride
'wherewith I have made the whole Court
'wait for my Performance? and when I
'had a Mind to exert my Power, I wou'd
'totally diſappoint 'em. Have not you, a
'little *Plebeian*, with as comparative an Inſo-
'lence, preſum'd to treat our moſt exalted
'Princes with greater Indignity? believing
'your Pen never did you ſo much Honour,
'as when it aim'd at diſhonouring others.

'Had not I it in my Power to make my 'Fortune? nay, ſtill have, cou'd I be but 'perſwaded to part with my Pride, and be 'ſubmiſſive and thankful to the Town for 'their Favours. This is exactly your Caſe, 'you wou'd have us think 'tis your own 'fault if you don't *condeſcend* to be *Great*; 'I believe you are only hinder'd like me, be-'cauſe 'tis ſo dull and tireſom doing nothing 'but one's Duty; 'tis what we ought, and 'therefore can't come into: Tho' I muſt 'confeſs, I can't ſee what they ſhou'd court 'you for, 'tis but an Air you give your 'ſelf: your Morals has made your Pen of 'no Eſtimation; Your Impudence in abuſing 'the Emperor's beſt Friends, ſhou'd but lit-'tle encourage 'em to reward you: Beſides, 'mercenary as you are known to be, it pre-'vents your carrying any weight: 'Tis pro-'digious, when you really need Supplies 'your ſelf, to throw the Calumny upon 'others of writing for Bread: Is it not by 'way of foreſtalling, what they might much 'more juſtly ſay of you? But when we 'wou'd ſpeak of Hypocriſie, the *Feinte* you 'make of Vertue and Religion, there I drop 'you, becauſe I believ'd my ſelf above all 'Occaſion for Diſſimulation; you knew their 'Aimableneſs, their Weight, when one 'wou'd buy Eſteem, if you cou'd not at-'tain to the Practice, you aſſum'd the Pre-'tence, and that has been of Service to

'you

'you with thoſe, who have not paid the 'Expence of being acquainted with you.

'But, Madam, anſwer'd the Perſon upon whom the Lady had beſtow'd the 'Name of Don *Phebo*, Tho' your Ladyſhip 'be extream nice at a Parallel, as yet you 'cou'd never pretend with the Charms of 'your Voice, to be ſo important as I have 'been with my Pen; you have never fed 'ſuch a Crowd beneath you, who ſatisfy 'their Hunger only by nibbling at the Redundancy of my Wit. Ha! Sir, anſwer'd the Lady haſtily, that may be true; 'But how many feed you? the learned 'Dead, and a great number of the witty 'Living; I have heard a pretty large Roll 'of your Benefactors, and cou'd, upon occaſion, remember the moſt conſiderable 'of 'em. Methinks, 'twas a little hard to 'make a certain Perſon pay you in Wit for 'the kind Office you did him, in his 'Diſtreſs, in helping him to a *Sage Femme*; 'then for your Secreſie, he is particularly 'oblig'd to you for concealing that ſlender 'Frailty of his ſo thoroughly, that all the 'World knows it; you muſt be telling 'your Wife every thing, theſe uxorious 'married Men! But this is nothing to your 'Performances——'Tis ſo well known after 'an Age of Dulneſs, when you have had a 'charitable Lift, that I am ſurpriz'd you will 'throw the Road open (by cenſuring others

'of living upon you) to them, to ſhow by 'whom you live: Is there not a certain 'old Fable of a *Bird dreſs'd up in borrow'd Feathers?* I am afraid, Don *Phæbo*, if every 'one ſhou'd have a Fancy to his own Ray, 'your Worſhip wou'd be very near ſhorn 'of your Beams, or thoſe that remain, be 'found with but an indifferent Degree of 'Luſtre. I deſie you to ſay any ſuch thing 'of me, my Excellencies were all my own.

YOUR Ladyſhip, anſwer'd Don *Phæbo*, 'keeps very improving Company, let me 'die! grown an abſolute Wit, and a pro-'digious Critick! not altogether ſo *poignant* 'as my ſelf! but pretty well, tho' this is 'nothing, Madam, to what may be ſaid; 'we are ſcarce in the degree of compari-'ſon, 'till we've heard Particulars, by which 'we may better conclude upon Generals. 'Your Ladyſhip has already been told of 'what I have to boaſt: I have kept nothing 'a Secret from your Ladyſhip that was ex-'traordinary; in return, I prepare my ſelf 'with a World of Pleaſure, to expect your 'Adventures.

AH! Sir, reply'd the harmonious Unfor-'tunate, as I have miſmanag'd my ſelf they 'are inſignificant, not half ſo conſiderable 'as they might have been; I never valu'd 'the Care of my Fortune, 'twas enough I 'indulg'd my Humour; that was a preſent 'Satisfaction, the other a diſtant View.

'My

'My Father was one of the *Mountaineers*; 'the Charms of his Wife (whom the *Patriarch* of *Nova* had accidentally ſeen) lifted 'him into his Service, where quickly all 'became at my Mother's Devotion. I was 'then ſix years old, but (to the Mortification of her decaying Charms) ten years 'after, I prov'd her Rival; not by any 'Deſign, I had no Inclination to the overgrown Churchman. I had always ſomething in me that was an Enemy to Hypocriſie, tho' his good Lordſhip us'd to tell me, 'twas better *privately* to diſſemble, than give *open* Scandal. I was quickly ſick of his fulſom Cant: Tho' in reality he had no Religion at all, a ſtrick ſort of Devotion (revenging perſonal Injuries with a Guſt) excepted. He was in his Heart a Heretick, and favour'd none but what were ſo; indeed the Revenues of the Chair oblig'd him to conform to the Rules of the Church, which he us'd to do in a Morning; but then at his own Palace, he had *Evening-Explication-Lectures*, by which he debauch'd the lower ſort of People, into whom he was induſtrious to inſtil his *Heretical* Notions: Beſides, he kept a *Seminary* of Youth at his own Charge, who were brought up to an Abhorrence of the *Orthodox*; thoſe were only promoted, and put into Preferments as they fell, infecting the Church with a creeping Leproſie, that as

'the

'the pious *Patriarch* hopes, may in time, 'over-run the Purity of her Doctrine.

'WHAT Opinion cou'd I, a Girl, have 'of Religion, or the Neceſſity of it, when I 'found my ſelf every Day perſecuted to my 'Ruin, by one of the Head-Profeſſors? Ne-'ver was any ſo heroically Cruel; zealous 'Man! He was down upon his Knees to 'me in every corner of his Palace; gave 'me the fineſt Things, that part I lik'd in-'deed, but when he wou'd kiſs me —— 'Nauſeous —— my Stomach wou'd turn —— 'my Mother was no longer gracious in his 'Eyes, but as ſhe cou'd influence me to re-'ceive his odious Addreſs —— but even that 'wou'd not do, he was forc'd to bring my 'Father into his Intereſt; good Patriarch! 'he wou'd ſollicit ſo devoutly —— wou'd 'perſuade one 'twas a Sin to be cruel —— 'ſo warm in his Convictions! —— when I 'told him a Prieſt —— fie —— 'twas ſcan-'dalous! —— the Patriarch, notorious! —— 'a Religious! —— deteſtable! —— He wou'd 'tell me my Charms had Power to tempt 'an Apoſtle —— In ſhort, our narrow Cir-'cumſtances produc'd my Father's abſolute 'Command, and I was —— with loathing 'in my Heart —— ſacrific'd to his hated 'Embrace: Yet I muſt do my Reverend 'Lover this juſtice (remembring a piece of 'his Doctrin, that without it be an Injury 'to our ſelves, we ſhou'd never detract from

'others)

'others) that in his way, he prov'd the moſt 'furious, moſt amorous, moſt ardent Votary 'I have ever met with.

'THE two *Foibles*, by which his Lord-'ſhip had been always agitated, were *Love* 'and *Anger*; upon more occaſions than one, 'he has been ſtruck Speechleſs by theſe two 'mighty Potentates! Poſſeſſion encreas'd his 'Deſire; he was ſo fond, his whole Revenue 'was at my Devotion; this firſt taught me 'to ſquander —— here I was ador'd by his 'People; they were all my Creatures —— 'but I hated the *Patriarch*, there was a 'Man —— Oh Don *Phabo!* who by the 'Charms of his Voice, captivated my Soul! 'his uneaſie Circumſtances compelling him, 'before I was wounded, to leave the Em-'pire, he deſign'd for the Court of *Charles* 'King of the *Franks*, who is ſaid to give true 'Encouragement to Arts, unlike our cold '*Northern* Climate, our late *Ruſſian* Em-'peror, who was not very likely to reward, 'what he never deſign'd nor deſir'd to hear. 'Don *Phabo*, who cou'd be ſeparated from 'the pleaſing Warmth, the Pleaſure I re-'ceiv'd from ſo dear a Lover? In a word, 'forgetful of Intereſt! Fame! Ambition! I 'agreed to ſhare his Fortune. Whatever I 'cou'd gather from the *Patriarch*'s ſhining 'Palace; what my Father's Credit, tho' 'unknown to him, cou'd procure; the lib-'rality of my devout Lover! all was pack'd

'up

up to be carried along with us. But, ſome Star, injurious to Lovers, prov'd averſe, a Woman whom I truſted with the Secret, betray'd it to my Mother. My Cargo was ſecur'd, and my ſelf ſtop'd. The *Patriarch* become inrag'd, and order'd me to withdraw from out of his Palace; tho' that was not the height of my Misfortune, my Lover was departed, and my Father full of remorſe, not only fell Sick, but into ſuch a violent weakneſs of Mind, that no Man in his Senſes cou'd be guilty of. He wrote down the hated Particulars of the *Patriarch*'s Amour with me; the deteſtable part he had in ſeducing me, as dreading the Power and Anger of his Lord; this he ſign'd with his own Hand, and not long before his Death, conjur'd his Confeſſor to deliver it to the Emperor, that he might forbear to honour that licentious Prelate with his future Eſteem.

'ROB'D of my Father's Support, the *Patriarch*'s Liberality, and involved for thoſe Things I had taken upon Credit to carry with me! What cou'd I do, but endeavour to make ſome Advantage of that extraordinary Voice which Nature had beſtow'd upon me, and which had coſt my Father more than two thouſand Pieces to improve? you know the Succeſs — What might I not have expected? How was I ador'd? but Born with a Genius

'nius too mighty for my Fortune! incapable 'of little Things! and surrounded by noisy 'Clamours, I was forced to quit the dear 'Delights of being admir'd, and admiring! 'oblig'd to give up my Dominion over the 'Town, who have so often waited the Call of 'my Inclination, before I cou'd determine 'whether I wou'd please to allow 'em such 'Diversion as was in my Power to bestow! 'and which was worse, forc'd to grant my 'Favours to a Person I did not love, and 'suspend conferring 'em on one I did. In 'a word, my threatning Creditors threw me 'into the Arms of a Military *Tribune*: I was 'a long time buried with him in a detested 'Solitude, near this Place; 'tis true, he 'omitted nothing, even beyond his Capaci-'ty, to make me easie; but alas! what was 'his little Income to the large Expence I had 'ben us'd? I cou'd have very well lavish'd 'away his Pay in a Week! but this niggard-'liness of Fortune was not all I had to com-'plain of: The Emperor sent him upon an 'Expedition against the *Vandals*, he left me 'alone, (the extreams of Sorrow in his 'Heart and Face) with what Provision he 'cou'd afford, to serve my Occasions 'till his 'return (that was the time I took advan-'tage of, to see the Person belov'd): I often 'went Incognito to *Nova*. One fatal Day, 'upon my return, I was seiz'd and hurry'd 'to this detestable House, where I fell in

'Tra-

'Travail, and tho' discharg'd of the Debt 'which brought me hither, am oblig'd to 'expect the necessary Time when it will be 'safe for me to depart.

'THUS you see my Life is not fill'd with 'surprizing Events like yours; I have none 'of those fortunate Incidents in Wedlock; 'I am still unmarried, but then it is confess'd, 'I am guiltless of that anxiety you must 'have often felt in Fetters, especially when 'after complimenting your first Lady (in 'the condition she was then in) with a real 'Marriage, how must you be affected and 'perplex'd at the Report of her Relations 'being yet living, by whose Death she was 'entituled to that Wealth, which had made 'a Husband of Don *Phebo*? Your Fame is 'not quite so clear in reference to that ugly 'and odd Misfortune, which was so fatal to 'her, occasion'd by your Sister; but a 'younger Wife, and a cry'd-up Beauty, were 'Consolations for a less commodious Loss. 'How is it that a Man of your Sense suffers 'himself to be govern'd by the Women? 'The Town have been let into the Secret; 'we know so well from your Writing; 'when you have had any matrimonial Dis-'contents, I can't say Disputes, for I hear 'the sullen Fair seldom does you the Honour 'to let it go so far; how can a Person of 'your Fire, wait, after Midnight, for four 'Hours together, imploring the obdurate

'Beau-

'Beauty to break her killing Silence? whilſt 'ſhe, vain of the Adoration, turns her Back, 'ſtands looking out of a Window, and will 'neither vouchſafe a Word, nor glance her 'Eyes, by the proſpect of their Brightneſs, 'to relieve your Anguiſh. When you come 'home late, the naked Fair riſes from her 'forſaken Bed; thus to receive, and thus to 'puniſh you for your ſo long ſtay, which in-'ſtantly produces a Hiſtory of *conjugal* De-'lights from you. I aſſure you, Sir, it is not 'the leaſt ſucceſsful Subject; you have not 'ſucceeded better in many Things than in '*connubial* Union. Ah, Don *Phœbo*, if you 'had ſtuck there, and not dabbled in awkard 'Politicks; which were often as unſeaſon-'able and blamable as your preſent Boaſt. 'What do you think your Enemies (for your 'manner has made you many) will ſay, 'when they come to know from what hum-'ble Circumſtances that exalted Panegyrick 'upon your ſelf, is dated? Do you not be-'lieve, you will give 'em too juſt an occaſion 'to ridicule Self-ſufficiency! Vanity! and 'perhaps Pride! I'm ſure Preſumption. Oh, 'none Madam, interrupted the Don, will be 'ſo uncharitable to reflect, or be witty upon 'a Perſon in Misfortune, and of ſuch a na-'ture as mine, *Who ever made a Satyr upon a 'Beggar?* As ſuch I grant you, reply'd the 'Lady, he may be ſafe, and entituled to our 'Compaſſion; but ſhou'd we behold a

'Wretch,

'Wretch, (one in the Circumſtances you 'name) aſſuming haughty Airs! ridiculing his 'Contemporaries! reproaching 'em that by 'him they *Eat* and *Live?* inſulting over the 'Poverty of their Genius, vaunting the rich-'neſs of his own! calling his Friends that had 'ſerv'd him *Slanderers*, only for reporting his 'Ingratitude: Wou'd not ſuch a *Beggar* de-'ſerve a double Portion of *Reproach*, and be 'the trueſt Subject of Satyr? deſerve ſome-'thing more *poignant* than even you beſtow'd 'upon Lord *Timon*, who had in his own Per-'ſon peculiarly oblig'd your Worſhip; not 'to inſiſt upon what you derived from his 'immortal *Parent*, who gave your helpleſs 'Infancy the memorable Benefit of an inſtru-'ctive Eſtabliſhment; without which Cha-'ritable Education, 'tis fear'd, Don *Phebo*, 'you cou'd not poſſibly have had Learning 'enough to qualify you for being Satyrically 'Witty upon his *Deſcendant*.

CAMILLUS's graceful Manner made this little Narration, tho' nothing in it ſelf, agreeable to his Hearers. Lord *Horatio* ask'd him, How Love was now made at *Conſtantinople?* What was the neweſt Scandal? The Princeſs had been lately entertain'd with ſo long a Diſcourſe of Politicks; changing the Scene to one more gay, cou'd not be unentertaining. If your Lordſhip, reply'd *Camillus*, will be pleas'd to ask the fortunate *Celſus*, and he but pleaſe to tell you, I am aſ-

ſur'd

ſur'd that nothing eſcapes his Knowledge that's worth it. 'Tis *Camillus* is the happy Man, anſwer'd *Celſus*, the Ladies worſhip him! there's none of their Secrets that are ſuch to him! But he'll tell none of 'em, interrupted *Horatio*, ſo we are like to be but little the better for his Knowledge. I am acquainted with his Talent very well; he's very good at Silence. What to his Friends, anſwer'd the Princeſs? that's a provoking Quality in a Man of Wit and Humor! We Women ſo little encourage it, that 'tis a Maxim amongſt Ladies, we had rather *they ſhou'd tell of us, than not tell to us.* *Camillus*, how will you get off this Difficulty, ſaid *Horatio*? There is none in it, with Submiſſion to your Lordſhip, reply'd *Camillus*; becauſe there can't be any Secrets when *Ethelinda* wou'd be inform'd: Laws were never made for thoſe who carry an univerſal Right to the Obedience of all Mankind, as does her Highneſs. I ſhall be proud to contribute, in my turn, to the Entertainment of ſo much Beauty. Very gallant, reply'd *Horatio*; pray young Gentleman, make way as faſt as you can, for ſomething ſo very new as Diſcreet *Camillus*'s Diſcoveries.

My Lord, anſwer'd *Camillus*, at your Return, your Lordſhip will find a new Climate at *Conſtantinople*, in relation to Love! Theſe are no longer the Days of Paſſion, as when you ador'd the bright *Ximena*, were

happy with the killing *Livia, Livia!* whose *Cupid* diſpens'd as many Arrows as Glances! Either the handſome Women are taken up with *Parties*, buried in *Politicks*, or compound for ſomething more groſs; the Affections of the Body as often vary'd as their Cloaths; for, alas! they love no more. My laſt Adventure lets us into a new Mode of Amour; not naming real Names, your Highneſs, and his Lordſhip, won't accuſe me of much Indiſcretion. I muſt confeſs, ſecret as I am, 'tis a Pleaſure to unburthen my ſelf: The Diſcourſe I heard ſome Days before I left *Conſtantinople*, has run in my Head ever ſince.

BEHOLD me, Madam, be pleas'd to caſt your killing Eyes towards me; with this tolerable Perſon, I made a paſſable Woman: There was a young Creature who yet perſiſted in ſo unfaſhionable an Air, as Love; ſhe permitted me to viſit her in the Diſguiſe of the Sex. As her Fortune was much inferior to her Beauty, ſhe was oblig'd to take a Poſt about a Lady in the Palace; but my Buſineſs was not *Eternal*, ſo I did not think her leſs charming for not being Rich. We paſs'd ſome happy moments in this Garb; I was eſteem'd a Country-Relation, and had the liberty of the Family: Several pretty Rencounters with the Men, amorous *Douceurs* and Languiſhments, from thoſe who thought I was a Woman, ſerv'd as lucky Incidents to keep up our Diverſion and Taſte to one another.

ONE

ONE Evening that I was waiting her leiſure in a Cloſet, adjacent to the Bed-Chamber, ſhe came running to me, and bid me retire upon the inſtant, for her Lady, her Ladyſhip's Siſter, and two young Relations, were coming to enjoy themſelves with *Coan* and *Falern* Wines, upon a grand Conſult, whereto ſhe was not to be admitted; her Poſt being aſſign'd at the Chamber-Door, to prevent any of their People from knowing their Ladyſhips were there.

I PRESENTLY had the *Idea* of an agreeable Scene between four ſuch faſhionable Ladies, all *young*, *coquet*, and *prude*, at the ſame time: I begg'd my Miſtreſs that ſhe wou'd let me conceal my ſelf, and ſhe ſhou'd know their Diſcourſe at ſecond-hand; no Servant was ever proof againſt Curioſity, or preferr'd Duty to Love; there's more Fidelity due to the latter: She lock'd me in, took out the Key, and immediately I heard the Chamber fill with warbling Voices that thrill'd my Blood, and diſcompos'd my Heart. My melodious Neighbours, without having Patience to ſtay 'till the Cups were ſet in order, and their Gentlewoman diſmiſs'd, began a confus'd Dialect, each perſiſting in their own Opinion, without hearing what was ſaid by others. I found they were too warm for their Audience to be able even to gueſs at the Matter in Debate. At laſt Lady *Martia*'s Tongue got the better, that was

the Name I heard 'em call her, (for when they went upon private Adventures, to prevent Diſcovery, each had their *Nôme De Guerre*); the reſt had weary'd themſelves into a Minute's Silence, and thus her oraculous Ladyſhip deliver'd her ſelf.

'INDEED, Siſter *Falvia*, I can't underſtand what you and my *prude* Couſin *Aurelia*, mean by being *belov'd*; What wou'd you be at? you talk of the Heart; What is that *unſeen* thing, ſo greatly coveted, ſo little underſtood? I know no other value it has, than as it beſtows the Perſon; no falſe imaginary Delight; there's Subſtance in that, and no Deceit; you have what you feel you have; not ſo in the Heart, there's nothing more diſtant; oftentimes even in the moment your are told, with a thouſand Proteſtions that 'tis yours, you find it at the Diſpoſal of another. My Couſin *Julius*'s wife, ſhe knows this to be true; but ſhe is not ſuch a Fool to diſcompoſe her ſelf about it. Not I indeed, reply'd the Lady, it anſwer'd my End, I got a young and rich Husband by my Beauty; his Heart was certainly ingag'd, or it cou'd never have carry'd him into a Marriage ſo unequal in Fortune. The firſt Year or two I was perfectly ador'd; the extravagant Careſs of a paſſionate Husband, is certainly the moſt troubleſom, impertinent thing in Nature! I wonder they don't

'bluſh in being guilty of Extreams; good Gud, 'how hot and how cold are theſe Men? Lords of 'the Creation, as they're call'd, upon my Soul, the 'contrariety of their Paſſions, make 'em the ridi-'culous part of it. When they have an Appetite 'they eat with ſuch a Guſt, nay, ſo voraciouſly, as 'if they thought they ſhou'd never have their Bel-'ly full: When (by an exceſs of Greedineſs) they 'feel themſelves cloy'd, that they're ſwell'd even 'to burſting, the Fault to be ſure never lies in them; 'they won't own a Surfeit; 'tis we; we are chang'd, 'not they. Is there any good-natur'd Wretch uſes 'our Table, begins my Health, remembers me ſe-'ven Years ago, when I was the High-mode, 'tho' perhaps not ſo handſome as at preſent? my 'complaiſant Spouſe recollects thoſe dear Days of 'Delight, with a ſhrug, and a ſigh from the bottom 'of his Heart, cries ah, my Lord — ſhe was — '*Julia* was — at fifteen *Julia* was irreſiſtible — 'But now, alas! — two or three and twenty — 'is that an Age for Beauty? — ah, the difference — 'the irretrievable Bloom — her Features are grown 'large and courſe, not like *Julia*'s — but 'tis in vain 'to repine — whoſe Dial ever ſtands ſtill? — come 'hither Spouſe, kiſs me for what thou haſt been — 'let me, if poſſible, dwell upon the dear Remem-'brance — I wou'd give all my Eſtate thou wert 'ſtill the ſame lovely *Julia* I once ador'd. Couſin '*Fulvia*, if I lov'd the Man, don't you think this 'manner of Treatment wou'd be an inſupportable 'Mortification? quite contrary, I'm eaſie under it, 'let the Wretch be dully witty in his way — I'll 'be happy in mine — But, Couſin, Reputation be-'ing ſo nice a Good, an *Ermin* that won't bear the 'leaſt Soil, my Couſin *Martia* and my ſelf have 'found a way to taſte the ſubſtantial part of Love, 'without the Danger and Scandal! now Couſin

'*Fulvia*, and Siſter *Aurelia*, out of our great good 'reſpect and tenderneſs we have for both of your 'deſolate Circumſtances, (buried, as your neglect-'ed Charms ſeems to be, in the dull embrace of Po-'litick Husbands) we have thought fit to let you 'into the darling Secret, and if you approve, to 'lend you our aſſiſtance towards carrying on a 'communication that may give you the ſolid Joys 'of Love without the reproach; provided you can 'have Wit enough, with us, to wave the particu-'lar of the Heart, which ſerves for nothing but to 'diſtract the Senſes. I wou'd not love and be be-'loved by the moſt perfect *Adonis* that *Venus* ever 'ſigh'd for; becauſe, without giving me one grain 'more of Pleaſure, it wou'd indanger a load of In-'famy. Pray, what was the conſequence of *Nar-'ciſſus*'s Flame, for my Couſin *Martia*, and the di-'ſtinction ſhe had for *Narciſſus?* was not all the 'Town buſie with the fragrancy of her good Name, 'till it became an offenſive Odour to the Nice and 'Vertuous? not counting the Perplexity of his 'Amours with others, Poſſeſſion it ſelf is a Sweet 'that cloys! *Martia* loaths *Narciſſus* at this Day more 'than her Lord, the caſe is plain, becauſe ſhe doat-'ed on the Firſt, and never roſe above Indifferency 'for the Other. What Torment? what Perplexi-'ty, to get rid of a Lover that will ſtill be belov'd? 'Who believes it meritorious to perſevere, tho' 'what created his Merit (our liking) be no 'more?

'DID ever you hear of a Man, in favour with 'one of our Diſtinction, but he had ſome *Confidant* 'with whom to taſte over again the Delights we 'give; that Confidant has another, and ſo ſucceſ-'ſively, 'till we become the publick Theme? be-'ſides, young Fellows now a-days, affect a nauſeous 'Behaviour in reſpect of Women: One Sneers in

'your

'your Face, pulls all the Beauties of the Town to 'pieces, finds fault with the Eyes of *Berenice*. 'Who ever was a *Belle* with blue Eyes? *Octavio* 'dreſſes her ſelf like a Fright! ſhe's ſo Old, dares 'ſwear near eighteen; her Cloaths with all the 'Colours of the Rain-bow. Young *Phryne* has ſuch 'high Shoulders, 'tis ſuch a forbidding Sight; a 'Month after, becauſe her Face is handſome, all 'the Town takes the Mode from her natural De-'fect, and carrying themſelves into an odious imita-'tion of what *Phryne* wou'd have given any thing ſhe 'had not been born with; that ſame young Fellow 'comes into the general vitious Taſte, and quarrels 'with *Domitia*, his accompliſh'd Miſtreſs, for an 'Ungain, Unbred, Country Thing; one who is 'ſo ſtupid, ſhe cannot acquire a modiſh Behaviour; 'does not know how to carry her Hands, and 'Arms; how to advance her Shoulders with an 'Air, hers being poſitively, at leaſt, four Inches 'beyond the becoming height.

'ANOTHER Fool yawns, gives a look of Fa-'tigue and Diſdain, and draws his Mouth awry, 'and cries out upon the Weariſomneſs of Life! — 'no new Pleaſures! no freſh Scandal! no invita-'tion to Joy! all's dull! inſipid! worn-out repeti-'tion! what wou'd he give to have a more vulgar 'Taſte — to be dully pleas'd, as ſo many wretched 'happy Fellows are? Name War! Ambition! 'Reading! Building! Dancing! Muſick! the 'Theatre! Love! he has tir'd 'em out of Favour. 'Courage (to which he's a mortal Enemy) is ne-'ceſſary for War; he does not know where the 'Pleaſure, by way of Diverſion lies, of living no 'more — Ambition is fit for dull plodding Mortals, 'unfit for Men of Taſt and Delicaſie: Reading, he 'has run through all that part of the Story, there's 'nothing new, Authors not only live upon one

another, but themſelves; repeat the ſame thing twenty times over, like an old Tale told ſeveral ways. There ought to be Invention to make what they write go down; ſomething they want *jene ſcai quoy*; they produce not any thing worth looking over, *&c.* Building, both himſelf and his Eſtate are already worn out that way. What Men call Diverſions—are no longer ſuch; there are now no Performers, who ſings, dances, or ſpeaks with tolerable Harmony? weary'd with ſuch Apes, ſuch Parrots, ſuch Cat-Calls, can any who has taſted *Roſcius*, bear Candle Snuffers?— Love!— ridiculous— a deſcending Goddeſs cou'd not give him a Pang: Yet by way of *Inuendo*, his abſtemious Worſhip will let your Ladyſhip hope, that if you are ſo unfortunate to be enamour'd at his fine Perſon, he wants ill Nature enough to throw you quite into Deſpair.

'A THIRD proves a *Patrician*, one of the old (or which is worſe, of the new) made *Claſſes*: His Quality has a Title to all the Favours any Lady has in reſerve; 'tis a Whirl-pool wherein Pride! Vanity! Ignorance! Avarice! Diſeaſes! expoſing Reputation! are ſuck'd in and forgotten: That my Lord is pleas'd to honour you is enough, no matter for the Merit of the Perſon, or how enormous are his Vices. His Lordſhip wou'd give all the World he cou'd be in love; never was a Lover, tho' he has often perſonated one, yet has a Glut of Amours upon his Hands, he's ſo exceſſively throng'd, what can one do? Paſſions are not in one's own Power! hates taking Pains; no Woman can be worth the Fatigue of Approaches, or the Plague of departing Compliments! How much more agreeable wou'd they prove, if they did not extort ſu-

perfluous

'perfluous Addreſs, put a Man to the Rack, to 'confeſs what his Heart is guiltleſs of? For his 'Lordſhip's part, he loves a Commerce where 'he does not find himſelf oblig'd to ſpeak, eſpe-'cially when he is of a Humour to be ſilent.

'BUT, granting a Youth of unexceptionable 'Merit (one whoſe Heart were worth the touch-'ing) became your Conqueſt, the Plague of Jea-'louſie, which always attends great Paſſions in 'ſuch a Court as this, certainly diſcovers the 'Amour, and your Reputation becomes an un-'avoidable Sacrifice to your Lover's Suſpicions 'and Indiſcretion.

'THIS I was us'd to tell Lady *Martia*, when 'ſhe was doating on *Narciſſus*: I drew her off from 'that Attachment, but not 'till it was too late; 'then brought her into the *Cabal*, but ſhe had too 'much Fire for ſo dull a Commerce; ſhe cou'd not 'taſte the pall'd Delights of her own Sex. I muſt 'confeſs, ſhe made me an Apoſtate to the Religion '(her ſelf excepted) whoſe Votary I am to the 'higheſt degree. My Siſter *Aurelia* too, was once 'inclin'd to that Worſhip; but I think ſhe's ſo 'taken up with managing at Home, and aſſiſting 'her Spouſe in Intelligence and Politicks, that ſhe 'neglects her devoir to the *Sodality*.

'I HOPE, my dear *Julia*, interrupted *Martia*, 'I have not ſhewn my ſelf inſenſible of your Love; 'who left a magnificent Palace of their own, to 'come and be in Lodgings near you, becauſe the 'diſtance rob'd me of ſo much time in going and 'coming? time! devoted to nicer Joys! Ought 'I, lovely *Martia*, anſwer'd *Julia*, to value my ſelf 'upon that Sacrifice? Which of your Mother's 'Perfections was I oblig'd to for it? her *Amorous* 'or *Avaricious*? Has not your Principle of good 'Houſewifry (how commendable I won't ſay, in

'one

'one of your Ranky occasion'd that desertion by 'which you have been able to reduce, without 'Noise, so great a part of your Train? but be that 'as it will; since the Benefit is mine, the Complaint 'ought not to be so.

'THERE is a Tradition, Lady *Fulvia*, of 'Claudius's Empress *Messalina*, (you need not turn 'over your learned Lords high-bought musty Ma-'nuscripts to find what were her Diversions;) she 'frequented Common Houses, and was pleas'd to 'be treated as a Common Woman. 'Tis suppos'd 'the whole Sex were acceptable to her Majesty; 'she receiv'd without distinction or objection who-'ever offer'd themselves: Charming *Julia* and my-'self have refin'd upon the Invention; we first 'put our selves in a genteel *Dishabille*, generally 'speaking of Black or White, because most worn 'and less distinguishable: Sometimes I visit her 'Ladyship, sometimes her Ladyship visits me; 'our Intimacy is so well known, none won-'ders at the dearness: Our People are sent 'off. When met, to be sure we pass the Evening 'together 'till far in the Night; our Women are 'acquainted with the Pleasure we have in being 'shut up with one another, and of course deny us 'to all Company. We steal out by a Back-Way 'in a common Coach to the *Tire-Womans* or *Ward-robe Fashioner*, where we take *Veil*, and adjourn 'to the *Amphitheater*, seat our selves amongst the '*Courtizans*, and think it Policy to be esteem'd 'such.

'THERE we have our choice of the Hand-'somest, Wittiest, most promising of the Sex. 'The Fruit-Women who know all that comes, 'tell us their Character, and what Estates they 'have; we take care not to ingage with *Rakes* 'of what Quality soever: Let me assure you, La-

'dies

'dies, Morality, Senſe, Humanity, lies moſt 'among the rank of Landed-men, eſteem'd but 'meer Gentlemen: The Youth of Quality are too 'much indulg'd in Idleneſs, to be Learned; inſtead 'of Improvement, they practiſe Pleaſure and De-'bauchery too early: Beſides, there are a great ma-'ny Military Officers very agreeable Fellows, born 'of good Families, with genteel Addreſs, well-'made Perſons, and a World of Love, each in 'themſelves able to attract a Heart of Value; for 'two thirds of the Year in the *Field*, baniſh'd from 'Beauty, they look upon Women as *Miracles*, and 'therefore Adore us: We have found abundance 'of ſafe Diverſion among theſe People: We talk 'with 'em, laugh with 'em, eat with 'em; they 'ſee our Faces, become raviſh'd with our Youth and 'Beauty; forget the *Courtizan* in the *Charmer*, em-'brace with Ardour, and give us all that can be ac-'ceptable in the Sex; nay, pay us too; which my 'Couſin *Julia* thinks none of the worſt part of the 'Entertainment; tho' ſhe can want no Money, yet 'ſhe fancies what ſhe gets that way is Lucky; a 'fooliſh Superſtition ſhe has: Ask her to ſhew you 'the *Purſe* conſecrated to *Venus*, where ſhe puts all 'her Gettings? ſhe dares not let you know how 'full it is.

'FOR my part I cou'd well diſpenſe from re-'ceiving the Offering, but for fear of becoming ſu-'ſpected. If we like our Treat, we conſent to re-'turn another time to the Banquet. The Lover 'parts from us without any Curioſity, becauſe he 'believes we are of a Rank not to deſerve it; yet 'ſo vicious is the modiſh Taſt, that he's not the leſs 'Amorous for it: You may be ſure we take care our 'Choice ſhou'd not fall amongſt ſuch as frequent the 'Court. As to our appearance on ſolemn Days,

'en-

'encompass'd by Train and Equipage! seated in a 'magnificent Chariot! our Person blazing with 'Jewels and oriental Pearls! Robes shining with 'Gold and precious Gems! a Man durst not be-'lieve his own Eyes, nor (tho' he heard us speak) 'his Ears. He wou'd perhaps conclude, his lovely '*Courtizan* was not unlike that resplendent Lady, 'and long with a double Gust 'till the Hour of As-'signation, that he might possess the Court-Beauty 'in the Person of his *Common* Charmer.

'But, Cousin, interrupted *Fulvia*, are you not 'afraid of Lady *Rosana*'s ill Fortune? she us'd to 'go upon such Frolicks, but how was she serv'd? 'brought before a Magistrate, confin'd, and at 'last forc'd to declare her Quality, to the Con-'fusion of her Fame. That was her Indiscretion, 'Madam, reply'd *Julia*, she affected the *Courtizan*, 'still with Reserve to the Woman of Honour. 'She wou'd be suspected for a Person of Condi-'tion, by which she gave the Men Curiosity to fol-'low her: Dropping all such ill-tim'd, haughty-'Airs, we never are dogg'd, nor are never in 'danger of it. *Rosana* amus'd her self unprofi-'table; she wou'd be witty and abusive, raise 'the Lover's Spleen and Desires, and then for-'sake him; which oftentimes was not in her 'Power to do; suspecting her Quality he wou'd 'not be forsaken. Our Business is solid Plea-'sure, not empty Froth, we wou'd *love*, not *talk*. 'I cou'd tell you of some very pretty Amusements, 'enough to tempt you to be of our diverting So-'ciety.

'I REMEMBER, cry'd *Martia*, my first Ad-'venturer was a young handsom Gentleman of the 'Country: As a certain proof that he did not 'know me, after we grew intimately well ac-'quainted, he began to curse my Father and Mother

'for

'for their Oppreſſion! which at their own Price, 'had forc'd him to ſell a Parcel of Land that lay 'convenient for their Building. Had he but known 'the Repriſals and ſweet Revenge he took upon 'their Daughter, 'twou'd have doubtleſs comfort-'ed him for his Sufferings. I own he pleas'd me 'ſo well, that for two Months I thought on no-'thing elſe; twice a Week I indulg'd in his Con-'verſation, which, believe me, was very diverting 'and full of practical Inſtructions.

'SISTER *Fulvia*, is not this better than pul-'ling the Pages to Pieces? kiſſing 'em 'till they 'loſe their Breath, hagging the Colour out of their 'Face; for if of a weakly Conſtitution, thoſe young 'Wretches ſink under the *Effort*. If naturally ro-'buſt, they'r always bold, and grow ſo preſumptu-'ous, 'twou'd make one tremble to think on't.

'SOMETIMES *Julia* and I change Lovers, 'ſometimes divert apart, ſometimes together! 'we ſee Men in all Humours, they don't give 'themſelves the Pain of Diſſimulation, before ſuch 'Creatures as they ſuppoſe us to be. I may very 'well affirm, they carry the Delights of Senſe to 'as high a Pitch as they can go, we give a Looſe 'to Nature: The leſs ſhe is diſguis'd, the more 'amiable ſhe is. I've often wiſh'd my ſelf the Per-'ſon I repreſented; a bright and entire Votary 'to *Venus*, without affected Honour, taſteleſs 'Grandeur and undeſerv'd Reputation; in ſhort, 'what Joys are ſo *poignant?* What Bliſs compa-'rive to ſwelling Love and dear Security?

'I HAVE been diverted with receiving 'many good Proffers in my Garb of *Courtezan*, 'even from Men of our own Family: Once a ſhe 'Procurer, who was taken with ſomething *jantie* 'about me, tho' to be ſure, ſhe did not ſee my 'Face, ſate her ſelf down by me before the Co-

'medy

'medy began, and wou'd have made an Aſſigna-'tion for my own dear *Papa*; (I wiſh my Lady-'Mother had been of the Audience;) but ſhe told 'me, he never gave but a Piece; I begg'd to 'be excus'd, was above his Lordſhip's ſtingy 'Price—I told her, I had more mind to ſuch a 'one, meaning my own Spouſe; I fancy'd there 'might be hopes from his not loving his Lady, 'and the large Eſtate he poſſeſs'd: She gave me '*Motherly* Advice againſt entring my ſelf into 'that Gang, unleſs I wou'd reſolve to run thro' 'it, and be undone for ever. The Prince of——— 'was at their Head, the moſt Debanch'd, yet the 'moſt inhuman, the moſt dangerous to our Pro-'feſſion, of any Man living, Perpetually, Noiſily 'Drunk, and then full of Miſchief. As to her 'part, he had more than once ſcour'd her poor 'Windows, frighted away her Ladies, by the ill-'natur'd Tricks he play'd 'em; and which was 'worſe, had almoſt ruin'd her Family by carrying 'away the Catalogue of Names, true and falſe, 'of her Gentlewomen, with their Place of 'Aboad; by which ſhe had been at a great Loſs 'to oblige Perſons of Quality in a long time 'after.

'LADIES, Purſu'd the diſcreet *Martia*, I 'make bold with my own Spouſe, without ask-'ing your Leave; but believe me, I love Conjugal 'Peace too well to offer at any part of the Diſ-'covery I may have made of either of yours; '*Julia* may do as ſhe pleaſes.

'O NOTHING to deſtroy Pleaſure, anſwer'd 'the charming *Julia*. [All this time I could hear 'the Wine warmly paſs about, and oftentimes 'it, as well as its Effects, commended.] I ne-'ver was ſo tempted in my Life continu'd ſhe, 'as at the Addreſſes of young *Decius* the *Patrici-*

'an's

'an's Son. He brought his charming Bride, her Beauty dazzling, as the ſhine of Angels, to the *Pantomimes*; yet left her to the Adoration of the Croud, to come and divert himſelf among the *Courtizans*. He had been but two Days marry'd, but made me the Sacrifice, if I wou'd be pleaſed to accept his *Efforts*. I was affraid he wou'd know me, or I ſhou'd not ſo willingly have paſs'd over the Graces of his Perſon, his Wit, Humour, Converſation, thoſe ſolid, as well as gay Accompliſhments, that make him one of the moſt polite agreeable Perſons of the Age.

'CHANCE threw me once upon a melancholy Lover. He was to have been marry'd to a lovely Widow, you muſt all have heard of Lady *Stratonice*. The Match was much to her Advantage, and the more becauſe ſhe had had an Affair with *Mutius*, who had reaped her Favours in Conſideration of a Contract he afterwards deny'd to perform, and dared her to proſecute upon it. Her Fame was of more Value, which the Traytor very well knew. Beſides ſhe had then the Offer of the young *Equite*, *Valens*. The Day of Marriage was aſſign'd; on the Eve of it, the deſtin'd Bridegroom taking the Liberty of the Lodging, came up the Back-ſtairs unſeen. Hearing *Stratonice*'s Voice in her Cloſet, he abſconded behind a Skreen to learn her Diſcourſe. The Confidant of her Amours with *Mutius*, was then with her, whom ſhe upbraided in his Name with all the Treachery ſhe had met from him, recounting her Diſhonour, the Contract, and thoſe Particulars that had ruin'd her! In Conſequence ſhe gave up that fatal Writing, and all his falſe Letters, to the Perſon, and deſir'd her to return back with hers to *Mutius*, (for ſhe was now no longer her own but *Valens*'s,) whom ſhe was to eſpouſe the next

'Day,

'Day, and therefore did not think it discreet, to 'leave such Witnesses of her Frailty in the Hands 'of a Villain.

'VALENS bless'd his Star for the Discovery, 'and from that Moment set foot no more in *Stra-* 'tonite's Lodgings. But as he had truly lov'd 'her, she made a deep Impression upon his Heart, 'and was persuaded to seek his Cure in Diver- 'sions. He began with me: I succeeded so well, 'that in 2 or 3 Meetings he had forgot the wan- 'ton Widow. This well-made agreeable Gen- 'tleman, was so fond, I could not but be grateful; 'methought 'twas something more delicate (our 'Commerce) than only Sense. We lov'd one an- 'other. In short for one Winter, he made my 'whole Diversion with very little Addition; he 'even proffer'd me to take me from my way of 'living, to carry me to his Country-seat, and 'settle an ample Fortune upon me; here was 'good Luck for a *Courtesan!* my Cousin *Julia*, 'who can't bear losing what may be got, advised 'me to take it, but cou'd not advise me in what 'manner. So the Matter drop'd; I grew weary 'of my *Equite*, and my *Equite* I suppose repeated 'his old Remedy to his old Distemper, the cure 'of a new Face.

CAMILLUS was thus proceeding, when News was brought the Princess, that King *Beraldus* and Count *Oswald* were at hand, and had sent to tell her Highness, they wou'd in a moment be with her. The Blood rose to *Ethelinda*'s Face; she was receiving new Proofs of her Charms from the impatience of a Lover truly touched! insupportable Absence had carry'd it from Reason, had carry'd it from Interest; and brought the Amorous Monarch (regardless of all things but Love) unexpectedly to the Feet of the adorable *Ethelinda*.

FINIS.

A KEY to the Second Volume of the *Memoirs of* Europe, by the AUTHOR of the *NEW ATALANTIS.*

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